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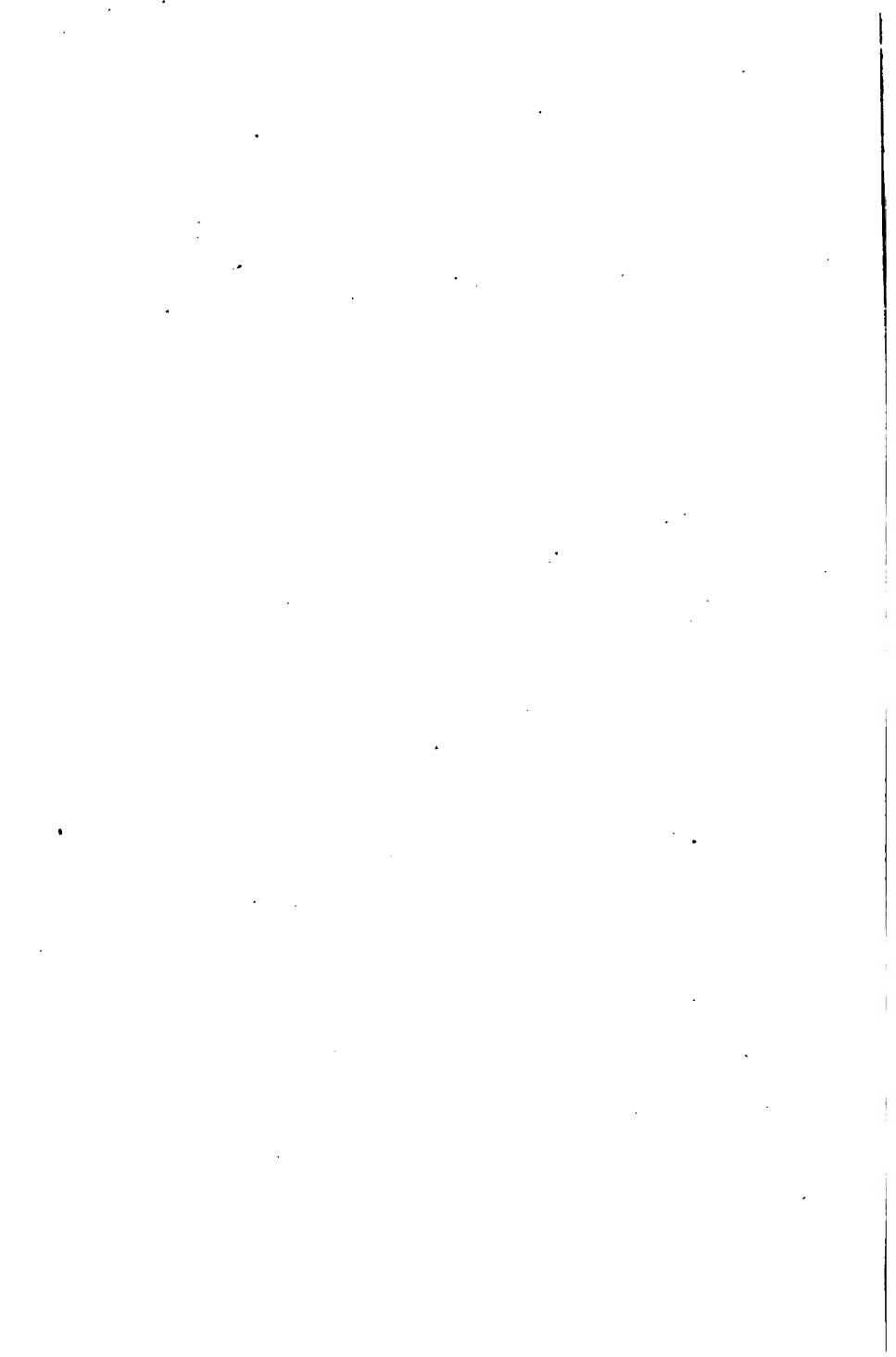
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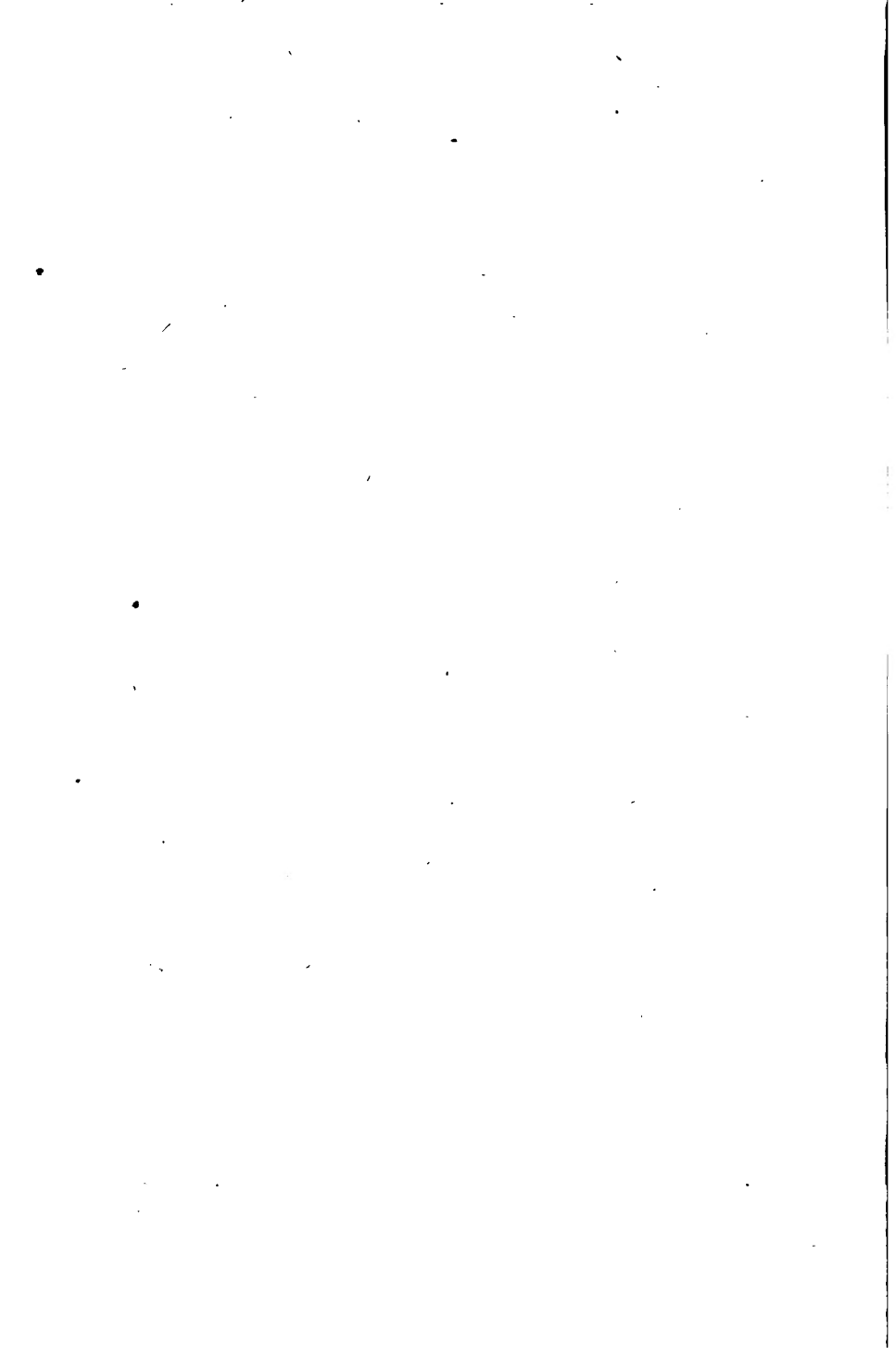
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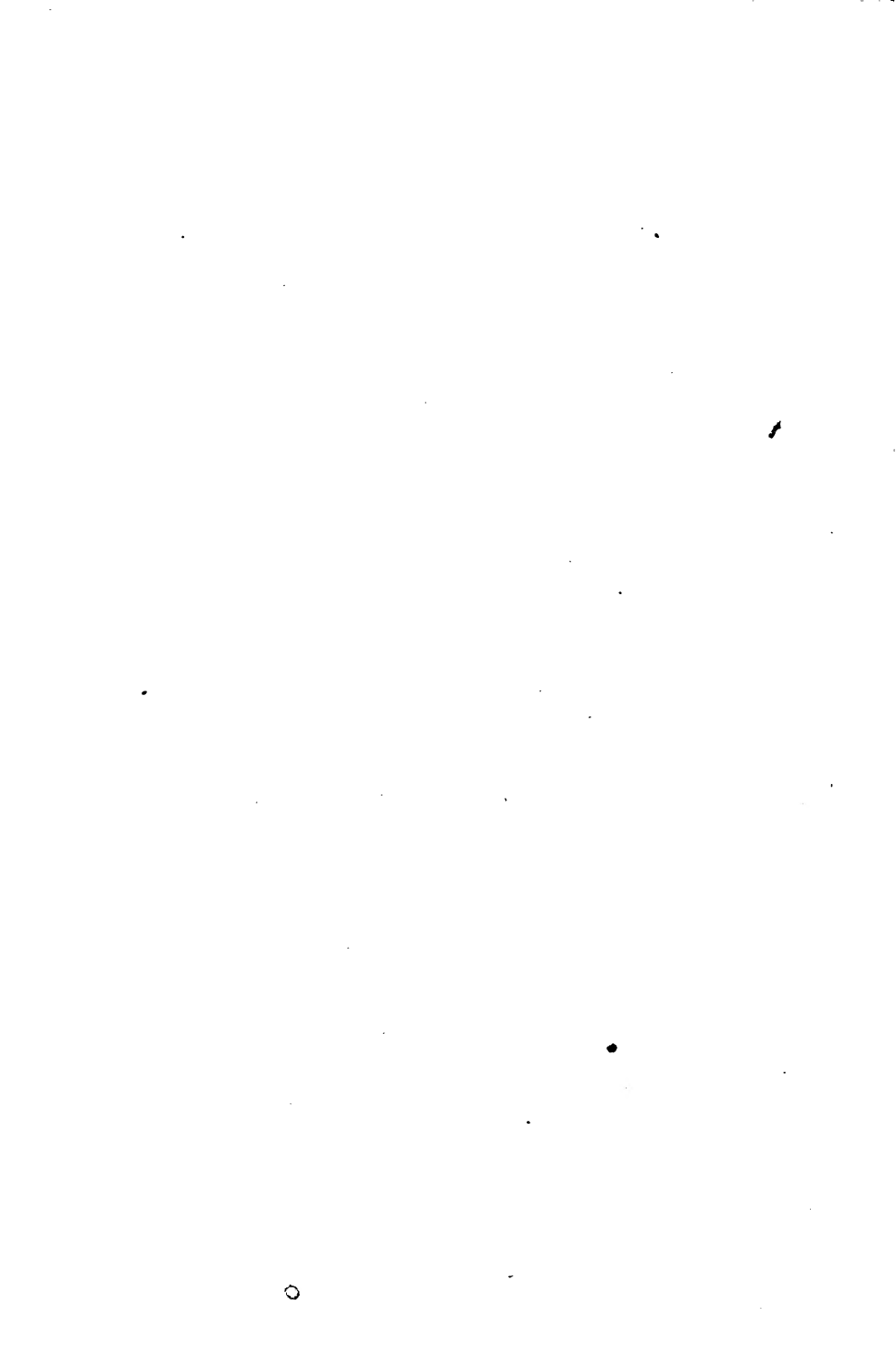












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G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, PUBLISHERS  
NEW YORK AND LONDON

A LITERARY MANUAL  
OF  
FOREIGN QUOTATIONS

ANCIENT AND MODERN

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM AMERICAN AND ENGLISH  
AUTHORS AND EXPLANATORY NOTES

COMPILED BY

JOHN DEVOE BELTON

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G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS  
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PREFACE.  

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THIS volume is to be distinguished in some respects from what is commonly known as a Dictionary of Foreign Quotations. There are already in existence several books of various degrees of merit and demerit in which phrases and sentences from Latin, Greek, and some of the modern languages are collected and done into English. The compilers of these volumes have cast out drag-nets, bringing to the surface many samples of the good, the bad, and the indifferent in foreign authors. The greater part of their quotations, however, are unrelated to English literature, either because they have never been quoted or referred to by English writers, or because they are legal phrases and maxims, useful indeed in the arguments of lawyers and opinions of courts, but in no sense literary. Why should such phrases as *Actio personalis moritur cum persona*, or *Ubi jus ibi remedium*, find a place in a non-professional work? These chaotic "omnium gatherums" have their uses, and provided one knows beforehand pretty well what he wants to find, and what it really means, they enable one to recover the precise words of a dimly remembered line.

I do not think there is any reason, except "hunger and the request of friends," for adding another to the books of this character, and the Manual now offered to the public differs from them in at least three important particulars. First. This is a selection of quotations from Latin and the languages of continental Europe, which are



or have been used or referred to by modern writers. Only those quotations are here given which have a distinctly literary flavor. Legal maxims, which in some of the dictionaries alluded to occupy a third of the space, are excluded. Lawyers look for these in such books as Broom's "Legal Maxims," while those who are not lawyers do not employ them without great danger of saying something they do not mean. Nor have I thought it desirable to include such phrases as *de facto*, *de jure*, *sine die*, *pro tempore*, which are really adopted into the language, and which at all events cannot be characterized as literary quotations. This volume, therefore, is a selection, and not merely a collection; but, although a selection, my aim has been to make it a comprehensive if not a complete collection of literary quotations.

Secondly. The quotations in this Manual are, as a general rule, followed by extracts from modern authors in which they are used. It is now held that a dictionary without examples is a skeleton. These illustrative extracts serve many purposes. They show the proper manner of employing the quotation, they show how it has often become an intimate part of English literature, and they are frequently themselves of an entertaining character. In some of these illustrations it will be seen that the quotation is not repeated in its very words, but is held, to use Birrell's phrase, in solution. Such, for instance, is the extract from Heine under the line, *Eripui cælo fulmen sceptrumque tyrannis*, and such is also the case in the extract from George Eliot under *Tantæ animis cælestibus iræ*.

The advantages of this system of illustrations are obvious. One of its results is that it makes a book of this character readable, while that quality cannot, I think, be predicated of any of the existing dictionaries. The only

work where this plan has been in any degree followed, so far as I know, is Larousse's "Grand Dictionnaire du XIXme Siècle." In the case of the not very numerous Latin quotations scattered through the seventeen folio volumes of that great collection of useful information and entertaining misinformation, it will be found that the quotations are followed by extracts from French authors in whose works they are used.

I have chosen the illustrative extracts from a great variety of sources; from English and American authors of eminence as well as from contemporary English and American journals, from French and German writers, and occasionally from the opinions of courts and from the sayings of orators and statesmen. They have been so chosen as to show that Latin phrases, as well as those from modern tongues, are not the exclusive property of pedants, but that they belong to men of the world as well. It has been observed that a pedant's most tiresome affectation is that of being a worldling. The converse affectation would be equally fatiguing, but this volume affords proof that to make an apt quotation does not cause one to run the risk of incurring such a reproach. These extracts as a whole exhibit very clearly how profoundly our culture is still penetrated by the classical spirit, how much there is in common between English and American writers on the one hand and French and German writers on the other, and how all culture has come to the modern world from Rome, which received it in turn from Greece. A contemporary jurist of Germany has said that three times Rome has conquered the world, once by force of her arms, again by her church, and thirdly by her jurisprudence. A compiler of quotations may be permitted to add that a fourth Roman world conquest is that of Latin phrases. .

The third respect in which this Manual differs from similar books is that the origin of the quotation is, when necessary, explained, and the context of the author set forth. Under *ab ovo*, for instance, it is shown why that phrase means from the very beginning, and under, *Le vrai Amphitryon est celui où l'on dîne*, one may see why a dinner giver is called an Amphitryon.

I wish to say, in conclusion, that the two books from which I have derived the greatest assistance are Fournier's "L'Esprit des Autres" and Büchmann's "Geflügelte Worte,"—works very characteristic of the Gallic and Teutonic genius respectively. Fournier's book is written with continuity, and the quotations are woven into his text, often with great skill. There are some extracts from his work in this Manual which will serve to exhibit its style. Fournier devotes at least two thirds of his volume to quotations from French authors. Büchmann's plan is to take up the writers of different countries in turn and to group together the quotations from each author without explanation or illustration. I have in a few instances followed this plan. Büchmann's chief merit is the industry with which he has traced to their sources well-known phrases of uncertain origin.

I have endeavored in all cases to refer with exactness to the precise source of the quotation, and I have generally given a similar reference to the origin of the illustrative extracts.

The Manual is completed by four indexes, one of Italian, one of German, one of French, and the fourth of Latin quotations. In these indexes the same quotation is sometimes repeated under different catch words for the purpose of facilitating reference.

J. D. B.

# A LITERARY MANUAL

OF

## FOREIGN QUOTATIONS

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**Abeunt studia in mores.** (OVID, HEROÏDES, XV., 83.)

*Studies affect manners and character.*

Histories make men wise, poets witty, the mathematics subtle, natural philosophy deep, moral grave, logic and rhetoric able to contend. *Abeunt studia in mores.* Nay, there is no stound or impediment in the wit but may be wrought out by fit studies, like as diseases of the body may have appropriate exercises.

BACON : "Essay on Studies."

General Gage states that all the people in his government are lawyers or smatterers in law, and that in Boston they have been enabled, by successful chicane, wholly to evade many parts of one of your capital penal constitutions. . . . *Abeunt studia in mores.* This study renders men acute, inquisitive, dexterous, prompt in attack, ready in defence, full of resources.

BURKE : "Speech on Conciliation with America."

**Ab imo pectore.** (VIRGIL, ÆNEID, PASSIM.)

*From the bottom of the heart.*

The poor young man opened a part of his heart to Steele, than whom no man, when unhappy, could find a kinder hearer, or more friendly emissary ; described (in words which were no doubt pathetic, for they came *imo pectore*, and caused honest

Dick to weep plentifully) his youth, his constancy, his fond devotion to that household.

THACKERAY : "Henry Esmond," book ii., chap. 2.

**Ab ovo.** (HORACE, ARS POETICA, 147.)

*From the egg*—i.e., from the earliest beginning. Horace praises Homer for hurrying his reader at once into the midst of interesting events, and ridicules a certain poet for tracing the rise of the Trojan war to Leda's egg; Helen, the cause of that war, having been born, according to mythology, from an egg. The expression is used to indicate the tracing of a matter to its remote source.

Most historians of literature present to us a literary history resembling a well arranged menagerie, and always show us, distinctly separated from one another, mammiferous epic poets, lyrical poets of the air, dramatic water poets, prose amphibians, who write land romances as well as sea stories, humorous mollusks, etc. Others, on the contrary, treat the history of literature pragmatically; they begin with the original instincts of mankind, which are developed in different epochs and finally assume an artistic form; they begin *ab ovo*, like the historian who opened the narrative of the Trojan war with the story of Leda's egg. And like him, they act foolishly. For I am persuaded that if Leda's egg had been used to make an omelette, still Hector and Achilles would have met before the Scæan gate and fought gallantly. Great events and great books do not arise from trifling causes, but they come because they are necessary; they depend upon the orbits of the sun, moon, and stars, and they arise perhaps from their influence on the earth.

HEINE : "Die romantische Schule," Drittes Buch, s. 3.

The genesis of "A Good Fight" *ab ovo* is rather obscure. Before it dazzled the public no living being could have accredited Charles Reade with a plunge into the *moyen âge*.

C. L. READE : "Life of Charles Reade."

**Ab ovo usque ad mala.** (HORACE, SAT., I., 3, 6.)

*From the egg to the apples—i.e., from the beginning to the end.* This was a proverbial expression, drawn from the custom prevailing at Roman dinners of beginning the repast with eggs and ending it with apples. Horace is speaking of singers who will never sing when they are asked, but, if they begin of their own accord, never stop; and refers to Tigellius, who would not sing, even in compliance with Cæsar's request, but if he himself were so disposed, would chant *Io Bacche ob ovo usque ad mala.*

As you will send here, ladies, I must tell you, you have a much worse chance than if you forward your valuable articles to Cornhill. Here your papers arrive at dinner-time, we will say. Do you suppose that is a pleasant period, and that we are to criticise you between the *ovum* and the *malum*, between the soup and the dessert?

THACKERAY: "Roundabout Papers."

**Ab uno disce omnes.** (VIRGIL, ÆNEID, II., 65.)

*From one learn all.* Æneas is telling Dido of the tricks of the Greeks, and as he is about to speak of the crafty Simon, who induced the Trojans to admit the famous wooden horse within the walls, he says, learn now the treachery of the Greeks, and from one of their crimes understand all. The quotation is applied to an act which characterizes a man, or to a person who represents a class.

**Abusus non tollit usum.**

*Abuse is no argument against use.*

"Not so, replied the young Englishman, "it (astrology) is a general and well-grounded belief."

"It is the resource of cheaters, knaves, and cozeners," said Sampson.

"*Abusus non tollit usum.* The abuse of any thing does not abrogate the lawful use thereof."

SCOTT : "Guy Mannering," chap. 3.

### **Ad captandum vulgus.**

*To catch the crowd.* The words *ad captandum*, alone, are used as an adjective to describe an action, or saying, designed to stir popular feeling, such as Disraeli's "Peace with Honor."

He admired the artificial and elaborately ornate periods, and witty, though somewhat *ad captandum*, epigrams of Mr. Fox.

### **Ad hoc.**

*For this purpose.* The phrase indicates the special application of a person or thing, as an envoy accredited to a foreign court with power to conclude a treaty, and sent *ad hoc*.

Lycurgus was the legendary judge who, according to tradition, codified the secular uses and customs of his tribe, and not the inventor of a brand new constitution planned *ad hoc* like that of the Abbé Sieyès.

### **Ad maiorem Dei gloriam.**

*For the greater glory of God.* This is the motto of the Society of Jesus, and in some of the Jesuit schools in France the initials A. M. D. G. were engraved on the whip, so that the pupils were flogged *ad maiorem Dei gloriam*.

### **Ad perpetuam rei memoriam.**

*For the perpetual remembrance of the thing.* A phrase frequently inscribed upon monuments. These were also the first words of certain bulls emanating from the Vatican.

**Ad usum Delphini.**

*For the use of the Dauphin.* This was the designation of a celebrated edition of classical authors originally prepared by order of Louis XIV. for the use of the Dauphin of France; and formerly much used in America. As the edition was rigorously expurgated, the phrase has come to mean an expurgated book.

We write for men who wish to inform and benefit themselves; we do not publish an encyclopædia *ad usum Delphini*.

LAROUSSE: Preface of the "Grand Dictionnaire du 19<sup>me</sup> Siècle."

**Ad unguem factus homo.** (HORACE, SAT., I., 5, 32.)

*A man polished to the nail.* The metaphor is derived from the practice among sculptors of passing the finger-nail over a delicately finished surface. We may speak of such a work as Gray's "Elegy" as polished *ad unguem*.

There must be, one would say, in the natural economy of literature, at least as many accomplished men of culture as gifted men of genius. What more fit and more fruitful intellectual alliance could be fancied than one which should bring the two classes together in well-mated pairs? A man of culture—*ad unguem factus homo*—a sort of Admirable Crichton—if he were also a man of sense, should esteem it a privilege to fulfil the office of literary valet to an agreeable man of genius.

W. C. WILKINSON: "A Free Lance," p. 166.

**Advocatus Diaboli.**

*The Devil's advocate.* In the ceremony of canonization in the Roman Catholic Church, the person appointed to examine and oppose the claims of the one it is proposed to make a saint of, is popularly called the *advocatus Diaboli*. The term is applied to any one who urges objections to what seems to be right and proper.



Earl Grey frequently regards it as a duty to play the part of *advocatus Diaboli* to any measure which may be before the House.

*Fraser's Magazine.*

**Æquam memento rebus in arduis servare mentem.**

(HORACE, ODES, II., 3, 1.)

*Remember to preserve a calm soul amid difficulties.* "The Renaissance," says Fournier ("L'Esprit des Autres," chap. 6), "which was an awakening for so many others, was not one for Horace. His glory had never slept, but it then became more brilliant, as it will always be in the most splendid centuries. Horace was the breviary of wit for the courts. The Constable de Montmorency made him the friend of his leisure and the counsellor of his solitude. Over the gate of his most magnificent castle, he caused this verse of his beloved poet to be inscribed: *Æquam memento rebus in arduis servare mentem*. This citation was a baptism; the first word of the verse became the name of the *château*; they called it *Æquam*, then *Ecouen*."

A mouth of inflexible decision, a face pale and worn, but serene, on which was written, as legibly as under the great picture in the Council Chamber at Calcutta, *mens æqua in arduis*; such was the aspect with which the great proconsul presented himself to his judges.

MACAULAY: "Essay on Warren Hastings."

**Æs triplex.** (HORACE, ODES, I., 3, 9.)

*Triple brass.* Horace says that oak and triple brass were around the heart of him who first committed a frail bark to the cruel sea.

And I indeed am not to be pierced by the shafts of Fortune. My armor is the *æs triplex* of a clear conscience, and a mind nourished by the precepts of philosophy.

GEORGE ELIOT: "Romola," book i., chap. 5.

**À la guerre comme à la guerre.**

*In war as in war—i.e., one must adapt one's self to circumstances.*

And with this I gave him a terrible look, meaning to say (and mean it I did, for, look you, *à la guerre comme à la guerre*, and I am none of your milksops) that, unless he yielded me the accommodation, I would give him a taste of my steel.

THACKERAY: "Barry Lyndon," chap. 6.

**Alea jacta est.**

*The die is cast.* This, according to Suetonius, was the exclamation of Cæsar as he crossed the Rubicon. "He was hesitating," says Suetonius (Cæs., ch. 32), "when a prodigy caused him to resolve. A man of remarkable size and beauty appeared, suddenly, playing on a flute. Some shepherds and several soldiers from the posts ran to listen to him. As there were some trumpets among them, this man seized one, and sounding a loud call rushed into the river and reached the other side. Then Cæsar said: 'Let us go where the prodigies of the gods and the injustice of my enemies call us. *Facta alea est.*'" The same belief in his star is to be remarked in another famous saying attributed to Cæsar by Plutarch. When off the Illyrian coast in 48 B.C. in a little boat with a timid sailor, he said, in the form usually quoted: "*Quid times? Cæsarem vehis et fortunam ejus.*" "What do you fear? You carry Cæsar and his fortune."

First, because felicity seemeth to be a character of the favor and love of the divine powers, and accordingly worketh both confidence in ourselves and respect and authority from others. And this felicity extendeth to many casual things, whereunto the care or virtue of man cannot extend, and therefore seemeth to be a larger good; as when Cæsar said to the sailor: "*Cæsarem portas et fortunam ejus*"; if he had said "*et virtutem*

*ejus*," it had been small comfort against a tempest, otherwise than if it might seem upon merit to induce fortune.

BACON : "Colours of Good and Evil," sec. 9.

**Alieni appetens, sui profusus.** (SALLUST, CAT., c. 5.)

*Covetous of the property of others and prodigal of his own.*

Moralists make two kinds of avarice—that of Catiline *alieni appetens, sui profusus*, and the other more generally understood by that name, which is the endless desire of hoarding. But I take the former to be more dangerous in a state, because it mingles with ambition, which I think the latter cannot.

SWIFT : *The Examiner*, No. 27.

**Al fresco.**

*In the open air.*

I cannot easily express how much I was delighted with Spain. I no longer wonder at the immortality of Cervantes ; and I perpetually detected in the picturesque and *al fresco* life of his countrymen the sources of his inspiration.

DISRAELI.

**Alter ego.**

*Another self.* This definition of a friend is, according to Büchmann, to be attributed, on the authority of Diogenes Laërtius, to the Stoic philosopher Zeno.

Everybody wondered how such an elephantine mamma—her ladyship weighed about eighteen stone—could have produced such a gazelle. She was one of twins, her sister having died in infancy, or she would probably have been double the size. She had written poems—one, "To my *Alter Ego* in Heaven," was very much admired in her family circle.

JAMES PAYN : "Fallen Fortunes," chap. 42.

**Amantes sunt amentes.**

*Lovers are madmen.* This epigram probably comes from the line : "*Inceptio est amentium, haud amantium*," which occurs in the first act of the *Andria* of Terence. A

French proverb says: "*Le premier soupir de l'amour est le dernier de la sagesse.*" And Byron exclaims: "Who, alas! can love and then be wise!" Publius Syrus says (Sent. 17): "*Amare et sapere vix Deo conceditur.*"

Undoubtedly this may be pronounced of them all; they are very slaves, drudges for the time, madmen, fools, dizards, atrabilarii, beside themselves, and as blind as beetles. Their dotage is most eminent; "*amare simul et sapere ipsi Fovi non datur,*" as Seneca holds: "Jupiter himself cannot love and be wise both together." The very best of them, if once they be overtaken with this passion, the most staid, discreet, grave, generous, wise, otherwise able to govern themselves, in this commit many absurdities, many indecorums unbefitting their gravity and persons.

BURTON: "Anatomy of Melancholy," pt. 3, sec. 2.

**Amantium iræ, amoris integratio est.** (TERENCE, ANDRIA, III., 3, 23.)

*Lovers' quarrels are love's renewal* (Gildersleeve's translation). Fournier says that this line inspired Béranger's refrain:

Commissaire, commissaire,  
Colin bat sa ménagère;  
C'est un beau jour pour l'amour.

Their estrangement, in short, had grown apace, and had already brought them to that stage of mutual indifference which is at once so comfortable and so hopeless—secure alike against the risk of scenes and the hope of reconciliation, shut fast in its exemption from *amantium iræ* against all possibility of *redintegratio amoris*.

H. D. TRAIL: "Life of Sterne," chap. 5.

**Amicus Plato, sed magis amica veritas.**

*Plato is dear to me, but truth is still dearer.* In the Phædo of Plato, Socrates says (Jowett's translation): "If what I say is true, then I do well to be persuaded of the

truth ; but if there be nothing after death, still, during the short time that remains, I shall save my friends from lamentations, and my ignorance will not last, and therefore no harm will be done. This is the state of mind, Simmias and Cebes, in which I approach the argument. And I would ask you to be thinking of the truth and not of Socrates ; agree with me if I seem to you to be speaking the truth ; or if not, withstand me might and main, that I may not deceive you as well as myself in my enthusiasm, and, like the bee, leave my sting in you before I die." It was Ammonius, in his life of Aristotle, who, according to Büchmann, first expressed the idea in the epigrammatic form : Socrates is dear to me, but truth is dearest of all. In the common quotation the name of Plato is substituted for that of Socrates. Cicero, although a writer on philosophy, did not possess in all respects the genuine philosophical temper, for he says, (*Tusc. Quaest.*, I., 17, 39), *Errare . . . malo cum Platone . . . quam cum istis vera sentire.* "I would rather be wrong with Plato than think rightly with those (the Pythagoreans)."

In Don Quixote's letter to Sancho Panza, Governor of the island of Barataria, occurs the following paragraph :

A business has offered that I believe will make me lose the duke's and the duchess's favor ; but, though I am heartily sorry for it, that does not alter my resolution ; for, after all, I owe more to my profession than to complaisance, and, as the saying is, *amicus Plato, sed magis amica veritas.* I send thee this scrap of Latin, flattering myself that since thou camest to be a governor thou mayest have learned something of that language. Farewell, and Heaven keep thee above the pity of the world.

CERVANTES : "Don Quixote," pt. 2, chap. 51.

Difference of opinions touching points controverted is rather to be chosen than unanimous concord in damned errors ; as it

is better for men to go to heaven by diverse ways, or rather by diverse paths of the same way, than in the same path to go on peaceably to—hell—*Amica pax, magis amica veritas.*

CHILLINGWORTH.

### **Anch' io son pittore.**

*I too am a painter.* This exclamation is attributed, but on slender authority, to Correggio when looking at Raphael's St. Cecilia.

I should like to touch you sometimes with a reminiscence that shall waken your sympathy, and make you say *Io anch'è* have so thought felt, smiled, suffered.

THACKERAY : "Roundabout Papers."

"Was that not beautifully said?" continued Emma. "But it is always so. One spark ignites another—that I often say to myself when in the society of intellectual men. I have frequently felt as if I must cry out—*Anch' io son pittore.*"

SPIELHAGEN : "Sturmflut."

**Animum rege ; qui nisi paret, imperat.** (HORACE, EPIS., I., 2, 62.)

*Rule your passions, which, unless they obey, will command.* This is the teaching of all the great masters. So Montaigne says : *Le pire estat de l'homme c'est où il perd la cognoissance et gouvernement de soy.* And Goethe : *Die Hauptsache ist dass man lerne sich selbst zu beherrschen.* And Shakespeare :

Give me that man

That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him

In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart.

### **À outrance.**

*To the last extremity.* This is often incorrectly written *à l'outrance.*

George Warrington was one of these ; he was for war *à l'outrance* with Barnes Newcome, for keeping no terms with such a villain.

THACKERAY : "The Newcomes," vol. ii., chap. 28.

**Apparent rari nantes in gurgite vasto.** (VIRGIL, *ÆNEID*, I., 118.)

*A few appear here and there swimming in the vast abyss.* The line occurs in the description of the shipwreck of *Æneas*.

When I reflect upon the various fate of those multitudes of ancient writers who flourished in Greece and Italy, I consider time as an immense ocean, in which many noble authors are entirely swallowed up, many very much shattered and damaged, some quite disjointed and broken into pieces, while some have wholly escaped the common wreck ; but the number of the last is very small, *apparent rari nantes in gurgite vasto*.

ADDISON : *Spectator*, No. 223.

**Après moi le déluge.**

*After me the deluge.* These words, expressing a selfish indifference as to what may befall posterity, are attributed to Louis XV. The king who, looking from a window of the Palais Royal at the funeral procession of Madame de Pompadour as it passed by in the rain, could turn to his companions and say : "The Marquise has a disagreeable day for her journey," might well be indifferent to the misfortunes which his bad government was entailing on France.

**À propos de bottes.**

*With respect to boots—i.e., without reason, à propos of nothing.*

If the good knight did not call out to the people sleeping in church, and say Amen with such a delightful pomposity ; if he did not make a speech in the assize court *à propos de bottes* and merely to show his dignity to Mr. Spectator, etc.

THACKERAY : "Lecture on Congreve and Addison."

**Aquila non capit muscas.**

*An eagle does not catch flies.* This means that a man of high intelligence should not devote his attention to that which is base or trifling.

The difference between man and man is in the quickness and quality, the accipitrine intensity, the olfactory choice of his *vous*. Does he hawk at game or carrion? What you choose to grasp with your mind is the question—not how you handle it afterwards.

RUSKIN.

### **Arbiter elegantiarum.**

*A judge in matters of taste.* The name was so commonly applied to Petronius, the author of the *Satyricon*, that he is called Petronius Arbiter. There is, however, some doubt whether he is the Petronius referred to by Tacitus (*Annals*, lib. 16) as the friend of Nero and the *arbiter elegantiae*. Any person of refined taste may be spoken of as an *arbiter elegantiarum*.

### **Arcades ambo.** (VIRGIL, ECLOGUES, VII., 4.)

*Arcadians both.* Virgil is speaking of two shepherds who were both skilled in music, Arcadia having been celebrated for its musicians. In their present application the words often denote a couple of fools or knaves.

Sad strife arose, for they were so cross-grained,  
Instead of bearing up without debate,  
They each pulled different ways with many an oath,  
*Arcades ambo, id est*, blackguards both.

BYRON: "Don Juan."

### **Argumentum ad hominem.**

*A personal argument*—that is, an argument which deals not with the merits of the dispute, but has a personal reference to one of the parties.

"You are severe, madam," I answered, "but I cannot think myself degraded by mixing with any society where I meet—" Here I stopped short, conscious that I was giving my answer an unhandsome turn. The *argumentum ad hominem*, the last to which a polite man has recourse, may, however, be justified by circumstances, but seldom or never the *argumentum ad feminam*.

SCOTT: "Redgauntlet," Letter 12.



**Ars est celare artem.**

*Art is to conceal art.* A true work of art conceals the means by which its effect is produced. Art should give us results, and not processes.

It is, perhaps, probable that he (Sterne) owed his first success with the public of his day to those eccentricities which are for us a little too consciously eccentric,—those artifices which fail a little too conspicuously in the *ars celandi artem*.

H. D. TRAIL : "Life of Sterne," chap 10.

The characteristic of the great masters is that, like nature, they do not reveal the way in which they produce ; their *facture* consists precisely in concealing their processes ; so that we may say, on the authority of all the masterpieces, that a picture is finished only when all trace of the means used to bring about the end has disappeared.

THEODORE CHILD, in the *Atlantic Monthly*.

**Ars longa vita brevis.**

*Art is long and life is short.* So Longfellow says in the "Psalm of Life" : "Art is long and time is fleeting." The best commentary on the proverb is in those lines of Faust, beginning :

Ach Gott, die Kunst ist lang,  
Und kurz ist unser Leben, etc.

Go to your bed, sir, after your expedition to Noble House, and see that your lamp be burning and your book before you ere the sun rises, *Ars longa vita brevis*—were it not a sin to call the Divine science of the law by the inferior name of art.

SCOTT : "Redgauntlet," Letter 2.

**Auch ich war in Arkadien geboren.** (SCHILLER, RESIGNATION, I.)

*I too was born in Arcadia—i.e., I too have aspirations towards the ideal.* Büchmann says ("Geflügelte Worte,"

331) that the painter Schidone put the line *Et in Arcadia ego* upon a picture representing a man's head lying on the ground and two young shepherds looking at it with terror. The phrase is also on one of Poussin's landscapes in the Louvre, and upon the monument erected by Châteaubriand to that artist in Rome. The motto of Goethe's "Italienische Reise" is, *Auch ich in Arkadien*.

To dress up the Bible (in pictures) in any particular costume is to destroy it, just as to clothe a demi-god is to make him a mere man. To place the Bible in a recognizable locality is to make it false to its spirit, for it is translating into history an ante-historical book. Since at all events however the idea must be clothed, the masters have understood that by simplifying the form and suppressing all local color one keeps as close as possible to the truth. *Et ego in Arcadia*. Are these Greeks? Is this Arcadia? Yes and no: no, so far as the drama is concerned; yes, in the sense of the eternal tragedy of human life.

EUGENE FROMENTIN: "Un Été dans le Sahara," p. 59.

**Audentes fortuna juvat.** (VIRGIL, ÆNEID, x., 284.)

*Fortune favors the bold.* So Terence says, *Fortes fortuna adjuvat*, "fortune helps the brave"; and Tibullus, *Audentum est; fortes adjuvat ipsa Venus*, "Be daring, Venus herself helps the bold."

Some very ugly men, such as Mirabeau, have been celebrated for the fascination they exercised over women. John Wilkes, who was also very homely, used to say that, with respect to women, he was only half an hour behind the handsomest man in the kingdom, for in that time he could talk away the bad impression produced by his appearance. These men have been daring as well as eloquent. *Audentes fortuna juvat*. It is better to be too bold than not bold enough.

I am of opinion likewise that it is better to be hot and precipitate than cautious and apprehensive; for fortune is a

woman and must be hectored to keep her under, and it is visible every day she suffers herself to be managed by those who are brisk and audacious rather than by those who are cold and phlegmatic in their motions, and therefore like a woman she is always a friend to those who are young, because, being less circumspect, they attack her with more security and boldness.

MACHIAVELLI : "The Prince," chap. 25.

### **Audi alteram partem.**

*Listen to the other side.*

Your reasons why she should write to you are good, and her refusal to do so must seem strange. But, *audi alteram partem*. She does n't know how to spell, and she fears that your love might not be proof against ill-spelt letters.

### **Aufgeschoben ist nicht aufgehoben.**

*Postponement is no abandonment.* The similar French proverb is : *Ce qui est différé n'est pas perdu*, "What is deferred is not lost."

### **Au grand sérieux.**

*With entire seriousness.*

Pen when remonstrated with by this fond parent, and angrily rebuked by the doctor for his violence and ferocious intentions, took the matter *au grand sérieux*, with the happy conceit and gravity of youth ; said he would permit no man to insult him upon this head, etc.

THACKERAY : "Pendennis," vol. i., chap. 16.

Of course, we dull moderns, in dealing with myths of any kind, are always in danger of committing the egregious mistake of taking the old mythologists *au grand sérieux* when they meant nothing but play ; and arguing gravely about what they said so lightly, that it is to break a butterfly upon the wheel to bring down our ponderous criticism upon it.

FRANCES POWER COBBE.

**Au pied de la lettre.**

*Literally—i.e.*, without regard to the spirit, or without due allowance.

Arthur is but a boy, and a wild, enthusiastic young fellow whose opinions one must not take *au pied de la lettre*.

THACKERAY : "Pendennis," vol. i., chap. 11.

**Aurea mediocritas.** (HORACE, ODES, II., 10, 5.)

*The golden mean*, not in the Aristotelian sense that every virtue is a mean between two vices, but in the sense that the middle way, the being neither high nor low, is the best.

Ni trop haut, ni trop bas ; c'est le souverain style.

RONSARD.

**Auri sacra fames.** (VIRGIL, ÆNEID, III., 57.)

*Cursed thirst of gold*, to what dost thou not impel the hearts of men, exclaims Virgil.

No man suffered less from the *auri sacra fames* : none was less mercenary. His ambition was pure.

C. L. READE : "Life of Charles Reade."

**Aurora musis amica est.**

*The morning is the friend of the muses—i.e.*, the morning is the best time for study and reflection. So the Germans say : *Morgenstunde hat Gold im Munde*, "The morning hour has gold in its mouth." A late riser said that the men who got up early were proud all the morning and sleepy all the afternoon.

**Au royaume des aveugles les borgnes sont rois.**

*In the country of the blind the one-eyed are kings.*

Two things are absolutely necessary for every young man who has a laudable ambition to make a figure in the world. They are learning and politeness, and they should always go

together ; for learning without politeness makes a disagreeable pedant, and politeness without learning makes a superficial, frivolous puppy. I am sorry to say that in general the youth of the present age have neither. Their manners are illiberal, and their ignorance is notorious. They are sportsmen, they are jockeys, they know nor love nothing but dogs and horses, racing and hunting. They seem even afraid of being taken for gentlemen, and therefore dress themselves like blackguards. This gives you a fine opportunity of distinguishing yourself among your growing contemporaries, and should you even fall short of perfection, you will still shine ; for you know the French saying, *que dans le royaume des aveugles un borgne est roy.*

LORD CHESTERFIELD : " Letters to his Godson," p. 245.

### **Aut Cæsar, aut nihil.**

*Either emperor or nothing.* The inscription on the bust of one of the Roman Cæsars.

There are persons whom no success, no advantages, no applause, can satisfy. They go beyond the old motto, *Aut Cæsar, aut nihil* ; they not only want to be at the head of whatever they undertake, but if they succeed in that, they immediately want to be at the head of something else.

HAZLITT.

### **Aut inveniam viam aut faciam.**

*I shall either find a way or I shall make one.*

Doth he think I am to abide in this old castle like a bulfinch in a cage, fain to sing as oft as he chooses to whistle, and all for seed and water ? Not so, *aut inveniam viam aut faciam*, I will discover or contrive a remedy.

SCOTT : " Quentin Durward," chap. 13.

### **Autres temps, autres mœurs.**

*Other times, other customs.*

The young bloods of those days thought it was no harm to spend a night in the watch-house, and I assure you it has ac-

commodated a deal of good company. *Autres temps, autres mœurs.* In our own days, my good Bob, a station-house bench is not the bed for a gentleman.

THACKERAY : "Sketches and Travels in London."

To judge of such a man with some approach to truth, we must not read our own age into him ; we must read him in the light of his individual origin and education, his intellectual and theological environment. *Autres temps, autres mœurs.* To forget this is to risk doing injustice somewhere.

*Edinburgh Review.*

### **Ave, Cæsar, morituri te salutant.**

*Hail, Cæsar, those who are about to die salute thee.* This was the cry with which the gladiators addressed the emperor when they entered the arena. (Suetonius: Claud. c. 21.) It is the name of a fine picture of a Roman show by Gérôme. Longfellow's ode commemorating the fiftieth anniversary of the graduation of his college class is addressed to the *alma mater* and entitled, *Morituri salutamus.*

Never will this picture disappear from my remembrance. I still see him (Napoleon) on his fine horse, with those everlasting eyes and the imperial marble face, looking down, with the calmness of fate, upon the Guard filing by before him ; he was sending them then to Russia, and the old Grenadiers gazed at him so profoundly devoted, so earnest, so scornful of death—*Te Cæsar, morituri salutant.*

HEINE : "Englische Fragmente," chap. 11.

There was something sinister and superb in the song of these shipwrecked and condemned creatures, something like a prayer and also something grander, and comparable to the ancient and sublime, *Ave, Cæsar, morituri te salutant.*

GUY DE MAUPASSANT : "La Petite Roque," p. 110.

**A verbis ad verbera.***From words to blows.*

No one has been put in possession of the floor in a recumbent attitude ; but members have announced their intention of committing manual or pedal assaults on the heads of political opponents, proceeding *a verbis ad verbera*.

*London World.***Beauté du diable.**

*Beauty of the devil.* This means the transitory beauty of youth and freshness.

In her first youth, Eleanor Karpowna may have had that kind of beauty which the French, God knows why, have named *beauté du diable*, that is to say, a certain physical freshness ; but when I made her acquaintance she reminded one involuntarily of a savory quarter of beef which a butcher has spread out on a clean marble table.

TOURGENEFF : "L'Abandonnée."

In spite of hard and scanty fare the girls often shoot up strong and healthy. Their good looks, such as they are, may be merely the *beauté du diable*, but, with their red lips, their laughing eyes, their blooming complexions, and their heavy shocks of thick long hair, they are as different as possible from the stunted, shrivelled-up little careworn creatures who are being reared in the rookeries of the Seven Dials, or East London.

*Saturday Review.***Bis dat qui cito dat.**

*He gives twice who gives quickly.* This proverb is shortened from the 245th Sentence of Publius Syrus : *Inopi beneficium bis dat qui dat celeriter*. "He gives a double benefit to the needy who gives quickly."

Queen Elizabeth was dilatory enough in suits, of her own nature ; and the Lord Treasurer Burleigh, to feed her humor, would say to her, "Madam, you do well to let suitors stay, for I

shall tell you, *bis dat qui cito dat* ; if you grant them speedily, they will come again the sooner."

BACON : "Apophthegms," No. 71.

**Bon chien chasse de race.**

*A good dog hunts from blood.*

We want a prompt, unreflecting bias towards good. The option between virtue and vice cannot be left an open question. As we see good dogs *chasser de race*, so we need citizens whose leanings are to virtue's side.

JAMES COTTER MORISON : "The Service of Man."

**Brevis esse laboro, obscurus fio.** (HORACE, ARS POETICA, 25.)

*In endeavoring to be concise, I become obscure.* When Madame de Stäel asked the Comte de Ségur which he liked best, her conversation or her writings, he replied : "Your conversation, madame, for then you have not the leisure to become obscure."

In fact, my style has nothing easy and flowing ; it is rough, of a free and undisciplined character ; and I like it thus—if not with my judgment at least with my inclination. But sometimes I feel that I give way too much in this direction and that by dint of wishing to avoid art and affectation I fall into them from another side. *Brevis esse laboro, obscurus fio.* Plato says that elaborateness and conciseness are not qualities which either take away, or give, value to style.

MONTAIGNE.

**Cacoëthes scribendi.** (JUVENAL, SAT., VII., 52.)

*The itch of writing.* "An incurable itch of writing," says Juvenal, "holds many fast, and grows old in their sick hearts."

There is a certain distemper, which is mentioned neither by Galen nor Hippocrates, nor to be met with in the London



Dispensary. Juvenal in the motto of my paper terms it a *cacoëthes*; which is a hard word for a disease called in plain English, the itch of writing. This *cacoëthes* is as epidemical as the small-pox, there being very few who are not seized with it some time or other in their lives.

ADDISON: *Spectator*, No. 582.

**Calomniez, calomniez, il en restera toujours quelque chose.**

*Calumniate, calumniate, some of it will always stay.* This saying is founded on the Latin proverb: *Audacter calumniare, semper aliquid hæret.* "Calumniate boldly, something always sticks."

In "Le Barbier de Seville" (Act 2, Scene 8), Basile says: "Calumny! Sir, you hardly know what it is that you disdain. I have seen the most respectable people nearly crushed by it. Understand that there is no common meanness, no horror, no absurd story, that you cannot make the idlers of a great city adopt if you set about it skilfully; and we have at hand fellows of such skill! At first a slight rumor, skimming the surface like a swallow before a storm, it murmurs and flies *pianissimo*, and sows broadcast the poisoned dart. Such an one's mouth receives it and *piano, piano*, whispers it to you adroitly. The evil is done, it germinates, it travels, it crawls, *rinforzando*, from mouth to mouth; it goes like the devil. Then suddenly, nobody knows how, you see calumny stand erect, hissing, inflating itself, growing before your very eyes. It leaps forward, extends its flight, envelops, seizes, carries away, bursts and thunders, and becomes, thanks to Heaven, a general cry, a public *crescendo*, a universal chorus of hate and proscription. Who the devil could resist it?"

**Capiat qui capere possit.**

*Let him take who can.* So Wordsworth says:

Because the good old rule  
Sufficeth them; the simple plan,  
That they should take who have the power,  
And they should keep who can.

**Caput mortuum.**

*A dead head.* The term was originally applied by the alchemists to the solid residuum of an analysis, from which distillation was supposed to have taken life and spirit. It is now applied to any valueless or lifeless object.

There are some individuals all of whose ideas are in their hands and feet—make them sit still and you put a stop to the machine altogether. The volatile spirit of quicksilver in them turns to a *caput mortuum*.

HAZLITT.

**Carent quia vate sacro.** (HORACE, ODES, IV., 9, 28.)

*Because they lack a sacred bard.* Many brave men, says Horace, lived before Agamemnon, but all of them are unwept and unknown because they were without an inspired poet to celebrate their achievements.

The vague and colorless praise of history leaves on the mind hardly any impression of Antoninus Pius ; it is only from the private memoranda of his nephew that we learn what a disciplined, hard-working, gentle, wise, virtuous man he was ; a man who, perhaps, interests mankind less than his immortal nephew only because he has left in writing no record of his inner life—*caret quia vate sacro*.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

If he was employed at all in the last years of the century, no *vates sacer* has been found to celebrate his work, and no clue is left to guide us.

FROUDE.

**Carpe diem.** (HORACE, ODES, I., II, 8.)

*Enjoy the present day.* Do not ask, says Horace, how long your life is to be. It is much better to endure patiently whatever may happen, and not to ask more of life than its shortness allows. While we are talking envious age is flying away. Enjoy to-day, and trust as little as possible to the morrow.

So far we have gone on very well ; as to the future I never anticipate,—*carpe diem*—the past at least is one's own, which is one reason for making sure of the present.

BYRON.

How my new loves speeded I neither informed her, nor any other members of my maternal or paternal family, who, on both sides, had been bitter against my marriage. Of what use wrangling with them? It was better to *carpere diem* and its sweet loves and pleasures, and to leave the railers to grumble, or the seniors to advise, at their ease.

THACKERAY : "The Virginians," vol. ii., chap. 30.

### Castigat ridendo mores.

*It laughingly criticises manners and morals.* This admirable description of the true function of comedy was composed by the French poet Jean de Santeuil as an epigraph for a theatre curtain.

Point out his fault and lay bare the dire consequences thereof ; expose it roundly, and give him a proper solemn, moral whipping—but do not attempt to *castigare ridendo*. Do not laugh at him writhing, and cause all the other boys in the school to laugh.

THACKERAY : "Roundabout Papers."

The important thing is to notice that M. Augier, while writing in very various forms and on all sorts of subjects, constantly observed the Molieresque tradition of *castigat ridendo mores*. This is observable even in *La Cigüe*, and the note rarely fails in the voluminous work of the author. Sometimes, no doubt, it is insisted on too much. The fault of contemporary French drama, just as the fault of our own, has long been the representation of manners which are not, and never were, on land or sea.

*Saturday Review.*

**Cedant arma togæ.** (CICERO, DE OFF., I., 22, AND PHILIP., II., 8.)

*Let arms yield to the toga*, that is, let the military power of a state yield to the civil government. This is the maxim of constitutional states even in war, while in times of revolution it is the master of the legions who seizes upon every thing and the rule is, *silent leges inter arma*. (Cicero, Pro Milone, iv., 10.) "The laws are silent amid arms."

*Cedant arma togæ* is a motto that is nowadays read in reverse by most newspaper editors who know their public. When wars with war correspondence come to the front, literary criticism goes to the wall, or rather it is hustled aside altogether. Naturally that must be more or less the case when men's minds are profoundly agitated with the fluctuations of a great national struggle.

*Blackwood's Magazine.*

**Cela va sans dire.**

*That goes without saying, i.e., it is to be taken for granted.* The corresponding German expression is, *Das versteht sich von selbst*.

"My uncle's situation," said Waverley, "his general opinions, and his uniform indulgence, entitle me to say that birth and personal qualities are all he would look for in such a connexion. And where can I find both united in such excellence as in your sister?"

"O nowhere!—*cela va sans dire*," replied Fergus, with a smile. "But your father will expect a father's prerogative in being consulted."

SCOTT: "Waverley," chap. 27.

**Certum est quia impossibile.** (TERTULLIAN, DE CARNE CHRISTI, C. 5.)

*It is certain because it is impossible.* The element of truth in this saying is, that things which we fully under-

stand make no demand on our faith, but only those which are above the natural reason. The expression, *Credo quia absurdum*,—I believe because it is absurd,—is sometimes attributed to St. Augustine. A few years ago, when an orator in the French Assembly quoted this strange *credo* as coming from the great African saint, Bishop Dupanloup indignantly denied that St. Augustine ever said any thing of the kind. A newspaper controversy thereupon arose by which it seemed to be established that the phrase of Tertullian was the real origin of the *credo* attributed to St. Augustine.

I love to lose myself in a mystery ; to pursue my reason to an *O altitudo !* 'T is my solitary recreation to pose my apprehension with those involved enigmas and riddles of the Trinity, incarnation, and resurrection. I can answer all the objections of Satan and my rebellious reason with that odd resolution I learnt of Tertullian, *certum est quia impossibile est*.

SIR THOMAS BROWNE.

When one thinks that such delicate questions as those involved fell into the hands of men like Papias (who believed in the famous millenarian grape story) ; of Irenæus with his "reasons" for the existence of only four gospels ; and of such calm and dispassionate judges as Tertullian, with his *Credo quia impossibile*, the marvel is that the selection which constitutes our New Testament is as free as it is from obviously objectional matter.

HUXLEY.

**C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas la guerre.**

*It is magnificent, but it is not war.* This was the criticism of one of the French generals upon the charge of the Light Brigade celebrated by Tennyson.

There are some defeats which are more glorious than victories ; some failures which are grander than the most brilliant success. The charge of the Light Brigade at Bala-

clava was a useless waste of life ; yet we doubt if any feat of arms in modern times ever had so fine a moral effect as that piece of heroic stupidity. In like manner these gallant seamen have failed to reach the pole ; but they have won a proud place in their country's annals. They have done Englishmen good. Pity it is that we should have to say, as the military critic did of that other deed we spoke of but now, *C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas la guerre.*

*Quarterly Review.*

Once I spent some twenty-eight hours in an effort to reach a high snow peak, and came back legitimately baffled, though I was conscious of a praiseworthy and most unpleasant two and a half hours on the curl of a frozen cornice some 12,000 feet high, with a fall into space on either side. . . . Either way a slip would have been about 3,000 feet down. Of course the view was magnificent. I was in intellectual company, being tied (we were in rope) to Mr. Frederic Harrison, but I did n't enjoy it at the time, though I was too great a coward to say so, and only (in my mind) reversed the Frenchman's remark and thought, *C'est la guerre, mais c'n'est pas magnifique.*

*Cornhill Magazine.*

**Château qui parle, femme qui écoute, sont prêts à se rendre.**

*The castle that parleys and the woman who listens are ready to surrender.* But a different view is taken by Mrs. Amelia E. Barr, who writes in the *North American Review* : " It is said, ' The woman who deliberates is lost.' The truth is, women are lost because they do not deliberate. Thackeray had the profoundest insight into a woman's heart when he made the miserable wife of Barnes Newcome leave her husband and home in an hour when she had no such intention. Cruelly tempted, perplexed, and bewildered, when passion is stronger than reason, women do not think of consequences, but go blindfold, headlong to their ruin."

The success of this convenient friend had been such that he had obtained from Sir William, not indeed a directly favorable answer, but certainly a most patient hearing. This he had reported to his principal, who had replied by the ancient French adage, *Château qui parle et femme qui écoute l'un et l'autre va se rendre*. A statesman who hears you propose a change of measures without reply was according to the Marquis' opinion in the situation of the fortress which parleys and the lady who listens, and he resolved to press the siege of the Lord Keeper.

SCOTT: "The Bride of Lammermoor," chap. 20.

### **Cherchez la femme.**

*Look for the woman.* This is the maxim of those who believe that a woman is at the bottom of, or at least concerned in, every difficulty in life. Büchmann thinks that the saying comes from a line of Juvenal (Sat., vi., 242):

Nulla fere causa est, in qua non femina litem  
Moverit.

"There is hardly any litigation of which a woman was not the cause." This is rather far-fetched, and the expression might with equal propriety be derived from the oft quoted phrase of Virgil (*Æn.*, i., 364), *Dux femina facti*. "A woman was the leader in the deed."

### **Che sarà, sarà.**

*What will be, will be.* An expression of fatalism. It is the motto of the ducal house of Bedford, and was inscribed over one of the entrances to Covent Garden market, the property of the Bedfords.

It was the kind of thing which had always possessed paramount interest for her; she had always thought that she would start up on her dying bed if she heard of a change of ministry, or shake off scarlet-fever itself to go down to the House on the night of a close division. But now it all seemed to her very

much like the rattling of peas in a dry bladder, like the bustling and buzzing of flies in a paper cage. What would they really change in the history of the world? What would they really alter in the oscillations of nations? *Che sarà, sarà*, despite Downing Street and the Treasury Bench.

QUIDA : "Syrilin," chap. 24.

**Chi va piano va sano, chi va sano va lontano.**

*He who goes gently goes safely, he who goes safely goes far.* A man who, like many others, deprecated the all but universal practising on pianos by people utterly destitute of talent for music commented this proverb thus: *Chi va piano*, he who plays the piano, *va sano*, does well, *chi va sano*, he who would do well, *va lontano*, should go a long way off when he plays on a piano.

**Civis Romanus sum.**

*I am a Roman citizen.* This was the proud saying in the days of the Republic and early Empire before Caracalla had conferred citizenship upon all the subjects of Rome.

This must make all Germans abroad more than ever proud of the Chancellor, who, when inaugurating his colonial policy, avowed his determination to imbue all its promoters with the consciousness expressed in the reflection, *civis Romanus sum*.

*The Nation.*

**Clarum et venerabile nomen.** (LUCAN, PHAR., IX., 203.)

*An illustrious and venerable name.*

The state, in the condition I have described it, was delivered into the hands of Lord Chatham, a great and celebrated name, —a name that keeps the name of this country respectable in every other on the globe. It may be truly called

clarum et venerabile nomen

Gentibus, et multum nostræ quod proderat urbi.

BURKE : Speech on "American Taxation."



**Cœlum, non animum, mutant, qui trans mare currunt.** (HORACE, EP., I., II, 27.)

*They change their skies, not their minds, who cross the sea.* So Goldsmith says :

Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,  
My heart *untravell'd* fondly turns to thee.

My admirable cousin, . . . Mr. William Esmond, returned along with our troops and fleets ; and, being a gentleman of good birth and name, and well acquainted with the city, made himself agreeable to the new-comers of the Royal army, the young bloods, merry fellows, and macaronis, by introducing them to play-tables, taverns, and yet worse places with which the worthy gentleman continued to be familiar in the New World as in the Old. *Cœlum non animum.* However Will had changed his air, or whithersoever he transported his carcass, he carried a rascal in his skin.

THACKERAY : "The Virginians," vol. ii., chap. 42.

Ah, Rolando, Rolando ! thou wert a gallant captain, a cheery, a handsome, a merry. At me thou never presentedst pistol. Thou badest the bumper of Burgundy fill, fill for me, giving those who preferred it champagne. *Cœlum non animum*, etc. Do you think he has reformed now that he has crossed the sea, and changed the air ? I have my own opinion.

THACKERAY : "Roundabout Papers."

### **Cogito, ergo sum.**

*I think, therefore I exist.* Descartes treated this as the most direct of human certainties, and therefore made it the keystone of his philosophical system.

Who am I ; what is this me ? A Voice, a Motion, an Appearance ; some embodied, visualised Idea in the Eternal Mind ? *Cogito, ergo sum.* Alas, poor Cogitator, this takes us but a little way. Sure enough I am ; and lately was not ; but Whence ? How ? Whereto ?

CARLYLE : "Sartor Resartus," book i., chap. 8.

**Comme il faut.**

*As it should be*, seemly, proper. The phrase is applicable both to men and things. Either a dinner or the giver of it may be spoken of as being *comme il faut*. The French use the expression with a certain fine *nuance*, difficult to explain. There is, for instance, considerable difference between a *grande dame* and a *femme comme il faut*.

But I have said enough and more than enough to explain his dilemma to an unassisted bachelor, who, without mother, sister, or cousin, without skilful housekeeper, or experienced clerk of the kitchen, or valet of parts and figure, adventures to give an entertainment, and aspires to make it elegant and *comme il faut*.

SCOTT: "St. Ronan's Well," chap. 10.

He complimented them upon being seen at church; again he said that every *comme il faut* person made a point of attending the English service abroad; and he walked back with the young men prattling to them in garrulous good-humor, etc.

THACKERAY: "Pendennis," vol. ii., chap. 18.

**Consule Planco.** (HORACE, ODES, III., 14, 28.)

*When Plancus was consul.* "I would not have endured such treatment," says Horace, "in the days of my fiery youth, when Plancus was consul." The poems of Horace have always been so well known by men of the world, as well as by men of letters, that many of his apparently insignificant expressions have become common quotations, because they instantly suggest the context to every reader. This phrase, *consule Planco*, is one of them, used either in English or Latin. It means: "the good old times when I was young."

Moselle and sparkling hock have few votaries; yet in Paris some of us have known a very similar wine served at dinner—

a wine which, when Plancus was consul, was the champion wine of the student in the Latin Quarter, where it had a chanson all to itself, each stanza ending with the refrain, Give me the vinous St. Peray.

*New York Times.*

**Coram populo.** (HORACE, ARS POETICA, 185.)

*Before the people*, or, in sight of the public. Horace is speaking of what actions should not be represented on the stage, and says that Medea does not slay her children *coram populo*.

Just consider what life would be if every rogue was found out and flogged *coram populo*! What a butchery, what an indecency, what an endless swishing of the rod!

THACKERAY: "Roundabout Papers."

I have always liked those Parisian restaurants where the tables are out on a terrace in summer or on the trottoir itself, and you eat and drink *coram populo*.

**Cordon bleu.**

*A blue ribbon.* Unless the context indicates otherwise, a *cordons bleu* means a good cook, especially a woman cook, because in France those cooks who passed a good examination received a medal held by a blue ribbon. In England a blue ribbon is one of the insignia of the Order of the Garter, as it was also of the old French Order of the Holy Ghost. To become a knight of the Garter is spoken of as obtaining the blue ribbon. By a natural figure of speech the term is applied to other prizes of life. Thus Lord Beaconsfield called the Derby the blue ribbon of the English turf.

**Corruptio optimi pessima.**

*The corruption of the best is the worst.* It is true in politics and morals, as in physics, that the deterioration

of the best types produces something worse than the ordinarily inferior types.

The extraordinary thing (and yet to those who know their Frenchmen it is not so extraordinary) is that they have felt the need of making this demonstration. That curious corruption of modesty which takes the form of vanity (*corruptio optimi pessima*, you know) has given the French agonies of pain during the last few years, and they have at last been driven to do something conspicuous, just to show themselves and the world that they are alive. *Saturday Review.*

### Coup de grâce.

*A finishing stroke*,—the blow that kills or completes the ruin.

When Murchison was selling off his hunters the chemical precipitation theory was rapidly passing away in favor of the Huttonian views. It had indeed received its *coup de grâce* from the researches of William Smith, a civil engineer, born in Oxfordshire, who earned the proud title of the father of English geology by the publication, in 1801, of his "Tabular View of the British Strata," and by the subsequent publication of a series of geological maps of England and Wales.

*Edinburgh Review.*

### Coup de main.

*A bold and sudden attack.*

Hoping to bring the war to a rapid conclusion by a *coup de main*, the French general suspended the operations of the siege to give chase, and on one occasion Victor was overtaken and surrounded by a superior force. *Quarterly Review.*

### Coûte que coûte.

*Cost what it may.*

Since I began my letter we hear that France is determined to try a numerous invasion in several places in England and Ireland, *coûte que coûte*, and knowing how difficult it is.

HORACE WALPOLE : "Letters to Sir Horace Mann."

**Credat Judæus Apella.** (HORACE, SAT., I., 5, 96.)

*The Jew Apella may believe this.* "At Gratia," says Horace, describing a journey, "they wanted to persuade us that incense melted upon the sacred threshold without the aid of fire. The Jew Apella may believe this, but not I, for I have learned that the gods live in tranquillity, and if any wonderful thing happens it is not sent by them from the lofty vault of heaven." Apella was a common name among the Jews, who were regarded by the Romans as a very credulous and superstitious race. But Renan says ("Les Apôtres," chap. 6): "It is not credulity which is most striking in the Talmudist Jew. The credulous Jew, the lover of the marvellous, known to the Latin satirists, is not the Jew of Jerusalem; it is the Hellenized Jew, at the same time very religious and very ill-informed, consequently very superstitious. Neither the half-sceptical Sadducee, nor the rigorous Pharisee, could have been much impressed by the theurgy which was so popular in the apostolic circle. But the Judæus Apella, at whom the epicurean Horace smiled, was there to believe."

They seem then to have made their option, and to have given some sort of credit to their paper by taking it themselves; at the same time, in their speeches, they made a sort of swaggering declaration, something, I rather think, above legislative competence, that is, that there is no difference in value between metallic money and their assignats. This was a good, stout proof article of faith, pronounced under an anathema by the venerable fathers of this philosophic synod. *Credat* who will—certainly not *Judæus Apella*.

BURKE: "Reflections on the Revolution in France."

**Crème de la crème.**

*The cream of the cream—i.e., the very best.*

In the case of the organ, be it recollected that many who form part of the *crème de la crème* of Protestantism have now

begun to use that which the Pope does not hear in his own chapel or his sublime Basilica, and which the entire Eastern Church has ever shrunk from employing in its services.

GLADSTONE.

### **Cui bono ?**

*What's the good of it ?* In its classical use this phrase meant, For whose advantage ? (Cicero, Sext. Rosc., 30). But the modern sense is that of the above translation.

Would I resume it ? Oh ! no.  
Four acts are done,—the jest grows stale,  
The waning lamps burn dim and pale,  
And reason asks, *cui bono ?*

JAMES SMITH.

### **Cum grano salis.**

*With a grain of salt*—that is, with some allowance or abatement.

The pudding I eat or refuse, that is neither here nor there ; and between ourselves, what I have said about batter-pudding may be taken *cum grano*—we are not come to that yet, except for the sake of argument or illustration.

THACKERAY : "Roundabout Papers."

### **Cur in theatrum, Cato, severe venisti ?** (MARTIAL, EP., I., 3.)

*Why have you come to the theatre, Cato, with such a severe countenance ?*

You must trifle only with the triflers ; and be serious only with the serious, but dance to those who pipe. *Cur in theatrum, Cato, severe venisti ?* was justly said to an old man ; how much more so would it be to one of your age ?

CHESTERFIELD.

Although for the last thirty years I have only been able to enjoy the theatre by making a little journey, yet, even now, if I lived in a city I would spend the long winter evenings sitting

in the parterre, for the sake of the play and of the play-goers, and I would not be disturbed by Martial's exclamation to Cato, *Cur in theatrum severe venisti?*

WEBER'S "Demokritos."

**Curiosa felicitas.** (PETRONIUS, SATYRICON, CAP. 118.)

*Careful happiness* (of phrase). The expression originally referred to the diction of Horace, and has been since applied to many writers who deserve it less. It is sometimes translated, "curious felicity"; but this conveys an idea of preciousness which is not in the original.

The *curiosa felicitas* of Horace in his lyric compositions, the elaborate delicacy of workmanship in his thoughts and in his style, argue a scale of labor that, as against any equal number of lines in Lucretius, would measure itself by months against days. There are single odes in Horace that must have cost him a six-weeks' seclusion from the wickedness of Rome.

DE QUINCEY.

I would try a man's knowledge of the world, as I would try a schoolboy's knowledge of Horace: not by making him construe *Mæcenas atavis edite regibus*, which he could do in the first form, but by examining him as to the delicacy and *curiosa felicitas* of the poet.

CHESTERFIELD.

**Currente calamo.**

*With a running pen—i.e., off-hand.*

The man who writes *currente calamo*, who works with a rapidity which will not admit of accuracy, may be as true, and in one sense as trustworthy, as he who bases every word upon a rock of facts.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE: "Autobiography."

**Dabit deus his quoque finem.** (VIRGIL, ÆNEID, I., 199.)

*God will put an end to these also.* These words are from the address with which Æneas sustains the courage of

his companions in adversity, who had suffered greater evils, *passi graviora*.

I cannot address the people of this country in the language of the quotation used by the noble lord, *O passi graviora* ; for never was a country cursed with a worse, a more reckless, or a more dangerous government. The noble lord, the Secretary for Ireland, talks of lubricity ; but, thank God, we have at last pinned you to something out of which you cannot wriggle ; and, as we have the melancholy satisfaction to know that there is an end to all things, so I can now say with the noble lord, *dabit deus his quoque finem* ; thank God we have at last got rid of such a government as this.

SIR JAMES GRAHAM.

### Das Ewig-Weibliche

**Zieht uns hinan.** (GOETHE, FAUST, 2 TEIL, 5 AKT.)

*The eternal feminine draws us on.*

For the rest the Princess Lieven was a very woman. She frankly confesses that she lost all interest in the Turkish war of 1828 after the death of her brother, Constantine Benken-dorf, by fever. The slaughter too before Shumla disgusted her with the war, which she had rejoiced to see begin. There is *das Ewig-Weiblich* commenting on politics.

*Saturday Review.*

When they smiled and showed their white teeth, and their eyes peeped from beneath the curly hair, which hung in the modern fashion over their foreheads, it was not difficult for the author to believe that even in the Australian wilds women do not wholly lack the fascination ascribed by Goethe to their sex in general.

*New York Sun.*

**Dat Galenus opes ; dat Justinianus honores.** (BU-CHANAN.)

*Galen gives riches ; Justinian gives honors*—that is, physicians acquire wealth and lawyers honors.



The rich physician, honour'd lawyers ride,  
Whil'st the poor scholar foots it by their side.

Poverty is the Muses' patrimony ; and, as that poetical divinity teacheth us, when Jupiter's daughters were each of them married to the gods, the Muses alone were left solitary, Helicon forsaken of all suters ; and I believe it was because they had no portion.

BURTON'S "Anatomy," pt. i., sec. 2, mem. 3.

**Davus sum, non Œdipus.** (TERENCE, ANDRIA, I., 2, 23.)

*I am Davus, not Œdipus.* Davus, in Roman comedy, was the type of a simple-minded, devoted slave, while Œdipus was extremely clever, having guessed the riddle of the Sphinx.

There was evidently some trick in this, but what, is past my conjecturing. *Davus sum, non Œdipus.*

CHESTERFIELD.

Your Achilles should, all through, from beginning to end, be impatient, fiery, restless, keen. Your Achilles, such as he is, will probably keep up his character. But your Davus should always be Davus, and that is more difficult. The rustic, driving his pigs to market, cannot always make them travel by the exact path he has intended for them.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE : "Autobiography."

**Debemur morti, nos nostraque.** (HORACE, ARS POETICA, 63.)

*We, and all that is ours, are condemned to death.* And so Manilius says (Astron., iv., 16), *Nascentes morimur, finisque ab origine pendet.*

Physiology writes over the portals of life, *Debemur morti, nos nostraque*, with a profounder meaning than the Roman poet attached to the melancholy line. Under whatever guise it takes refuge, whether fungus or oak, worm or man, the

living protoplasm not only ultimately dies, and is resolved into its mineral and lifeless constituents, but is always dying, and, strange as the paradox may sound, could not live unless it died.

HUXLEY.

Quotations of a similar import might be indefinitely multiplied; but it will be enough to add to this the statements quoted already, that agnosticism is to theologic religion what death is to life; and that physiology does but deepen and complete the gloom of the gloomiest motto of paganism—*Debemur morti*.

W. H. MALLOCK.

### **De gustibus non est disputandum.**

*There is no disputing about tastes.* The quotation from one of Edgar Allan Poe's book-reviews, given below, expresses his dissent from this maxim of uncertain origin, which would seem to give everybody an equal right to pass judgment on any work of art or literature. Fournier quotes the following eloquent passage on Taste from Châteaubriand's, "Essay on English Literature": "Genius creates, taste preserves. Taste is the good sense of genius. Without taste, genius is only a sublime madness. That sure touch, at which the lyre gives forth only the sound which it ought to render, is more rare than the creative faculty. Wit and genius, scattered about, hidden, latent, unknown, often pass among us without unpacking, as Montesquieu says; they exist in the same proportion in all ages; but in the course of centuries there are only certain nations, and in these nations only a certain moment when taste shows itself in its purity. Before that time, after that time, every thing sins by a deficiency or by an excess. That is why perfect works are so rare; for they must needs be produced in the happy days of the union of taste and genius. Now this

great conjunction, like that of certain stars, seems only to arrive after the lapse of several centuries, and lasts only an instant."

One would be safe in wagering that any given public idea is erroneous, for it has been yielded to the clamor of the majority ; and this strictly philosophical, although somewhat French, assertion has especial bearing upon the whole race of what are termed maxims and popular proverbs, nine tenths of which are the quintessence of folly. One of the most deplorably false of them is the antique adage, *De gustibus non est disputandum*,—there should be no disputing about taste. Here the idea designed to be conveyed is that any one person has as just right to consider his own taste true as has any one other—that taste itself, in short, is an arbitrary something, amenable to no law, and measurable by no definite rules.

POE.

### De haut en bas.

*From above, below—i.e., haughtily.*

Did you hear Captain Hotham's *bon mot* on Sir Thomas Robinson's making an assembly from the top of his house to the bottom ? He said, he wondered so many people would go to Sir Thomas's, as he treated them all *de haut en bas*.

HORACE WALPOLE.

### De l'audace, encore de l'audace, toujours de l'audace.

(DANTON.)

*Audacity, more audacity, always audacity.*

Even in those days when so many men were so astonishing in their eloquence, Danton stands out as a master of commanding phrase. One of his fierce sayings has become a proverb. Against Brunswick and the invaders, *il nous faut de l'audace, et encore de l'audace, et toujours de l'audace*,—we must dare, and again dare, and forever dare.

JOHN MORLEY.

**Delenda est Carthago.**

*Carthage must be destroyed.* It was with these words that the elder Cato always ended his speeches, whatever the subject might be, and thus incited the Romans to the third Punic war.

He drank great quantities of absinthe of a morning, smoked incessantly, played roulette whenever he could get a few pieces, contributed to a small journal, and was especially great in his hatred of l'infâme Angleterre. *Delenda est Carthago* was tattooed beneath his shirt sleeve. Fifine and Clarisse, young milliners of the students' district, had punctured this terrible motto on his manly right arm.

THACKERAY : "The Newcomes," vol. i., chap. 34.

When, a quarter of a century since, the people of these United States had to decide the momentous question whether in North America there should be one great power, or more than one, they decided it once for all. No Roman senator or citizen echoed Cato's warning more heartily than they when they said *delenda est* of any possible competitor for supremacy on the continent. They decided then, and decided wisely, that any war, however bloody, any waste, however lavish, of life and treasure and human suffering, must be borne, if needful, that they and their children should have forever a world to themselves. And of their sacrifices we reap the just fruit ; we are not perpetually thinking about fighting and getting ready to fight, only because when our fathers had fighting to do they fought to a finish.

CHARLES J. BONAPARTE : Address to the Yale Law School, 1890.

**De mortuis nil nisi bonum (or bene).**

*Concerning the dead nothing but good should be spoken.* Plutarch writes, in his life of Solon : " That law of Solon's is also justly commended which forbids men to speak ill of the dead. For piety requires us to consider the de-

ceased as sacred ; justice calls upon us to spare those that are not in being ; and good policy to prevent the perpetuating of hatred." Voltaire said that satire lied about literary men during their lives and eulogies lied after their death. Soon after Voltaire's death, when everybody was writing panegyrics on him in verse, Madame du Deffand said that he *subissait le sort des mortels, d'être après leur mort la pâture des vers.*

And so with regard to Macaulay's style, there may be faults of course—what critic can't point them out ? But for the nonce we are not talking about faults ; we want to say, *nil nisi bonum.*

THACKERAY : "Roundabout Papers."

### De omni re scibili et quibusdam aliis.

*About every known thing and some other things.* *De omni re scibili* was the motto of the learned Pico of Mirandola, whom Politian called the phoenix of his age. The *quibusdam aliis* is a humorous addition.

The range of Dante's study and acquirement would be encyclopædic in any age, but at that time it was literally possible to master the *omne scibile*, and he seems to have accomplished it.

J. R. LOWELL.

If the critic recurs to the stipulated subject in the end, it is not till after he has exhausted his budget of general information ; and he establishes his own claims first in an elaborate inaugural dissertation *de omni scibile et quibusdam aliis*, before he deigns to bring forward the pretensions of the original candidate for praise, who is only the second figure in the piece.

HAZLITT.

**Der Mensch ist frei wie der Vogel im Käfig ; er kann sich innerhalb gewissen Grenzen bewegen.**  
(LAVATER.)

*Man is free like a bird in a cage ; he can move himself within certain limits.* Another view of man's freedom is

that taken by De Tocqueville in the well-known passage with which he concludes his "Democracy in America." "I am not ignorant," he says, "that many of my contemporaries have thought that the nations here below are never masters of their own destinies, and that they necessarily obey some unknown but insuperable and unintelligent force which is born of antecedent events, of the race, of the soil, or of the climate. Those are false and cowardly doctrines which will never produce any thing but feeble men and pusillanimous nations. Providence has not created the human race either entirely independent or wholly a slave. It traces, it is true, around each man a fatal circle, from which he cannot pass, but within its vast limits man is free and powerful, and so it is with nations."

**Desinat in piscem, mulier formosa superne.** (HORACE, ARS POETICA, 4.)

*What is a beautiful woman in the upper part ends in a fish.* A picture in which such a thing should be seen would be laughed at, says Horace, speaking of the importance of unity of design in artistic compositions. The verse may be applied to any thing in which the end does not correspond with the promise of the beginning.

Even in the midst of all our mirth, jollity, and laughter, is sorrow and grief; or, if there be true happiness amongst us, 't is but for a time. *Desinat in piscem mulier formosa superne*; a fair morning turns to a lowering afternoon.

BURTON'S "Anatomy."

Faugh! there is more than one woman we see in society smiling about from house to house, pleasant and sentimental and *formosa superne* enough; but I fancy a fish's tail is flapping under her fine flounces, and a forked fin at the end of it.

THACKERAY: "The Newcomes," vol. i., chap. 36.

**Detur digniori.**

*Let it be given to the most worthy.*

Is that flattery to him or to me?" said Lady Bolingbroke, smiling archly, for her smiles were quick successors to her tears.

*Detur digniori*, answered I.

BULWER: "Devereux," vol. ii., chap. 6.

**Deus ex machina.**

*A god out of a machine.* This expression indicates the intervention of a person who solves a difficulty or hastens the denouement at a critical juncture. In Plato's *Cratylus*, 425, Socrates says (Jowett's translation): "That objects should be limited, and find an expression in letters and syllables, may appear ridiculous, Hermogenes, but this cannot be helped—there is no better principle to which we can look for the truth of first names. Deprived of this, we must have recourse to a *Deus ex machina*, like the tragic poets, who have their gods suspended in the air; and we must get out of the difficulty in their fashion by saying that the gods gave the first names, and therefore they are right."

When a scene from the period of the Empire is represented in the little vaudevilles of the Boulevard Theatre, or the Emperor even appears in person, then, let the piece be as bad as you please, there is no lack of applause, for the souls of the spectators take part in the play, and they applaud their own feelings and recollections. In some couplets there are phrases which work like stunning blows on the brain of a Frenchman, and others which affect his lacrymose glands. They shout, they weep; they are aflame at the words: *Aigle français, soleil d'Austerlitz, Féna, les pyramides, la grande armée, l'honneur, la vieille garde, Napoléon . . .* or when the man himself, *l'homme*, appears on the scene at the end of the piece, as *Deus ex machina*! He always has the three-cornered hat on his

head and his hands behind his back, and speaks as laconically as possible. He never sings. I have never seen a vaudeville in which Napoleon sang. All the others sing. I have even heard old Fritz, *Frédéric le Grand*, sing in vaudevilles, and indeed he sang such bad verses that one could almost believe he had composed them himself.

HEINE : "Ueber die französische Bühne," 5 Brief.

Not a movement takes place, not a single mutation, either in the depths or on the surface of the tissues, without the presence of the nervous system in the person of one of its representatives to excite or moderate the smallest function ; it is the *Deus ex machina*, *par excellence*. Without it nothing is done. It is all-powerful and distributes life or withdraws it in proportion as it works or stops working. We do not say according to its good pleasure, for it is that rare and honest minister who does nothing without the strictest impartiality inspiring all its acts.

J. GÉRARD : "La Grande Névrose," p. 10.

Good, worthy Colonel, you are indeed a desirable sight to Woodstock at all times, being, as I may say, almost our townsman, as you have dwelt so much and so long at the palace. Truly, the matter begins almost to pass my wit, though I have transacted the affairs of this borough for many a long day ; and you are come to my assistance like——

*Tanquam deus ex machina*, as the Ethnic poet hath it, said Master Holdenough, although I do not often quote from such books.

SCOTT : "Woodstock," chap. 10.

### **Diem Perdidit.**

*I have lost a day.* This, according to Suetonius (Titus, ch. 8), was the exclamation of the Emperor Titus one evening after supper when he remembered that that day he had conferred no benefit on any one. Suetonius calls it a memorable and justly praised word. Chamfort says :



The most completely lost of all days is that on which one has not laughed. *La plus perdue de toutes les journées est celle où l'on n'a pas ri.*

**Difficile est proprie communia dicere.** (HORACE, *ARS POET.*, 128.)

*It is difficult to treat common topics in a proper way.*  
This is the motto of Byron's Don Juan.

On his title-page Mr. Courtney quotes the saying of Horace, *Difficile est proprie communia dicere*. It is difficult; but one often feels in reading his critical chapters that he has succeeded. One could wish that his exposition of his paradoxes had been as successful as his disguise of his endoxes, for it is a gallant and vigorous attempt to give new life to an old controversy.

W. MINTO.

**Digito monstrari.** (PERSIUS, *SAT.*, I., 28.)

*To be pointed out with the finger.* "It is a fine thing," says one of the speakers in Persius, "to be pointed at with the finger and hear it said, that's he." Horace in his ode to Melpomene (iv., 3), says that it is entirely her gift that he is pointed out by the fingers of the passers-by as the poet of the Roman lyre. (*Quod monstror digito prætereuntium.*)

This puffing humor it is, that hath produced so many great tombs, built such famous monuments, strong castles, and Mausolean tombs, to have their acts eternized. *Digito monstrari, et dicier, Hic est*, to see their names inscribed as Phryne on the walls of Thebes, *Phryne fecit*.

BURTON'S "Anatomy," pt. i., sec. 2, mem. 3.

Few have been in my secret while I was compiling these narratives, nor is it probable that they will ever become public during the life of their author. Even were that event to happen, I am not ambitious of the honored distinction, *digito monstrari*.

SCOTT: "The Bride of Lammermoor," chap. 1.

**Dimidium facti, qui cœpit, habet.** (HORACE, EPIS, I., 2, 40.)

*He who has begun has already half finished.* This is like the Greek proverb, The beginning is the half of the whole. A German saying runs: *Frisch gewagt ist halb gewonnen.* "Boldly ventured is half won."

**Dis aliter visum.** (VIRGIL, ÆNEID, II., 428.)

*To the gods it seemed otherwise.* Æneas is speaking of the death of Riphæus, the most just of the Trojans, the idea being that since prosperity should wait on goodness Riphæus could not have seemed just to the gods. This raises the great question of why the good should suffer, which was discussed by Job and his friends. As a quotation, the phrase, *dis aliter visum*, means that the gods have ordained differently from our wishes.

He prefaced his inauguration of the junior Cæsar by the following tender words: Let us confound the rapine of the grave and let the empire possess amongst her rulers a second Ælius Verus! *Dis aliter visum*; the blood of the Ælian family was not privileged to ascend or aspire; it gravitated violently to extinction.

DE QUINCEY.

After one of those delays which always were happening to retard our plans and weaken the blows which our chiefs intended to deliver, an expedition was got under weigh from New York at the close of the month of September, '77; that could it but have advanced a fortnight earlier, might have saved the doomed force of Burgoyne. *Sed Dis aliter visum.*

THACKERAY: "The Virginians," vol. 2, chap. 43.

**Disce, puer, virtutem ex me, verumque laborem;  
Fortunam ex aliis.** (VIRGIL, ÆNEID, XII., 435.)

*Learn, O youth, virtue from me and true labor; fortune from others.*

"If you are ever brought before a court-martial, sir," he said somewhat sternly to his son George St. Patrick, when leaving

England, a man afterwards known to Sikhs and Afghans alike as a model of cool courage and chivalrous honor, "if you are ever brought before a court-martial, sir, never let me see your face again!" With greater pathos and with equal truth might the tough and travel-worn veteran have addressed each one of his sons, as he sent them off to the country which had proved so cruel a stepmother to him, in the words that Virgil puts into the mouth of the Trojan warrior,—

Disce, puer, virtutem ex me, verumque laborem;  
Fortunam ex aliis.

H. BOSWORTH SMITH: "Life of Lord Lawrence," vol. i., ch. i.

**Discite justitiam moniti, et non temnere divos.** (VIRGIL, *ÆNEID*, VI., 620.)

*Warned by my example, learn justice, and not to despise the gods.* These are the words which were constantly being cried out in the infernal regions by Phlegyas, who had been killed by Apollo, and put in hell for burning his temple at Delphi. A mediæval story recounts that when a certain saint asked the Devil what the finest line in Virgil was, he immediately answered, *Discite justitiam moniti, et non temnere divos.*

Against these I would have the laws rise in all their majesty of terrors, to fulminate such vain and impious wretches, and to awe them into impotence by the only dread they can fear or believe to learn that eternal lesson, *Discite justitiam moniti, et non temnere divos.*

BURKE: "Speech on Relief of Protestant Dissenters."

**Disjecta membra.**

*Scattered parts.* Horace speaks (Sat. i., 4, 62) of the *disjecti membra poetæ*.

"If we do not make this effort to recover our dignity, we shall only sit here to register the arbitrary edicts of one too powerful subject." Don't you at once know the style?

Shake those words all together and see if they can be any thing but the *disjecta membra* of Pitt? In short, about a fortnight ago this bomb burst.

HORACE WALPOLE.

You are right, Gifford is right, Crabbe is right—you are all right and I am all wrong; but do pray let me have that pleasure. Cut me up root and branch; quarter me in the Quarterly; send round my *disjecti membra poeta* like those of the Levite's concubine; make me, if you will, a spectacle to men and angels; but don't ask me to alter, for I won't;—I am obstinate and lazy, and there's the truth.

BYRON.

**Dis moi ce que tu manges, je te dirai ce que tu es.**

*Tell me what you eat, and I will tell you what you are.* This is one of the aphorisms with which Brillat Savarin begins his "*Physiologie du Gout.*" Ludwig Feuerbach imitated this by the well-known phrase, *Der Mensch ist, was er isst.* "Man is what he eats."

Cuvier was able, it is said, from the appearance of one or two bones of an extinct animal to reconstruct the whole. An old story shows how this skill of his once saved him from a great fright. A being of dreadful shape once stood before him as he was pursuing his midnight studies. "Who are you, asked Cuvier "and what do you want?" "I am the devil," was the reply, "and I have come to devour you." "You have," said the undismayed savant, "a cloven hoof and the structure of a ruminant; you are only herbivorous; you do not eat flesh. *Dis moi ce que tu manges, je te dirai ce que tu es.*" And thereupon the evil spirit being caught in a lie disappeared while the philosopher quietly continued his studies.

**Divide et impera.** (THE MOTTO OF LOUIS XI.)

*Divide and govern.* Create dissensions among your enemies, set off one force against another, in order to assure your own sovereignty.

Montreuil, on his entrance into our family, not only fell in with, but fostered and favored, the reigning humor against me; whether from that *divide et impera* system which was so grateful to his temper, or from mere love of meddling and intrigue, which in him, as in Alberoni, attached itself equally to petty and to large circles, was not then clearly apparent.

BULWER: "Devereux," vol. i., chap. 3.

When tranquillity was restored, there was a general hope that the monarchy might be restored. Which? asked M. Thiers in his thin and mocking voice. The ex-minister of Louis Phillipe played an equivocal rôle, governed by the maxim *divide et impera*. Firmly resolved to act only in the interest of his personal ambition, he opposed the parties to one another, sure of being able to reign over their divisions. He encouraged the hopes of Legitimists, Orleanists, and Republicans in turn, although decided to gratify none of them.

### **Dolce far niente.**

*The sweetness of doing nothing.*

This respect for truth and the fixity of desires are, in my opinion, the two leading characteristics which most distinguish a Roman from a Parisian. Paul said yesterday, very truly: this sincerity of Roman society, to which we are unaccustomed, gives it, on first impression, an aspect of unkindness; it is however the source of *bonhomie*. Your friend does not receive you every day with a slightly different manner. That would disturb the dreaminess and the *dolce far niente* which are the first of pleasures in this climate and the fertile soil in which delight grows.

STENDHAL: "Promenades dans Rome," vol. i., p. 150.

### **Domus et placens uxor.** (HORACE, ODES, II., 14, 21.)

*Your house and lovely wife.* "No passages," says Matthew Arnold, "have moved and pleased me more, than, in poetry, the lines describing the pity of Zeus for

the horses of Achilles, and the famous stanza of Horace, *Linquenda tellus et domus et placens uxor*," etc. The following is his translation of the stanza :

Your land, your house, your lovely bride  
Must lose you : of your cherished trees  
None by its fleeting master's side  
Will travel, save the cypresses.

**Donec eris felix, multos numerabis amicos ;  
Tempora si fuerint nubila, solus eris.** (OVID, TRIST., I.,  
9, 5.)

*As long as you are fortunate you will have many friends,  
but if the times become cloudy you will be alone.*

All goes well while your money lasts. You lead a joyous life ; you have the companionship, often very agreeable, of the many with whom friendship is a lively sense of favors, present and to come. *Donec eris felix*. But once let it be known that you need assistance and your experience is much more apt to be like that of Timon of Athens than like that of the unjust steward in the Bible who had made friends of the mammon of unrighteousness and was not deserted in the days of his misfortune.

**Dulce est desipere in loco.** (HORACE, ODES, IV., 12, 28.)  
*It is agreeable to revel on a fit occasion.*

Any taste for pleasure which Esmond had (and he liked to *desipere in loco* neither more nor less than most young men of his age), he could now gratify to the utmost extent, and in the best company which the town afforded.

THACKERAY : "Henry Esmond," book ii., chap. 10.

**Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.** (HORACE, ODES,  
III., 2, 13.)

*It is sweet and glorious to die for one's country.*

I deferred writing to you as long as they deferred the execution of old Lovat, because I had a mind to send you some

account of his death, as I had of his trial. He was beheaded yesterday, and died extremely well, without passion, affectation, buffoonery, or timidity; his behavior was natural and intrepid. He said he was glad to suffer for his country, *dulce est pro patria mori*; that he did not know why, but he had always loved it, etc.

HORACE WALPOLE.

### **Dum spiro, spero.**

*While I live I hope.* Respiration is aspiration.

The idea which we have expressed about the scaffold's dominating all the heads had struck both of them.

"See," said Maurice, "how the hideous monster raises its red arms; would you not say that it is calling us, and that it smiles through its opening as if it were a terrible mouth?"

"Ah, indeed," said Lorin. "I own I am not one of that poetical school that sees everything *en rouge*. I see things *en rose*, and even at the foot of this hideous machine I still feel like singing and hoping. *Dum spiro spero.*"

ALEXANDER DUMAS: "Le Chevalier de la Maison Rouge," chap. 49.

### **Dum vivimus, vivamus.**

*Whilst we live let us live.*

To-morrow is Amin Bey's dinner. Then I go to Marshfield for a day, and then South. I have been quite well since you left, though I must confess all the time melancholy at leaving a place which is dear to my recollection and which I cannot expect to see often. But away with low spirits! *Dum vivimus, vivamus.*

DANIEL WEBSTER: "Private Correspondence," vol. 2, p. 399.

### **Eheu! fugaces labuntur anni.** (HORACE, ODES, II., 14, 1.)

*Alas! the fleeting years are passing away.*

They ought to be written; they ought to be read. They should be written and then they would be read. But time is wanting:

Eheu ! fugaces, Postume, Postume,  
Labuntur anni,

and time is a commodity of which the value rises as long as we live. We must be contented with doing not what we wish, but what we can—our possible, as the French call it.

SOUTHEY : "The Doctor," chap. 25, p. 1.

### Entre la poire et le fromage.

*Between the pear and the cheese*—that is, at dessert.

They resumed the discussion of the matter when they dined together the next day, and it is a fact that this important resolution to send Gordon to Khartoum was reached *entre la poire et le fromage*.

### Eo ipso præfulgebant quod non visebantur.

*They shone all the more because they were not seen.* "To be conspicuous by their absence" is the corresponding English expression ; and *briller par leur absence*, the French. The idea comes from a phrase of Tacitus (Annals, book iii., ch. 76) in referring to the funeral of Junia, the sister of Brutus and the wife of Cassius, under Augustus, at which the images of some of her family were carried, "but Cassius and Brutus shone forth brilliantly precisely because their images were not seen,"—*sed præfulgebant Cassius atque Brutus, eo ipso, quod effigies eorum non visebantur*.

This only I will add, that learned men forgotten in States and not living in the eyes of men, are like the images of Cassius and Brutus at the funeral of Junia ; of which, not being represented as many others were, Tacitus saith, *Eo ipso præfulgebant quod non visebantur*.

BACON : "Advancement of Learning," book i.

### E pluribus unum.

*One out of many.* The motto of the United States. The phrase *e pluribus una*, or *unus*, is found in several classical



authors (Horace, Ep., ii., 2, 212; Virgil's *Moretum*, i., 103). The *Gentleman's Magazine* in the last century bore *E pluribus unum* as a motto on its title-page, and it was probably taken from this source when first put on our national coinage in 1796. The Revised Statutes of the United States (Sec. 3,517) provide that on one side of certain coins there shall be the figure or representation of an eagle with the inscriptions: United States of America and *E pluribus unum*, and a designation of the value of the coin.

When the motto was adopted, it may have been intended to mean that there was a new nation among the many in the world. But the general conception as to the signification of the phrase is that expressed in the following extract from Alexander H. Stephens' "War between the States," vol. i., p. 484: "In this sense Washington, Jefferson, and Jackson spoke of the United States under the Constitution as a Nation as well as a Confederated Republic. In this sense it is properly styled by all a Nation. This was the idea symbolized in the motto, *E pluribus unum*. One from many. That is, one State or Nation—one Federal Republic—from many Republics, States, or Nations."

### **E pur si muove.**

*But it does move!* This is the exclamation attributed to Galileo as he rose from his knees after having abjured his theory of the diurnal motion of the earth. The story is, of course, entirely apocryphal.

The author of the "Abbesse de Jouarre" has somewhere said that a man has no need of dying for his discoveries, for they are certain without that testimony. He who has discovered a law of nature may afterwards deny it, *e pur si muove*. If he were to suffer martyrdom for it, that would not add any thing to the force of the proof. Let him write his discovery

on parchment, and whoever understands the subject will see that it is true.

**Eripuit cœlo fulmen sceptrumque tyrannis.**

*He snatched the lightning from heaven and their sceptre from the tyrants.* This was the epigraph which the illustrious Turgot wrote for Houdon's bust of Franklin. In Fournier's "L'Esprit des Autres" there is a letter from Franklin to a translator of the line into French, in which Franklin says: "Notwithstanding my experiments with electricity, the thunderbolt continues to fall under our noses and beards, and, as for the tyrant, there have been more than a million of men engaged in snatching away his sceptre."

We know what a flogging is, but what love is, no one has found out. Some natural philosophers have maintained that it is a kind of electricity. That is possible, for at the moment of falling in love we feel as if an electrical spark had suddenly penetrated our heart from the eye of the beloved one. Ah! this lightning is the most destructive of all, and I shall esteem him who can find a conductor for it higher than Franklin. O that there might be little lightning rods which would conduct the dreadful fire elsewhere. I fear, however, that little Amor cannot be as easily robbed of his arrows as Jupiter of his lightning or the tyrants of their sceptre.

HEINE: "Reisebilder—Die Bäder von Lucca," Kap. 7.

**Ernst ist das Leben, heiter ist die Kunst.** (SCHILLER, WALLENSTEIN.)

*Life is earnest, art is joyful.* And so Jean Paul said: *Die Kunst ist zwar nicht das Brod, aber der Wein des Lebens.* "Art is not indeed the bread but the wine of life." Another favorite maxim, expressive of the true function of art, is: *In der Kunst das Schöne; in der*

*Wissenschaft das Wahre.* "In art the beautiful; in science the true."

The Muses, as Hesiod says, were born that they might be a forgetfulness of evils and a truce from cares, and it is not enough that the poet should add to the knowledge of men; it is required of him also that he should add to their happiness. All art, says Schiller, is dedicated to joy, and there is no higher and no more serious problem than how to make men happy. The right art is that alone which creates the highest enjoyment.

KARL HILLEBRAND.

**Est modus in rebus.** (HORACE, SAT., I., I, 106.)

*There is a due measure in things.*

But there is a *modus in rebus*; there are certain lines which must be drawn; and I am only half pleased, for my part, when Bob Bowstreet, whose connection with letters is through Policemen X. and Y., and Tom Garbage, who is an esteemed contributor to the *Kennel Miscellany*, propose to join fellowship as brother literary men, slap me on the back, and call me old boy, or by my Christian name.

THACKERAY: "The Virginians," vol. i., chap. 43.

**Esto perpetua.**

*May she be perpetual.*

Spirit of Swift—spirit of Molyneux—your genius has prevailed, Ireland is now a nation; and in that new character I hail her, and, bowing to her august presence, I say: *Esto perpetua.*

GRATTAN, in 1782.

**Et tu, Brute.**

*And thou too, O Brutus!* This is the exclamation said to have been uttered by Cæsar when he saw Brutus among the conspirators attacking him. According to Suetonius, Cæsar's exclamation was: *Kai tu, teknon.*

("And thou too, my son!") Shakespeare quotes the *et tu, Brute* in "Julius Cæsar" (Act iii., scene 1).

I believe I told you that the *Edinburgh Review* had attacked me in an article on Coleridge (I have not seen it). *Et tu, Jeffrey*—there's nothing but roguery in villainous man. But I absolve him of all attacks, present or future; for I think he had already pushed his clemency in my behoof to the utmost, and I shall always think well of him.

BYRON.

**Exegi monumentum ære perennius.** (HORACE, ODES, III., 30, 1.)

*I have raised a monument more lasting than brass.* Horace is referring to his own poems. In like manner Ovid concludes the "Metamorphoses" by saying that he has completed a work which neither the wrath of Jove, nor flames, nor the sword, nor rapacious time shall destroy. And Shakespeare exclaims:

Not marble nor the gilded monuments of princes  
Shall outlive this powerful rhyme.

George, who has been thinking about theatrical triumphs, about *monumentum ære perennius*, about lilacs, about love whispered and tenderly accepted, remembers that he has a letter from Harry in his pocket, and gayly produces it.

THACKERAY: "The Virginians," vol. ii., chap. 15.

Far be it from me to set myself up as a judge of any such delicate question as that put before me; but I think I may venture to express the conviction that, in the matter of courage, Dr. Wace has raised for himself a monument *ære perennius*. For, really, in my poor judgment, a certain splendid intrepidity, such as one admires in the leader of a forlorn hope, is manifested by Dr. Wace, when he solemnly affirms that he believes the Gadarene story on the evidence offered.

HUXLEY.

**Ex nihilo, nihil fit.**

*Out of nothing nothing is made.* This maxim sums up the physical theory of Lucretius. *Nihil igitur fieri de nihilo posse, fatendum est*, he says (i., 206). In his philosophy it meant that nothing was created. In its ordinary application the phrase means that there is no effect without a cause, nothing from nothing.

The dogma of creation, as Christianity teaches it, is the pure and sublime truth revealed by God, for reason unaided could not attain to it. The Christian creation is the creation *ex nihilo*; but reason on the contrary says with the ancient philosopher, *ex nihilo, nihil*. BAUTAIN.

Force, then, like matter, is immortal. It may be transformed but never destroyed. From these considerations materialism concludes that, as that which is indestructible can have had no beginning, matter and force cannot have been created. *Ex nihilo nihil, in nihilum nil posse reverti*. The transformation of something into nothing is as inconceivable, says Lebon, as is the creation of something from nothing.

EDGAR SALTUS: "The Anatomy of Negation," 182.

**Exoriare aliquis nostris ex ossibus ultor.** (VIRGIL, *ÆN.*, IV., 625.)

*May some avenger arise from our ashes.* The great Elector, says Büchmann ("Geflügelte Worte," 294), is said to have cited these words when, abandoned by the Emperor, he signed the Peace of St. Germain-en-Laye, on the 29th June, 1679. And the Spanish general, Diego Leon, at his execution in 1841, cried them out to the soldiers of Espartero firing upon him.

**Ex pede, Herculem.**

*From the foot, Hercules.* Just as we may recognize a statue of Hercules merely by the size of the foot, so we may judge of the whole of a thing from a part.

*Ex pede, Herculem*, is an old and true saying, and very applicable to our present subject ; for a man of parts, who has been bred at courts and used to keep the best company, will distinguish himself, and is to be known from the vulgar by every word, attitude, gesture, and even look.

CHESTERFIELD.

Hence the people of this metropolis are under the necessity of pronouncing their definitive judgment from the first glance, and being thus habituated to shoot flying they have what sportsmen call a quick sight. *Ex pede, Herculem*. They know a wit by his snuffbox, a man of taste by his bow, and a statesman by the cut of his coat.

GOUVERNEUR MORRIS.

**Experto crede.** (VIRGIL, *ÆNEID*, XI., 283.)

*Believe one who has had experience.*

"That is to say, you think yourself a fine horseman."

"I would not willingly," answered Lovel, "confess myself a very bad one."

"No, all you young fellows think that would be equal to calling yourselves tailors at once. But, have you had experience, for *crede experto*, a horse in a passion is no joker."

SCOTT : "The Antiquary," chap. 16.

**Ex quovis ligno non fit Mercurius.**

*A Mercury is not to be made out of any piece of wood.* This corresponds with the English saying: You cannot make a silk purse out of a sow's ear.

I am in this haste to answer your letter which I received but this morning, because I believe that my answer will give you almost as much satisfaction as your letter gave me. Go on so, my dear Boy, and I will promise both myself and you, that you will do in that sphere of life to which I destine you. It is a common saying that *ex quovis ligno non fit Mercurius*, but I see with pleasure that *ex tuo ligno fiet tandem Mercurius*.

CHESTERFIELD : "Letters to his Godson," p. 227.

**Ex ungue leonem.**

*We recognize a lion by his claw*, that is, a single deed or a single verse may be so significant as to show that it is the production of a master-mind.

Gibbon's next appearance made a deeper impression. It was the first distinct appearance of the lion's foot. *Ex ungue leonem* might have been justly said, for he attacked, and attacked successfully, the redoubtable Warburton.

**Faber est quisque fortunæ suæ.** (SALLUST, DE REP., OR, I., CAP. I.)

*Every man is the architect of his own fortune.*

It cannot be denied but outward accidents conduce much to fortune ; favor, opportunity, death of others, occasion fitting virtue. But chiefly the mould of a man's fortune is in his own hands. *Faber quisque fortunæ suæ* saith the poet.

BACON : "Essays."

**Facile princeps.**

*Easily the first.*

Goethe, the greatest literary critic that ever lived, was more comprehensive and universally tolerant ; but De Quincey was *facile princeps*, to the extent of his touch, among the English critics of his generation.

D. MASSON : "Life of De Quincey," p. 180.

**Facilis descensus Averni.** (VIRGIL, ÆNEID, VI., 126.)

*The descent to Avernus is easy.* Some ancient MSS. read *Averno*.

As he approached the entrance to that den of infamy, from which his mind recoiled even while in the act of taking shelter there, his pace slackened, while the steep and broken stairs reminded him of the *facilis descensus Averni*, and rendered him doubtful whether it were not better to brave the worst which could befall him in the public haunts of honorable men than

to evade punishment by secluding himself in those of avowed vice and profligacy.

SCOTT: "The Fortunes of Nigel," chap. 16.

Society says to the moralist, as Scrooge said to Marley's ghost: Don't be hard upon me; don't be flowery, Jacob. But unless we have made up our minds, conclusively and in despair, that we must take the *facilis descensus*, without thought of where it leads, it is clear that some one must look upward and point upward.

S. T. WALLIS.

Thus he will inevitably commit himself at once to his political destruction. His downfall, too, will not be more precipitate than awkward. It is all very well to talk about the *facilis descensus Averni*; but in all kinds of climbing, as Catalani said of singing, it is far more easy to get up than to come down.

POE: "The Purloined Letter."

**Facit indignatio versum.** (JUVENAL, SAT., I., 79.)

*Indignation produces the verse.* In contemplation of the crimes against which he is about to write, Juvenal exclaims that if nature denies the poetic faculty, indignation will make the verses. And so Boileau says, in imitation of this: *La colère suffit, et vaut un Apollon*. "Anger suffices, and is worth an Apollo."

The inspiration of wrath spoke through him as through a Hebrew prophet. The same inspiration spoke now in me. *Facit indignatio versum*, said Juvenal. And it must be owned that indignation has never made such good verses since as she did in that day.

DE QUINCEY.

**Faire de la prose sans le savoir.**

*To speak prose without knowing it.* This is an allusion to an amusing scene in Molière's "Bourgeois Gentilhomme"



(Act ii., scene 6). Monsieur Jourdain, an ignorant fellow who has made money, wants to shine as a man of fashion, and calls in to his aid teachers of dancing, philosophy, and fencing. To the teacher of philosophy he says:

I must make you a confession. I am in love with a person of high quality, and I wish you would help me to write something in a little note, which I will drop at her feet.

TEACHER.—All right.

M. JOURDAIN.—It will be gallant, won't it?

TEACHER.—Certainly. Do you wish to write to her in verse.

M. JOURDAIN.—No, no. No verse.

TEACHER.—You only want prose then?

M. JOURDAIN.—No. I want neither prose nor verse.

TEACHER.—It must be one or the other.

M. JOURDAIN.—Why?

TEACHER.—Because one can only express himself in prose or in verse.

M. JOURDAIN.—There is only prose and verse?

TEACHER.—Yes, sir. All that is not prose is verse, and all that is not poetry is prose.

M. JOURDAIN.—And when we talk, what is that?

TEACHER.—Prose.

M. JOURDAIN.—What!—when I say, Nicholas, bring me my slippers and night-cap—that is prose?

TEACHER.—Yes, sir.

M. JOURDAIN.—Good Gracious! Here I have been talking prose for more than forty years without knowing it (*sans que j'en susse rien*); I am deeply obliged to you for teaching me that.

Kepler and Galileo used the inductive and experimental method somewhat as M. Jourdain spoke prose—*sans le savoir*.

KARL HILLEBRAND.

**Fais ce que dois, advienne que pourra.***Do what is right, come what may.*

Even if there were no holy and merciful God, if there was only the great universal being, the law of all, the ideal without distinct existence or reality, Duty would still be the solution of the enigma, and the polar star of humanity in its march.

*Fais ce que dois, advienne que pourra.*

AMIEL : "Journal Intime."

**Falsus in uno, falsus in omnibus.***False in one thing, false in all.*

You offer no reparation, nor even make an excuse, for the wanton and unprovoked injury which you tried to commit upon the character of the living and the memory of the dead. You sullenly permit judgment to be rendered against you by *nil dicit*. I mention this only to say that it very seriously affects your credibility upon other points. *Falsus in uno, falsus in omnibus.*

J. S. BLACK.

**Fas est ab hoste doceri.** (OVID, MET., IV., 428.)*It is lawful to be taught by an enemy.*

In the thorough-going reorganization of the army, which was begun immediately after the suppression of the Commune, the Third Republic did not disdain to copy, even servilely, the German system, and showed its faith in the maxim, *fas est ab hoste doceri*.

**Fatti maschii, parole femine.**

*Actions become a man, a woman has words;* or, deeds are manly, words are womanly. This is the motto of the State of Maryland, as it was of Lord Baltimore, the founder of the colony. The full Italian form of the proverb is: *Le parole son femine e i fatti son maschi*, which is sometimes erroneously taken to mean: Manly deeds and womanly words.

**Festina lente.**

*Hasten slowly.* This, according to Suetonius (chap. 25), was a Greek proverb often quoted by the Emperor Augustus.

Sir John Lawrence was not so anxious for an immediate and wholesale development of the railway system as for the extension of irrigation, for the construction of ordinary roads, the building of improved barracks, and the introduction of sanitary measures generally. He thought that many of the proposed railways might stand over till the finances were in a more satisfactory condition. *Festina lente ; Eile mit Weile*, was the maxim with which he was disposed to act in the matter of railways. But that in spite of this maxim, or rather perhaps owing to it, a vast stride was made even in the construction of railways during his administration I shall be able to show hereafter.

H. BOSWORTH SMITH : "Life of Lord Lawrence,"  
vol. ii., ch. 12.

**Fiat experimentum in corpore vili.**

*Let the experiment be tried upon a worthless subject.*

It is neither regular Parliamentary taxation, nor colony grant. *Experimentum in corpore vili* is a good rule, which will ever make me adverse to any trial of experiments on what is certainly the most valuable of all subjects, the peace of this empire.

BURKE : "Speech on Conciliation with America."

She had long learned the value of her bright eyes, and tried experiments in coquetry, *in corpore vili*, upon rustics and country squires, until she should prepare to conquer the world and the fashion.

THACKERAY : "Henry Esmond," book i., chap. 11.

This is an experience which we may all verify every day. For instance, I myself (I again take myself as a sort of *corpus vile* to serve for illustration in a matter where serving for

illustration may not by every one be thought agreeable), I myself am properly a Philistine.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

**Fiat justitia, ruat cœlum.**

*Let justice be done, though the heavens fall.* The motto of the Emperor Ferdinand I.

Man believes in good, and in order to establish it upon justice, he affirms that the injustice which touches him is only an appearance, a mystery, an illusion, and that justice will be done. *Fiat justitia, pereat mundus.* It is a great act of faith. And since humanity did not make itself, this protestation has some chance of expressing a truth.

AMIEL : "Journal Intime," vol. ii., p. 79.

**Fidus Achates.** (VIRGIL, *ÆNEID*, PASSIM.)

*Faithful Achates.* The customary designation of the companion of *Æneas*.

"He is old enough to govern himself," answered the Master.

"Old enough, perhaps, but scarce wise enough, if he has chosen this fellow for his *fidus Achates*."

SCOTT : "The Bride of Lammermoor," chap. 17.

**Fin de Siècle.**

*End of the Century.* This phrase is much used in contemporary French to designate the ideas, persons and things characteristic of the closing years of the nineteenth century. A pessimistic novel, like Paul Bourget's "*Mensonges*," or a play whose *motif* is the Darwinian theory of the struggle for existence, like Daudet's "*Lutte pour la vie*," is described as *très fin de siècle*. And so a man thoroughly *en rapport* with modern views and customs, like the Prince of Wales, may also be called *fin de siècle*. An essay in the *Contemporary Review*, for August, 1890, upon the present condition of England, is entitled, "Britain, Fin de Siècle."

**Flectere si nequeo Superos, Acheronta movebo.**

(VIRGIL, ÆNEID, VII., 312.)

*If I cannot bend the powers above, I will move the lower world.*

*Flectere si nequeo Superos, Acheronta movebo.* If Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Odger are indifferent, we appeal to Mr. Disræli.

FROUDE.

Breakfasted with the Bishop of Oxford. It was remarkably pleasant; a little on derivations. As an instance of unlucky quotation I gave Lord Fitzwilliam's when calling on the Dissenters to join the Established Clergy in subscribing for the rebuilding of York Minster, *Flectere si nequeo Superos, Acheronta movebo*.

Lord Carlisle, in TREVELYAN'S "Life of Macaulay," ii., 175.

**Fœnum habet in cornu.** (HORACE, SAT., I., 4, 34.)

*He has hay on his horns—i.e., he is dangerous.* The allusion is to the Roman custom of fastening a wisp of hay to the horns of dangerous cattle as a warning.

Bad company is much more easily defined than good, for what is bad must strike everybody at first sight; folly, knavery, and profligacy, can never be mistaken for wit, honour and decency. Bad company have *fœnum in cornu*; *longe fuge*. But in good there are several gradations from good to the best.

CHESTERFIELD: "Letters to his Godson," p. 175.

**Forsan et hæc olim meminisse juvabit.** (VIRGIL, ÆNEID, I., 203.)

*Perhaps, hereafter, it will be a delight to remember these things.*

Whatever was the cause of your going to the army, I approve of the effect; for I would have you, as much as possible, see everything that is to be seen. That is the true useful knowl-

edge which informs and improves us when we are young, and amuses us and others when we are old ; *olim hæc meminisse juvabit.*

CHESTERFIELD.

**Fronti nulla fides.** (JUVENAL, SAT., II., 8.)

*There 's no trusting to appearances.* So Shakespeare says,

There 's no art  
To find the mind's construction in the face.

During the second act Partridge made very few remarks. He greatly admired the fineness of the dresses ; nor could he help observing upon the king's countenance. Well, said he, how people may be deceived by faces. *Nulla fides fronti* is I find a true saying. Who would think by looking in the king's face that he had ever committed a murder.

FIELDING : "Tom Jones," book xvi., chap. 5.

**Fruges consumere nati.** (HORACE, EPIS., I., 2, 27.)

*Born to consume the fruits* (of the earth). Born to eat and drink.

Well it is that some of those who are *fruges consumere nati* think it proper that they should consume books also ; if they did not, what a miserable creature wouldst thou be, Henry Colburn, who art their bookseller.

SOUTHEY : "The Doctor," interchapter, 4.

There are two great classes of men ; those who produce much and consume little ; and those who consume much and produce nothing. The *fruges consumere nati* have the best of it.

T. L. PEACOCK : "Crotchet Castle," chap. 6.

**Fugit irreparabile tempus.** (VIRGIL, GEORGICS, III., 284.)

*The irreclaimable time flies.*

If it be against your rules to admit me, repeated Butler in a

still louder one, to see the prisoner, I beg you will tell me so and let me go about my business.

*Fugit irrevocabile tempus*, muttered he to himself.

SCOTT: "The Heart of Midlothian," chap. 13.

**Für einen Kammerdiener giebt es keinen Held.**

(HEGEL, PHILOS. DER GESCHICHTE.)

*No man is a hero to his valet.* Büchmann refers to some similar sayings, quoting, among others, Montaigne, who wrote ("Essais," liv., 3, ch. 2): "Many a man has seemed to the world to be a miracle in whom his wife and his valet have not even seen any thing remarkable. Few men have been admired by their servants. The experience of history says that no one has been a prophet in his own house or even in his own country." In his "Wahlverwandtschaften," 2 Theil, 5 Kap., Goethe refers to the proverb and says that this is merely because a hero can only be recognized by a hero and that the valet would probably know how to estimate his fellows. But Schopenhauer contends that the proverb is true because no man is really great.

**Genus irritabile vatum.** (HORACE, EPIS., II., 2, 102.)

*The irritable race of poets.*

Berkeley, when a young man, went to Paris and called on Père Malebranche. He found him in his cell, cooking. Cooks have ever been a *genus irritabile*; authors still more so. Malebranche was both. A dispute arose; the old father, warm already, became warmer; culinary and metaphysical irritations united to derange his liver, he took to his bed and died.

DE QUINCEY.

Heine had his full share of love of fame, and cared quite as much as his brethren of the *genus irritabile* whether people praised his verses or blamed them.

MATTHEW ARNOLD: "Essays in Criticism."

**Gutta cavat lapidem non vi sed sæpe cadendo.**

*Drops of water wear away a stone not by force but by frequently falling.*

I have never been a slave to this work, giving due time, if not more than due time, to the amusements I have loved. But I have been constant—and constancy in labor will conquer all difficulties. *Gutta cavat lapidem non vi*, etc.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE : "Autobiography."

**Habemus confitentem reum.** (CICERO, PRO LIGARIO, C. I.)

*We have an accused who confesses.*

Rigaud has preserved for us a great number of these documents, signed, sealed and sworn to by the penitents, and they are extremely curious. In the first place, they show, beyond all doubt or cavil, that the charges are true. *Habemus confitentes reos.*

J. C. MORISON : "The Service of Man."

Following out Sainte-Beuve's personal and physiological method of criticism, we should say that Swift's vice or weakness (the great French critic adds, "every man has such") was the not uncommon one of a self-indulgent propensity to engage female sympathy, without making the return for that sympathy demanded by female affection. And on that point, *habemus confitentem reum.* In a letter written before he took orders, Swift replied as follows to some advice of a Leicester clergymen whom he calls his "good cousin," referring to some recent passages of love-making with one of his female acquaintances there, etc.

*Quarterly Review.*

**Habent sua fata libelli.** (TERENTIANUS MAURUS, DE SYLLABIS, ETC., 288.)

*Books have their fate.*

Terentianus is himself an instance of the truth of his reflection, for hardly any thing but this fragment of a verse is ever



quoted from him, and that is done while thinking it is from another ; *habent sua fata libelli*.

LAROUSSE.

**Hæret lateri letalis arundo.** (VIRGIL, ÆNEID, IV., 73.)

*The fatal arrow sticks in her side.* Virgil compares Queen Dido in her fatal passion for Æneas to a deer which has been wounded by a shepherd. The deer flies through the woods, but the deadly dart remains in her flank.

In a Keltic tale, the hero sees in a dream a vision of ravishing loveliness, and he spends his life in running about the world looking for it again. So the man who has once sat down to reflect upon the great problems of human destiny carries an arrow in his heart which he will never pull out. *Hæret lateri letalis arundo.*

**Hanc veniam petimusque damusque vicissim.** (HORACE, ARS POET., II.)

*This pardon we ask and give in turn.*

Even amongst common acquaintances, negligence is a kind of an insult. It is a capital part of a panegyric in France to say of a man, *qu'il est occupé de ses devoirs*, which implies a great deal more than a mere perfunctory discharge of them. Whenever you are a little wanting in attentions, let it be only to me, for I think you and I are so well together that we shall reciprocally forgive little inadvertencies. *Hanc veniam damus petimusque vicissim.*

CHESTERFIELD : " Letters to his Godson," p. 255.

**Hic jacet.**

*Here lies.* The first words of inscriptions on tombstones.

O eloquent, just and mighty Death ! whom none could advise, thou hast persuaded ; what none hath dared, thou hast done ; and whom all the world hath flattered, thou only hast

cast out of the world and despised ;—thou hast drawn together all the far-stretched greatness, all the pride, cruelty, and ambition of man and covered it all over with these two narrow words, *Hic jacet*.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH, "History of the World."

**Hinc illæ lacrimæ.** (TERENCE, ANDRIA, I., I, 99, and HORACE, EPIS., I., 19, 41.)

*Hence these tears.* The expression is used in an ironical sense, after an explanation of another's conduct which does not generally impute a praiseworthy motive to it.

The town has been in a great bustle about a private match but which, by the ingenuity of the ministry, has been made politics. Mr. Fox fell in love with Lady Caroline Lenox ; asked her, was refused, and stole her. His father was a footman ; her grandfather was a king : *hinc illæ lacrymæ* ! all the blood royal have been up in arms.

HORACE WALPOLE.

I believe that the loss of teeth may deprave the voice of a singer, and that lameness will impede the motions of a dancing master, but I have not yet been taught to regard the death of a wife as the grave of literary exertions. When my dear Mrs. Johnson expired, I sought relief in my studies, and strove to lose the recollection of her in the toils of literature. Perhaps, however, I wrong the feelings of this poor fellow. His wife might have held the pen in his name. *Hinc illæ lacrymæ.* Nay, I think I observe throughout his two pieces, a woman's irritability, with a woman's impotence of revenge.

DR. JOHNSON.

**Hoc opus, hic labor est.** (VIRGIL, ÆNEID, VI., 129.)

*This is work, this is labor.* The descent to the infernal regions is easy, but to climb up the steep again and escape to the upper regions, *hoc opus, hic labor est*.

In all assemblies, though you wedge them ever so close, we may observe this peculiar-property, that over their heads there is room enough, but how to reach it is the difficult point ; it being as hard to get quit of number as of hell : *evadere ad auras, hoc opus, hic labor est.*

SWIFT : "Tale of a Tub," sec. I.

**Hoc volo, sic jubeo, sit pro ratione voluntas.** (JUVENAL, SAT., VI., 222.)

*I will it, I so order, let my will stand for a reason.* Juvenal puts these words in the mouth of a termagant wife, whose husband asks her why she orders a certain slave to be crucified.

When Lady Kew said *Sic volo, sic jubeo*, I promise you few persons of her ladyship's belongings stopped, before they did her biddings, to ask her reasons.

THACKERAY : "The Newcomes," vol. i., chap. 33.

By the death of Wesley, Methodism lost, as we have seen, not only its founder, but its perpetual dictator. His *sic volo, sic jubeo*, had often been felt as irksome by his subordinates, and from time to time a preacher, who could not brook some exercise of despotic authority, would leave the society.

LLEWELYN DAVIES.

**Homo sum ; humani nihil a me alienum puto.** (TERENCE, HEAUT., I., I, 25.)

*I am a man, and I deem nothing that concerns humanity foreign to me.* With this may be compared the *Homo sacra res homini* of Seneca (Epis., 95, 33). "In the first scene of the comedy," says the *Spectator*, No. 502, "when one of the old men accuses the other of impertinence for interposing in his affairs, he answers : 'I am a man, and cannot help feeling any sorrow that can arrive at man.' It is said this sentence was received with a universal applause.

There cannot be a greater argument of the general good understanding of a people than a sudden consent to give their approbation of a sentiment which has no emotion in it."

To explain this seeming paradox at once, he was one who could truly say with him in Terence, *Homo sum ; humani nihil a me alienum puto*. He was never an indifferent spectator of the misery or happiness of any one ; and he felt either the one or the other in great proportion as he himself contributed to either.

FIELDING : "Tom Jones," book xv., chap. 8.

The reader will find that the opium eater boasteth himself to be a philosopher, and accordingly that the phantasmagoria of his dreams (waking or sleeping, day dreams or night dreams), is suitable to one who, in that character, *humani nihil a se putat*.

DE QUINCEY.

A Frenchman feels the influence of the *beau sexe* to such a degree that with him woman is a fixed idea. Whether he studies her from the artistic, psychologic, or physiological point of view, she is continually there before his eyes. It is his worship. Parodying the verse of Terence, he says to himself : I am a man, and every thing that concerns woman interests me.

MAX O'RELL : "Les Chers Voisins," p. 285.

### **Homo unius libri.**

*The man of one book.*

Using such delicate methods of analysis, he does not see general types ; he knows only individualities. In fact, does there exist in nature a man with only one passion, who pursues without deviation the same idea ? He would certainly be much more redoubtable than the man of one book, whom Terence feared.

MÉRIMÉE : "Portraits Historiques et Littéraires," 342.

That volume is probably the most astonishing monument of literary diligence existing in the world. And however the *homo unius libri* must, in most cases, be regarded as poorly furnished with intellectual wealth, that could scarcely be said to be the case if the single book in question happened to be the *Adagia* of Erasmus.

*British Quarterly Review.*

### **Honi soit qui mal y pense.**

*Shame to him who evil thinks.* This is the motto of the Order of the Garter and of the crown of England, but its origin is unknown. The common story which connects it with the Countess of Salisbury's garter is apocryphal. The following is Max O'Rell's account of the incident: "The Countess of Salisbury, Edward III.'s mistress, dropped her garter at a ball. The king picked it up, but, as the worthy descendant of a bashful race, he did not attempt to replace it, but, turning to his courtiers said: 'My Lords, *honi soit qui mollet pince.*' Then he advanced towards the countess and gave her the garter. The king's expression became corrupted into *honi soit qui mal y pense.*"

### **Honos alit artes.** (CICERO, TUSC. QUAEST., I., I.)

*Honors nourish the arts*, and every one, Cicero continues, is impelled to their study by love of glory; those arts which are popularly despised always die out.

Among all these millions born in America, there must needs be some who are marked with the signet of the Muses, but their noble rage is extinguished amid the general indifference. *Honos alit artes*; there must be the same admiration and respect for artists that are now shown to millionaires before we can expect that love of beauty, which is one of the instincts of man's nature, to fulfil its perfect work.

**Horresco referens.** (VIRGIL, *ÆNEID*, II., 204.)

*I shudder in referring to it.* This is the language of Æneas when he began to describe the fate of Laocoön. The quotation is generally made in a playful sense.

But the Comte de Paris,—*horresco referens*, for it is certainly one of the worst cards in the hand of Philip VII.—has the appearance of a German prince.

VASILY : "La Société de Paris."

Ude says an elegant supper may be given with sandwiches. *Horresco referens.* An elegant supper !

T. L. PEACOCK.

**Humanum est errare.**

*To err is human.* Büchmann says in his *Geflügelte Worte* that Theognis (circ. 540 B.C.) first brings us the thought : Mistakes wait on mortal man. Sophocles (*Antig.* 1023-4), Euripides (*Hippol.*, 615), and an unknown tragic poet say the same thing with similar words, while in the epigram upon those who fell at Chaeronea (*V.*, 9 in Demosthenes' *Pro Corona*, sec. 289), it is said that to err in nothing is the affair of the Gods. Then Cicero offers us (*Philipp.* 12, 2), *Cujusvis hominis est errare, nullius nisi insipientis in errore perseverare*—"Any man may err, only a fool persists in error," which the elder Seneca (*Controvers.* 4, decl. 3) sharpens to the saying : *humanum est errare.*

**Ich bin der Geist der stets verneint.** (GOETHE, *FAUST*.)

*I am the spirit that always denies.* This is the answer that Mephistopheles gives to Faust at their first interview when he is asked his name.

In the younger books of the Old Testament Satan is little more than a detective ; in the New Testament he is an inciter to evil. But during the intervening period new things seem to

have happened. The Hebrews had communicated with the Parsis, and Satan, banished from heaven, had assumed all the powers and attributes of Ahriman. Thereafter he was hatred incarnate, the spirit that *stets verneint*, the fallen son of a mighty father, a disinherited prince who had founded a rival monarchy and called it Hell.

EDGAR SALTUS : "The Anatomy of Negation," 87.

**Ich habe genossen das irdische Glück ;**

**Ich habe gelebt und geliebet.** (SCHILLER, PICCOLOMINI, III., 7.)

*I have tasted the earthly happiness ; I have lived and loved.* With this sentiment may be compared Lafontaine's *Plus d'amour, partant plus de joie*—"No more love, therefore no more joy."

Most of us play with edged tools at some period of our lives, and cut ourselves accordingly. At first the cut hurts and stings, and down drops the knife, and we cry out like wounded little babies as we are. Some very, very few and unlucky folks at the game cut their heads sheer off, or stab themselves mortally, and perish outright, and there is an end of them. But—heaven help us!—many people have fingered those *ardentes sagittas* which Love sharpens on his whetstone, and are stabbed, scarred, pricked, perforated, tattooed all over with the wounds, who recover and live to be quite lively. *Wir auch* have tasted *das irdische Glück* ; we also have *gelebt und—und so weiter*. Warble your death song, sweet Thekla ! Perish off the face of the earth, poor pulmonary victim, if so minded ! Had you survived to a later period of life, my dear, you would have thought of a sentimental disappointment without any reference to the undertaker.

THACKERAY : "The Virginians," vol. ii., chap. 33.

Thenceforth a new existence opened before Hedwige—an existence full of surprises and perpetual enchantment. At last she knew *das irdische Glück*, she loved, she was loved.

She could reveal the treasures of passion she possessed without fear of provoking lassitude or of encountering the scepticism of a *blasé* man, for Roger was not that, in spite of a past with many gallant adventures and easy triumphs in it.

YVES DE NOLY : "Le Mari de Lucienne."

**Ignoti nulla cupido.** (OVID, DE ARTE AMANDI, III., 397.)

*There is no desire for the unknown.*

Learning has in truth upon the minds which permit themselves to be gradually absorbed by it all the empire of which Champfort spoke : the more one possesses it the more one is possessed by it. The ignorant man cannot understand this love, this indefatigable ardor to know, this thirst for the living waters of knowledge, which his uncultured lips (and that's his excuse) have never approached. Ovid has rightly expressed this in a charming hemistich in the Art of Loving : *Ignoti nulla cupido*, so happily translated by this verse of Voltaire's Zaire :

On ne peut desirer ce qu'on ne connaît pas.

FOURNIER : "L'Esprit des Autres," chap. 18.

**Il faut laver son linge sale en famille.** (NAPOLEON I.)

*One ought to wash his dirty linen in private—i.e., family quarrels should not be paraded before the world.* Mérimée said that his rule was never to speak evil of himself because his friends spoke enough. Another well-known saying of Napoleon is : *Du sublime au ridicule il n'y a qu'un pas.* "It is only a step from the sublime to the ridiculous." When Napoleon arrived in Warsaw in December, 1812, having abandoned the remnant of the *grande armée* in Russia, it was with this saying that he spoke to his ambassador de Pradt concerning that awful catastrophe.

And when Arthur, pursuing his banter, said, And yet, I dare say, sir, my father was proud enough when he first set up his



gig, the old Major hemmed and ha'd, and his wrinkled face reddened with a blush as he answered, You know what Buona-parte said, sir, *Il faut laver son linge sale en famille*. There is no need for you to brag that your father was a—a medical man.

THACKERAY : "Pendennis," vol. ii, chap. 23.

Carrel did not proclaim unnecessarily to the world the differences in his own party, but preferred the prudent maxim of Napoleon, *Il faut laver notre linge sale chez nous*.

J. S. MILL.

### **Il n'a pas inventé la poudre.**

*He did not invent gunpowder.* This is equivalent to the English saying,—he will not set the Thames on fire. The Germans also say,—*er hat nicht das Pulver erfunden*. It was with reference to this French expression that the diplomatist in Tolstoi's "War and Peace" says, after the battle of Austerlitz, that the political questions must be settled, not by gunpowder, but by those who invented gunpowder.

### **Il n'y a que le premier pas qui coûte.**

*It is only the first step that costs.* In Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," chap. xxxix., note 100, he says: "The Catholic martyr had carried his head in his hands a considerable way; yet, on a similar tale, a lady of my acquaintance once observed, *La distance n'y fait rien; il n'y a que le premier pas qui coûte*. According to Quitard, in the "Dictionnaire des Proverbes," it was Madame du Deffand who said this to Cardinal Polignac when he was laying stress upon the long distance that St. Denis walked with his head in his hands.

In the preface the author must put his best foot foremost, and this is often the *premier pas qui coûte*. A preface should be appetizing, alluring, enticing.

BRANDER MATTHEWS : "Pen and Ink."

**Il se recule pour mieux sauter.**

*He retreats in order the better to leap.*

Descartes spent those years at La Flèche in seeming idleness. But his withdrawal was simply *pour mieux sauter*. He was driven into solitude by a "fierce and relentless thirst" for knowledge and fame, and there, far from the distractions of society, he was able to ponder the problems of philosophy.

**Imperium et libertas.**

*Empire and liberty*—i. e., the union of the power and might of an empire with the liberty of a republic. Lord Beaconsfield, in his speech at the Lord Mayor's banquet on November 10, 1879, said that one of the greatest Romans when asked what his politics were answered: *imperium et libertas*. Beaconsfield afterwards designated the first book of Bacon's "Advancement of Learning" as the source of the quotation, where Bacon translates a phrase of Tacitus by "government and liberty." Büchmann says that the phrase comes from Cicero's fourth oration against Catiline (ix., 19), where he says to the Senate: "Think how in one night the dominion founded with so much labor (*quantis laboribus fundatum imperium*) and the liberty so excellently established (*quanta virtute stabilitam libertatem*) were almost destroyed." The oration concludes with calling upon the Senate to decide *de imperio, de libertate Italiæ*.

No statesman of recent times has given currency to so many epigrammatic phrases (as Lord Beaconsfield): "organized hypocrisy," "England dislikes coalitions," "plundering and blundering," "peace with honor," *imperium et libertas*, "a scientific frontier," are a few, and not the best, though now the best remembered, of the many which issued from his fertile mint.

JAMES BRYCE, in *The Century*.

The cardinal principle of the Republic is, one is told, the management of one's own affairs. One, being a Brazilian, tries to do this, and lo ! there appears on this side a grave pundit, pointing out that it may only be done in one particular way ; and on that side a valiant marshal still more significantly ready to stamp out anybody who wants to do it in any other. There is plenty of *imperium* so long as a sufficient number of Fonsécists are ready to follow their Deodoro ; but where, oh where is the *libertas* ?

GEORGE SAINTSBURY, in *The New Review*.

### **In articulo mortis.**

*In the article of death—i.e., at the point of death.*

Most of these Cossacks professed the Greek religion, and when their little republic grew and their institutions became regularised, they had a clergy, paid by them, to bless their vessels setting out on a voyage and to absolve the men *in articulo mortis*. These priests were equal to their functions and worthy of their flock. They were still more ignorant than the other members of the orthodox Russian clergy, and they mingled a large number of Moslem or pagan superstitions with the practice of their worship.

MÉRIMÉE : " Les Cosaques."

### **Incedis per ignes**

**Suppositos cineri doloso.** (HORACE, ODES, II., I, 7.)

*You are walking upon fire covered with deceitful ashes.* The poet is addressing Pollio who was writing a history of the recent civil war.

There are so many dangerous pitfalls that in order to be safe one must slip through the world somewhat lightly and superficially,—one must glide and not press too hard on any point. Pleasure itself is painful in its intensity. *Incedis per ignes*, etc.

MONTAIGNE.

What do you suppose are those ashes smouldering in the grate ? Very likely a suttee has been offered up there just be-

fore you came in ; a faithful heart has been burned out upon a callous corpse, and you are looking on the *cineri doloso*.

THACKERAY : "The Virginians," vol. i., ch. 26.

It seems, from various confident assertions, that the Russian Government is going to venture on the *ignes suppositos* under the *cineri doloso* of Prince Bismarck's suggestion and to make proposals as to Bulgaria.

*Saturday Review.*

### **Incidis in Scyllam, cupiens vitare Charybdin.**

*While you seek to avoid Charybdis you fall upon Scylla.* The line comes to us from the *Alexandreis* of Philippe Gaultier (book v., v. 301), a French Latin poet of the thirteenth century. The poem was first printed in 1513. The verse is founded on a Greek proverb derived from the *Odyssey* (xii., 85 *et seq.*), where the dangers of a whirlpool (*Charybdis*), on the one hand, and the rock where the monster *Scylla* dwelt, on the other, were described by the goddess to Ulysses. The Straits of Messina were localized as the scene of these dangers, of which the modern traveller sees nothing.

To judge the France of 1890 fairly, and forecast its future intelligently, we must thoroughly rid ourselves of the notion that the masses of the French people had any thing more to do with the dethronement and murder of Louis XVI. than the masses of the English people had to do with the dethronement and murder of Charles I. Neither crime was perpetrated to enlarge the liberties or to protect the interests of the people. We long ago got at the truth about the great English rebellion. "Pride's Purge," the "elective kingship without a veto of the New Model," and the merciless mystification of Bradshaw tell their own story. Steering to avoid the *Scylla* of Strafford, the luckless Parliamentarians ran the ship of State into the *Charybdis* of Cromwell.

W. H. HURLBERT : "France and The Republic,"

**Indocilis pauperiem pati.** (HORACE, ODES, I., I, 18.)

*Unwilling to endure poverty.* Horace is speaking of a merchant who, when the tempest is raging, praises a tranquil country life, but presently, as he cannot be taught to endure poverty, refits his broken ships.

When Lady Castlewood found that her great ship had gone down, she began as best she might, after she had rallied from the effects of the loss, to put out small ventures of happiness, and hope for little gains and returns, as a merchant on 'Change, *indocilis pauperiem pati*, having lost his thousands, embarks a few guineas upon the next ship.

THACKERAY : "Henry Esmond," book i., chap. 9.

**Infandum renovare dolorem.** (VIRGIL, ÆNEID, ii., 3.)

*To renew the unspeakable grief.* It is with these words that Æneas begins his tale to Queen Dido of the fall of Troy. "Father Arnould, preaching on one occasion at Notre Dame, had already begun his sermon on the Crucifixion, when suddenly the Queen, Marie de Médicis, entered the church. Usage obliged him to begin again, which he did by quoting the line of Virgil, *Infandum, regina, jubes renovare dolorem.*"

Prithee, Partridge, wast thou ever susceptible of love in thy life, or hath time worn away all traces of it from thy memory? Alack-a-day! cries Partridge, well would it have been for me if I had never known what love was. *Infandum, regina, jubes renovare dolorem.* I am sure I have tasted all the tenderness, and sublimities, and bitterness of the passion.

FIELDING : "Tom Jones," book viii., chap. 9.

The mind revolts from retracing circumstantially any sufferings from which it is removed by too short, or by no, interval. To do this with minuteness enough to make the review of use would be indeed *infandum renovare dolorem*, and possibly without a sufficient motive.

DE QUINCEY.

**In forma pauperis.**

*In the character of a pauper.* The phrase is borrowed from the law.

Instead of this set of Grub Street Authors, the mere *canaille* of letters, this corporation of Mendicity, this ragged regiment of Genius suing at the corners of streets *in forma pauperis*, give me the gentleman and scholar with a good house over his head, and a handsome table with wine of Attic taste, to ask his friends to, and where want and sorrow never come.

HAZLITT.

The preface in *forma pauperis*, in which the author confessed his sinful publication, and implored forgiveness, urging as his sole excuse "hunger and the request of friends" is now as much out of date and as antiquated as a fulsome dedication to a noble patron.

BRANDER MATTHEWS: "Pen and Ink."

**Ingenuas didicisse fideliter artes**

**Emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros.** (OVID, EP. EX PONT., ii., 9, 47.)

*To have faithfully studied the liberal arts softens the manners and does not suffer them to be rude.*

Ingenuous arts, where they an entrance find,  
Softens the manners and subdue the mind.

I shall be his pupil for Latin and Greek and try to make up for lost time. I know there is nothing like a knowledge of the classics to give a man good breeding. *Ingenuas didicisse fideliter artes emollunt mores nec sinuisse feros.* (The quotation being mangled after Col. Newcome's inimitable fashion.)

THACKERAY: "The Newcomes," vol. i., chap. 5.

**In hoc signo vinces.**

*In this sign shalt thou conquer.* These words, or the equivalent in Greek, are said by Eusebius ("Life of Constantine," i., 28,) to have appeared, together with a flaming

cross in the sky, to the Emperor Constantine when marching against Maxentius, and to have caused his conversion to Christianity. "Constantine's own narrative to Eusebius," says the "Encyclopædia Britannica," "attributed his conversion to the miraculous appearance of a flaming cross in the sky at noon-day, under the circumstances already indicated. The story has met with nearly every degree of acceptance from the unquestioning faith of Eusebius himself to the incredulity of Gibbon, who treats it as a fable, while not denying the sincerity of the conversion. On the supposition that Constantine narrated the incident in good faith, the amount of objective reality that it possesses is a question of altogether secondary importance."

I practised law, in the sense of having an office, for two years before abandoning the learned profession for my present more lucrative occupation of commercial traveller. But it cannot be said that I died to the law without making a sign, for I had a beautiful one with gilt letters. No celestial portent said to me, however, *In hoc signo vinces*. And being without that assurance, my lack of clients convinced me that this is not the wicked generation referred to in the Bible which seeketh for a sign.

**In medias res.** (HORACE, ARS POETICA, 148.)

*In the midst of the subject.* See *post.*, *Semper ad eventum festinat.*

Most epic poets plunge *in medias res*,  
 (Horace makes this the heroic turnpike road,)  
 And then your hero tells, when e'er you please,  
 What went before—by way of episode.

BYRON: "Don Juan," i., 6.

I shall now enter *in medias res*, and shall anticipate from a time when my opium pains might be said to be at their acme, an account of their palsying effects on the intellectual faculties.

DE QUINCEY.

**In necessariis unitas, in dubiis libertas, in omnibus caritas.**

*Unity in things necessary, liberty in things doubtful, charity in every thing.* The origin of this phrase is really unknown. Büchmann (*Geflügelte Worte*, pp. 333, 334) quotes two or three writers of the seventeenth century, where it appears, in a slightly changed form, for the first time.

The time for dogmas and infallibilities has passed, to-day there are only facts and opinions. The unity of opinion should come in future from a free, universal, and constant examination, and not from intellectual authority. St. Augustine said, *In necessariis unitas, in dubiis libertas, in omnibus caritas*. We apply the celebrated aphorism to the conflict of opinions in modifying it thus, *In omnibus libertas et caritas ut in necessariis fiat unitas*.

LAROUSSE: Preface to the  
"Grand Dictionnaire du XIX Siècle."

**In petto.**

*In one's breast—i.e., secretly.*

She is supremely kind and good, and practises with rare success that art of polite conversation whose triumph consists in the other person's giving himself afterwards, *in petto*, a good point.

VASILI: "La Société de Paris," 239.

**In propria persona.**

*In proper person.*

"My stars, Mrs. Dods, and is this really your ain sell, *in propria persona*? Wha lookit for you at such a time of day?"

SCOTT: "St. Ronan's Well," chap. 14.

I made a decent reply and we had some talk in Italian and Romaic, (her mother being a Greek of Corfu,) when lo! in a very few minutes, in marches, to my very great astonishment, Mariana S. *in propria persona*, and after making a most polite



courtesy to her sister-in-law and to me, without a single word, seizes her said sister-in-law by the hair and bestows upon her some sixteen slaps which would have made your ear ache only to hear their echo. I need not describe the screaming which ensued.

BYRON.

### **In sæcula Sæculorum.**

*For age after age*—forever. The phrase is in the Catholic Liturgy—*Sicut erat in principio, et nunc, et semper et in sæcula sæculorum*. "As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be for age after age."

And now he hath advertised the estate for sale, being himself the last substitute in the entail. And if I were to lament about sic matters, this would grieve me mair than its passing from my immediate possession, whilk, by the course of nature, must have happened in a few years. Whereas now it passes from the lineage that should have possessed it *in sæcula sæculorum*.

SCOTT: "Waverley," chap. 64.

Whenever I could see her again I would. My word given to her was *in sæcula sæculorum*, or binding at least as long as my life should endure. I implied that the girl was similarly bound to me, and her poor father knew indeed as much.

THACKERAY. "The Virginians," vol. ii., chap. 30.

### **Interdum vulgus rectum videt.** (HORACE, EP., II., I, 63.)

*Sometimes the common people see aright.* But sometimes, also, Horace adds, they err,—*est ubi peccat*.

The ultimate fate of a book is not determined by a popular vote, but by the judgment of the cultivated. Why count votes instead of weighing them? As Champfort said, how many fools does it take to constitute a public? Many are the authors, eminently successful in their day, who are now forgotten. But *interdum vulgus rectum videt*, and in the case of the "Pilgrim's Progress" the verdict of the common people became, after several generations, that of the learned.

**Inter pocula.** (PERSIUS, SAT., I., 30.)

*Over their cups.* It is then, says the satirist, that the gorged Romans ask what the divine poems narrate.

The ethics of the philosophers are a closet system, which scarcely ever accompanies them abroad. As long as one reasons theoretically, *inter libros*, or *inter pocula*, they are superb, full of simplicity, grandeur, and harmony. But two fine eyes which love has set aflame soon get the better of the theoretical rigor of these grand doctrines, which at certain moments will always seem to him who did not invent them the mere jests of learned men.

HENRY RABUSSON.

I have never written to Sir Walter, for I know he has a thousand things and I a thousand nothings to do ; but I hope to see him at Abbotsford before very long, and I will sweat his claret for him, though Italian abstemiousness has made my brain but a shilpit concern for a Scotch sitting *inter pocula*.

BYRON.

**Intus et in cute.** (PERSIUS, SAT., III., 30.)

*Within and in the skin—i.e., inside and out, thoroughly.* The poet says to the person he apostrophizes that he is not to be deceived by the trappings, for he knows him, *intus et in cute*.

In points where poetic diction and conception are concerned, I may be at a loss, and liable to be imposed upon ; but in forming an estimate of passages relating to common life and manners, I cannot think I am a plagiarist from any man. I then know my cue without a prompter. I may say of such studies, —*intus et in cute*.

HAZLITT.

**Inveni portum. Spes et Fortuna valete.  
Sat me lusistis ; ludite nunc alios.**

*I have found a refuge. Hope and fortune farewell ! Ye have deceived me long enough ; play now with others.*

Fournier says ("L'Esprit des Autres," chap. 6): "We are indebted to pagan rites for the phrase, May the earth rest lightly on thee,—*sit tibi terra levis*. That was the adieu which the ancients addressed to the dead. Sometimes the epitaph of the latter was, on the contrary, an adieu that they were made to address to the things of the world, especially to the least certain: hope and fortune. The Greek Anthology (i., 80) has preserved for us one of this kind, out of which, in the sixteenth century, or perhaps even earlier, a Latin distich was made, and which in this form has become very popular. Gil Blas himself knew it. He made it the inscription placed over the gate of the pretty *Château de Lirias*, where he buried himself when tired of those adventures which fatigued nobody but himself.

'Inveni portum. Spes et fortuna vaele.  
Nil mihi vobiscum, ludite nunc alios.'

My father and my mother are not in a happy situation there. I intend to look for them and bring them to Lirias, where they may spend their last days in repose. Perhaps heaven has only permitted me to find this asylum so that I might receive them, and would punish me if I failed to do so. . . . I conceive it to be my indispensable duty to share the sweets of my retreat with the authors of my existence. We shall soon see one another in our hamlet, and I intend, on arriving there, to write over the door of my house in letters of gold these two Latin verses:

Inveni portum. Spes et Fortuna vaele.  
Sat me lusistis; ludite nunc alios.

LE SAGE: "Gil Blas," book ix., chap. 10.

If you ever see X., ask him what he means by telling me, "Oh, my friend, *inveni portum*!" What *portum*? Port wine, I suppose,—the only port he ever sought or found since I knew him.

BYRON.

**In vino veritas.***In wine there is truth.*

*In vino veritas* is a very old proverb, and if it have truth in it it may be allowed that, along with his congenital vices, Mr. Hackett had at least the congenital merit of being good-tempered.

D. C. MURRAY.

**Invita Minerva.** (HORACE, *ARS POETICA*, 385.)*Minerva being unwilling—i.e., without inspiration.*

There is no use in laboring, *invita Minerva*, nor any difficulty in it when the Muse is not averse. "The labor we delight in physics pain."

HAZLITT.

**Je ne sais quoi.**

*I do not know what.* An expression of great scope in French, applicable to any undefinable quality.

Yes, it is beautiful because it is beautiful. Other landscapes are more striking and less harmonious. Ah, madame, beauty, harmonious beauty! There is nothing but that in the world. Nothing exists but beauty! But how few there are who understand it. The lines of a body, of a statue, or of a mountain, the color of a picture, or of this plain, the *je ne sais quoi* of the Joconda, a phrase which bites to your very soul, this little additional something which makes an artist as much a creator as God—who can distinguish it among men.

GUY DE MAUPASSANT: "Mont Oriol," 97.

The common voice of the Levant allows that in face the women of Cyprus are less beautiful than their majestic sisters of Smyrna, and yet, says the Greek, he may trust himself to one and all the bright cities of the Ægean, and may still weigh anchor with a heart entire, but that so surely as he ventures upon the enchanted isle of Cyprus, so surely will he know the rapture or the bitterness of Love. The charm, they say, owes its power to that which the people call the astonishing "poli-

tics" of the women, meaning, I fancy, their tact and their witching ways. The word, however, plainly fails to express one half of that which the speakers would say. I have smiled to hear the Greek, with all his plenteousness of fancy and all the wealth of his generous language, yet vainly struggling to describe the ineffable spell which the Parisians dispose of in their own smart way by a summary, *je ne sçai quoi*.

ALEX. WM. KINGLAKE : "Eothen."

I daresay you have heard and read of the *je ne sçay quoy*, both in French and English, for the expression is now adopted into our language ; but I question whether you have any clear idea of it, and indeed it is more easily felt than defined. It is a most inestimable quality, and adorns every other. I will endeavor to give you a general notion of it, though I cannot an exact one ; experience must teach it you, and will if you attend to it. It is, in my opinion, a compound of all the agreeable qualities of body and mind, in which no one of them predominates in such a manner as to give exclusion to any other. It is not mere wit, mere beauty, mere learning, nor indeed mere any one thing that produces it, though they all contribute something towards it. It is owing to this *je ne sçay quoy* that one takes a liking to some one particular person at first rather than to another. One feels oneself prepossessed in favor of that person without being enough acquainted with him to judge of his intrinsic merits or talents, and one finds himself inclined to suppose him to have good sense, good nature, and good humor. A genteel address, graceful motions, a pleasing elocution, and elegance of style are powerful ingredients in this compound. It is, in short, an extract of all the Graces. Here you will perhaps ask me to define the Graces, which I can only do by the *je ne sçay quoy*, as I can only define the *je ne sçay quoy* by the Graces. No one person possesses them all, but happy he who possesses the most, and wretched he who possesses none of them.

CHESTERFIELD : "Letters to his Godson," p. 262.

**Je prends mon bien où je le trouve.**

*I take my property wherever I find it.* This was the famous reply of Molière when accused of having borrowed incidents and characters from other authors. The idea is involved in the following witty definition: *Un auteur est un homme qui prend dans les livres tout ce qui lui passe par la tête.*

In the London *Truth* of January 2, 1890, there is a letter in which J. M'Neill Whistler accuses Oscar Wilde of plagiarism in the latter's recent article in the *Fortnightly* on the "Decay of Lying." He suggests that Wilde had used in this article the language of Whistler in a previous charge, and then continues: "Oscar, you have been down the area again I see! I had forgotten you, and so allowed your hair to grow over the sore place. And now, while I look the other way, you have stolen your own scalp, and potted it in more of your pudding. Labby has pointed out that for the plagiarist there is still one way to self-respect (besides hanging himself, of course), and that is for him boldly to declare, *Je prends mon bien là où je le trouve.* You, Oscar, can go further, and with fresh effrontery, that will bring you the envy of all criminal *confrères*, unblushingly boast, *Moi, je prends son bien là où je le trouve.*" In the next number of *Truth* there was a reply from Wilde, in which he said: "The definition of a disciple as one who has the courage of the opinions of his master, is really too old even for Mr. Whistler to be allowed to claim it, and as for borrowing Mr. Whistler's ideas about art, the only thoroughly original ideas I have ever heard him express have had reference to his own superiority as a painter over painters greater than himself."

As for the woman Boubnow, I do in fact know something about her. I got some money from her two months ago: *je prends mon bien où je le trouve.* That's the only resemblance I have with Molière.

DOSTOIEVSKY.

**Justum et tenacem propositi virum.** (HORACE, ODES, III., 3, 1.)

*The just man, steadfast in his purpose.* Him, says Horace, neither the violence of the people commanding evil (*civium ardor prava jubentium*), nor the countenance of the immediate tyrant, shakes in his courageous soul.

The king passed into a little cabinet and bade, in the first moment, Lord Huntington to lock or bar the door, but countermanded his direction in the next, saying: "No, no, no! Bread of life, man, I am a free king; will do what I will and what I should! I am *justus et tenax propositi*, man!"

SCOTT: "The Fortunes of Nigel," ch. 9.

The *civium ardor prava jubentium* is not only yielded to by these politicians, but when it slackens they incite and inflame it for the vilest purposes of personal and factious ambition.

*London World.*

**J'y suis, j'y reste.**

*Here I am, here I remain.* This was the reply of Marshal MacMahon when advised to abandon the Malakoff, a position he had with difficulty obtained in one of the battles of the Crimean war. The Marshal was compelled to resign the Presidency of the French Republic by Gambetta's famous *mot*: *Se soumettre ou se démettre*. "Submit or resign."

Lord Salisbury has asserted, in defiance of constitutional precedents, that nothing unrelated to Ireland will be treated as a Cabinet question. That is to say, no matter how often his foreign or fiscal policy may be formally censured by the House of Commons, he will persist in retaining office. *J'y suis, j'y reste.* Here we are, and here we mean to stick.

*New York Sun.*

If any one will answer these questions for me with something more to the point than feeble talk about the cowardice of

agnosticism, I shall be deeply his debtor. Unless and until they are satisfactorily answered, I say of agnosticism in this matter, *j'y suis, et j'y reste.*

HUXLEY.

**Laborare est orare.**

*To work is to pray.*

For myself, I feel daily more and more what a truth there is in that old saying of the monks, *laborare est orare.* I find really that a man cannot make a pair of shoes rightly unless he does it in a devout manner.

CARLYLE.

**Labor ipsa voluptas.** (MANILIUS, ASTRON., IV., 155.)

*Work itself is a pleasure.*

Our acquired tastes are stronger than our natural ones. An acquired taste for tobacco, for instance, has a firmer hold on a man than his natural taste for milk. And when one has formed the habit of constant labor he finds that work is really more interesting than play. Then he understands the saying *labor ipsa voluptas*, even if he is not quite prepared to agree with Sir George Cornwall Lewis in thinking that life would be pleasant were it not for its amusements.

**Labor omnia vincit improbus.** (VIRGIL, GEORGICS, I., 145.)

*Stubborn labor conquers every thing.*

On this occasion, more than once, I left my paper on the cabin table, rushing away to be sick in the privacy of my stateroom. It was February, and the weather was miserable; but still I did my work. *Labor omnia vincit improbus.*

ANTHONY TROLLOPE: "Autobiography."

The greatest English actor of the present day has shown how much may be done by perseverance to develop the powers of an organ naturally wanting in flexibility. By a *labor improbus* worthy of Demosthenes, his voice, which in ordinary conversation is weak and rather monotonous, has been so perfected



that on the stage it is rich and sonorous, and can be harsh and strident, or exquisitely tender, at the will of the speaker.

SIR MORELL MACKENZIE.

### **La carrière ouverte aux talents.**

*A career open to talent.*

Napoleon had a kind of idea, that namely of *la carrière ouverte aux talents*, the tools to him who can handle them; really one of the best ideas yet promulgated on that matter.

CARLYLE: "The French Revolution."

### **La Garde meurt et ne se rend pas.**

*The Guard dies, but it does not surrender.* This was the answer attributed to Cambronne at Waterloo when the remnant of the Old Guard was summoned to surrender. For what he really did say, see Victor Hugo's "Les Misérables," part ii., chap. 14.

I had begun a little print collection once. I had Addison in his night-gown in bed at Holland House requesting young Lord Warwick to remark how a Christian should die. I had Cambronne clutching his cocked-hat and uttering the immortal *la Garde meurt et ne se rend pas*.

THACKERAY: "Roundabout Papers."

### **Laissez faire, laissez passer.**

*Let alone, let things pass in their own way.* A maxim of the economists of the eighteenth century, attributed to Quesnay.

Industry all noosed and haltered, as if it too were some beast of chase for the mighty hunters of this world to bait and cut slices from, cries passionately to these, its well-paid guides and watchers, not Guide me, but *laissez faire*; leave me alone of *your* guidance.

CARLYLE: "French Revolution."

**La parole a été donnée à l'homme pour déguiser sa pensée.**

*Speech was given to man to disguise his thoughts.* Barrère says, in his "Mémoires," that Talleyrand used this phrase in 1807, when reminded of his promises in favor of Charles IV. of Spain. A clever variation is: *L'esprit a été donné à l'homme pour déguiser sa bêtise.* "Wit has been given to man to conceal his stupidity." *Puck* says: "Speech was given to man to conceal his thoughts; but it was a needless precaution in many cases!"

**L'appétit vient en mangeant.**

*Appetite comes in eating.* In Rabelais' "Gargantua" (chap. v.), we read: "The stone called asbestos is not more inextinguishable than is the thirst of which I am the parent. *L'appétit vient en mangeant*, said Angeston; but thirst goes away by drinking. Remedy for thirst? It is the opposite of that for the bite of a dog; always run after a dog and he will never bite you; always drink before thirst and it will never come to you."

**La propriété c'est le vol.**

*Property is theft.* This is the maxim of Proudhon in his "*Qu'est ce que c'est que la propriété*," published in 1840. A hatred of the institution of private property and a desire for a redistribution may come from the lofty motive of human sympathy, as well as the base one of envy. Tolstoi says: "At the sight of the hunger, cold, and degradation of thousands of men, I understood, not with my reason, but with my heart and my whole being, that the existence of ten thousand such men in Moscow, while I and other thousands eat daintily, clothe our horses, and cover our floors,—let the learned say as much as they will that it is inevitable,—is a crime, committed not once but

constantly, and that I with my luxury do not merely permit the crime but take a direct part in it. The difference in the two impressions consisted only in this—that before the guillotine all I could have done would have been to cry out to the murderers that they were doing evil, and try to prevent them. Even then I should have known beforehand that the deed would not have been prevented. But here I could have given, not merely a warm drink or the little money that I had about me, but I could have given the coat from my body, and all that I had in my house. I did not do so, and therefore I felt and still feel and shall never cease to feel that I am a partaker in that never-ceasing crime, so long as I have superfluous food and another has none, so long as I have two coats and another has none.”

**Lasciate ogni speranza voi ch'entrate.** (DANTE, INFERNO, III., 9.)

*Abandon all hope ye who enter here.* These are the words written over the portals of hell in Dante's vision.

Kant shows that we can know nothing of that noumen, of God, and that even any future proof of his existence, is impossible. We write the Dantean words *abandon all hope*, over this part of the Critique of Pure Reason.

HEINE: “Zur Geschichte der Religion und Philosophie in Deutschland,” Drittes Buch.

With Flaubert, we enter the domain of emptiness and of blackness. We sink into a moral hell, over whose portal there really flames the fateful verse of the Florentine: *Lasciate ogni speranza*. We close the book and ask ourselves, with invincible anguish, what unseen germs of death float in the atmosphere of our civilisation, to make the best of us—and who was braver or more loyal than Flaubert?—exhibit thus a desire for nothingness equal to that of the devotees of the most sombre doctrines of the extreme East.

PAUL BOURGET.

**Latet anguis in herba.** (VIRGIL, ECLOGUES, III., 93.)

*A snake is lurking in the grass.*

My reception in this new society was as cordial as I could wish, but knowing the power of my enemies I was on the look-out for the *anguis in herba*, which on the other occasion I had failed to see until too late.

**Laudari a laudato viro.**

*To be praised by a man who is himself praised.*

I am very well pleased with the several performances you sent me, and still more with Mr. M.'s letter that accompanied them, in which he gives a much better account of you than he did in his former. *Laudari a laudato viro*, was always a commendable ambition; encourage that ambition and continue to deserve the praises of the praiseworthy.

CHESTERFIELD.

**Laudator temporis acti.** (HORACE, ARS POETICA, 173.)

*A eulogist of past times.*

The finest performances of our own age, he snarled at cynically; and at length this querulous humor grew upon him so much, and he became so notorious as a *laudator temporis acti*, that few people cared to seek his society.

DE QUINCEY.

One much admired being of those days I confess I never cared for, and that was the chief *male* dancer—a very important personage then, with a bare neck, bare arms, a tunic, and a hat and feathers, who used to divide the applause with the ladies and who has now sunk down a trap-door forever. And this frank admission ought to show that I am not your mere twaddling *laudator temporis acti*,—your old foggy who can see no good except in his own time.

THACKERAY: "Roundabout Papers."

**Le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle.***The game is not worth the candle.*

When you are invited to drink, say that you wish you could, but that so little makes you both drunk and sick *que le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle*.

CHESTERFIELD.

**Le mieux est l'ennemi du bien.**

*Better is the enemy of good—i.e.*, one is not satisfied to let well enough alone. Like the fox in the fable, one drops a good thing to grasp after the appearance of a better. Fournier says that the French saying is based on the Italian proverb to the same effect : *Il meglio e l'inimico del bene*.

**Le moi est haïssable.** (PASCAL, PENSÉES DIVERSES.)*Egoism is hateful.*

If he seems to us to have, in the preface to his present volume and in some of his essays, fallen a very little into the error of which the late Mr. Matthew Arnold is our chief example in English—the error of pose and mannerism and feigned simplicity and cutting his little joke about himself,—we only mention it because we would fain keep M. France at his best, as a good thing should be kept. His persiflage is so good that we would rather not ask whether it is not now and then a little self-conscious ; whether the *moi*—not, oh not ! *haïssable*, but just slightly intrusive—does not come in too often.

*Saturday Review.***Le roi est mort, vive le roi !**

*The king is dead, long live the king !* This is an expression of the maxim that the king never dies. *Rex nunquam moritur*. There is always a king *de jure*.

When the king dies, the officer appointed opens his chamber

window, and calling out into the court below, *Le roi est mort*, breaks his cane, takes another and waves it exclaiming, *Vive le roi!* Straightway all the loyal nobles begin yelling, *Vive le roi!* and the officer goes round solemnly and sets yonder great clock in the Cour de Marbre to the hour of the king's death. This old Louis had solemnly ordained; but the Versailles clock was only set twice; there was no shouting of *Vive le roi* when the successor of Louis XV. mounted to heaven to join his sainted family.

THACKERAY: "Paris Sketch-Book."

My heart will always love as long as women exist. If it cools towards one it straightway glows for another; as in France the king never dies, so the queen of my heart never dies, and there the cry is, *La reine est morte, vive la reine.*

HEINE: "Reisebilder—Das Buch le Grand," chap. 14.

### Le style c'est l'homme même.

*The style is the man himself.* This celebrated aphorism was enunciated by Buffon in his discourse on the occasion of his reception into the French Academy.

The discrepancy is of course partly explained by the faults of Johnson's style; but the explanation only removes the difficulty a degree further. The style is the man, is a very excellent aphorism, though some eminent writers have lately pointed out that Buffon's original remark was, *Le style c'est de l'homme.* That only proves that, like many other good sayings, it has been polished and brought to perfection by the process of attrition in numerous minds, instead of being struck out at a blow by a solitary thinker. From a purely logical point of view Buffon may be correct; but the very essence of an aphorism is that slight exaggeration which makes it more biting whilst less rigidly accurate.

**Le superflu, chose très nécessaire.** (VOLTAIRE, LE MONDAIN.)

*The superfluous, a very necessary thing.* Somewhat in the same spirit Motley said: "Give me the luxuries of life and I will dispense with the necessities."

**L'Etat c'est moi.**

*I am the State.* "Louis XIV.," says Carlyle, "could answer the expostulatory magistrate with his *l'État c'est moi*,—the State? I am the State,—and be replied to by silence and abashed looks."

A certain young lady was recently summoned before a legal tribunal in Paris on a charge of having displayed too much action in her dancing at the Bal de l'Opéra. She presented herself before the Judge with a most demure air, and was interrogated by him. "What is your name?" he asked. "Anastasie," she replied. "Your age?" "Eighteen." "Your profession—*votre état?*" he added sarcastically. Anastasie was for a moment non-plussed by the peremptoriness of the question, but, casting down her eyes, twirled a handsome diamond on her finger and adjusted a small velvet cloak on her shoulders as she answered boldly, "*L'état c'est moi.*" The tribunal and the Court lost their gravity at this unexpected answer and Mlle. Anastasie was acquitted forthwith.

BARON F. ROTHSCHILD, in the *Nineteenth Century*.

The sole claim which a Republic has to the obedience, the respect, the loyalty of each man is his own consent to it; and his respect for its property must necessarily, however loudly on his moral days he may proclaim the contrary, be conditioned by that fact. He says—not as a personal brag, not as an exaggeration, but as a plain statement of logical and political first principles—*L'État c'est moi*, and it is not at all surprising that he should go on, The property of the State is my property, and proceed to effect restitution of the said property to its, in his case, immediate owner.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY, in the *New Review*.

**Le vrai Amphitryon est celui où l'on dine.**

*The true Amphitryon is the one with whom we dine.*  
 This is the usual form in English of a quotation from Molière's comedy, "Amphitryon." The motive of the play is found in the mistakes caused by a person who appears to have a double. When the mystery is explained by Jupiter, who invites the guests to a feast, the valet of Amphitryon—Sosie—who has all along mistaken the identity of his master, exclaims:

Je ne me trompais pas, messieurs, ce mot termine  
 Toute l'irrésolution ;  
 Le véritable Amphitryon  
 Est l'Amphitryon où l'on dine.

In their application these words express the selfish wish to be on the side of those who dispense the loaves and fishes.

The people of the late Captain-General, however inclined to oppose, will be obliged to concur. Their commissions, which they have no desire to lose, will make them tractable : for these gentleman, though all men of honor, are of Sosia's mind  
*que le vrai Amphitryon est celui où l'on dine.*

CHESTERFIELD.

The annunciation was received with the applause due to the Amphitryon où l'on dine, and the guests arising from before the temporary theatre, dispersed through the gardens.

SCOTT : "St. Ronan's Well," chap. 20.

If there were here and there an elder peasant or his wife who sneered at the pomp of the upstart family and remembered the days of the long-descended Ravenswoods, even they, attracted by the plentiful cheer which the castle that day afforded to rich and poor, held their way thither, and acknowledged, notwithstanding the prejudices, the influence of the Amphitryon où l'on dine.

SCOTT : "The Bride of Lammermoor," chap. 34.



**Le vrai peut quelquefois n'être pas vraisemblable.**  
(BOILEAU.)

*The true may sometimes not seem probable.*

No one of course can be made to believe that any such stupid law as this ever existed either in Florence or Timbuctoo; but, on the ground *que le vrai n'est pas toujours le vraisemblable*, we say that even its real existence would be no justification for Mr. Willis. It has an air of the far-fetched—of the desperate—which a fine taste will avoid as a pestilence.

POE: "The Drama."

**L'homme propose et Dieu dispose.**

*Man proposes and God disposes.* The proverb is, perhaps, derived from a passage in the "Imitatio Christi" (I., 19, 2). *Homo proponit sed Deus disponit.* And Fénelon says: "God allows to human passions even when they seem to be decisive of everything, only what they need in order to be the instruments of his purpose. L'homme s'agite et Dieu le mène." A Spanish proverb says: *El hombre propone, Dios dispone, y viene la mujer y lo descompone.* Man proposes, God disposes, and then a woman comes and discomposes.

**Limæ labor et mora.** (HORACE, ARS POETICA, 291.)

*The labor and delay of the file—i.e., of correcting and polishing literary work.*

With Pouchkine, there is certainly no lack of inspiration, but it is accompanied by a severe taste and a desire of perfection, which is not discouraged by the *limæ labor*.

MÉRIMÉE.

But among Bruno's rich gifts patience was not numbered, and the *limæ labor et mora* is demanded by Latin hexameters, more than by most other styles of writing, as the *sine qua non* of their prolonged vitality.

**Litera scripta manet, verbum imbelles perit.**

*The written letter remains, the weak word perishes.* This pentameter, according to Fournier, was made in the Middle Ages as a mnemonic versification of the proverbial, *verba volant, scripta manent*.

The history of France might be written between quotation marks. Louis XIV. has come to posterity with the formula, *L'État c'est moi*. Napoleon III. with that motto suggested by the irony of fate: *L'Empire c'est la paix*—The empire means peace. Lamartine is the man who exclaimed at the Hôtel de Ville: The tricolored flag has made the tour of the world, your red flag has only made the tour of the Champ de Mars. Thiers said: "The Republic is the form of government which divides us the least." Gambetta: "Clericalism, that's the enemy." And, to parody a celebrated proverb, I might say that in France politics may be thus summarized: *Acta volant, verba manent*.

MAX O'RELL: "Les Chers Voisins," p. 191.

**Lucus a non lucendo.**

*A grove because it does not shine.* This was the old etymology of the word *lucus*, derived from what Quintilian says (De Institutione Oratoria, i., 6). The phrase is used to express a *non sequitur*.

The schoolmaster's surname led him as far into a dissertation as his Christian appellation. He was inclined to think that he bore the name of Holiday, *quasi lucus a non lucendo*, because he gave such few holidays to his school.

SCOTT: "Kenilworth," chap. 9.

Macaulay's tendency—and the tendency of mere logic in general—to concentrate force upon minutiae, at the expense of the subject as a whole, is well instanced in an article (in the volume now before us) on Ranke's "History of the Popes." This article is called a review—possibly because it is anything else—as *lucus* is *lucus a non lucendo*. In fact it is nothing more

than a beautifully written treatise on the main theme of Ranke himself ; the whole matter of the treatise being deduced from the History. POE.

### **Macht geht vor Recht.**

*Might is above right.* This maxim is commonly attributed to Prince Bismarck, but, according to Büchmann (p. 432), he never uttered it. On the 13th March, 1863, Count von Schwerin, in the Lower House of the Prussian Diet, in replying to a speech of Bismarck's, said : " Therefore I declare here that the principle in which the speech of the Minister-President culminates, *Macht geht vor Recht*, is not one on which, in my opinion, the Prussian dynasty can permanently rely,—it should rather be reversed, *Recht geht vor Macht*, etc." Bismarck afterwards denied that he had used the expression, to which von Schwerin replied that he had not said that the Minister-President had actually used those words, but that his speech culminated in such a principle.

But the principle is nevertheless one which many observers have thought pervaded history as well as nature, whether it be called the struggle for existence, the survival of the fittest, or the triumph of new ideas. La Fontaine says : *La raison du plus fort est toujours la meilleure*,—"The argument of the strongest is always the best." And Spinoza, (Tract. Polit., ii., 8) *Unusquisque tantum juris habet quantum potentia valet*,—"Everybody has as much right as he has power." Habakkuk, who, Voltaire said, was *capable de tout*, observes (i., 4) that the wicked doth compass about the righteous.

### **Magna civitas, magna solitudo.**

*A great city is a great solitude.*

But little do men perceive what solitude is, and how far it extendeth ; for a crowd is not company, and faces are but a

gallery of pictures, and talk but a tinkling cymbal, where there is no love. The Latin adage meeteth it with a little : *magna civitas, magna solitudo* ; because in a great town friends are scattered, so that there is not that fellowship for the most part which is in less neighborhoods ; but we may go further and affirm most truly that it is a mere and miserable solitude to want true friends, without which the world is but a wilderness ; and even in this sense also of solitude, whosoever in the frame of his nature and affections is unfit for friendship, he taketh it of the beast and not from humanity.

BACON : " Essay on Seeming Wise."

**Magna est veritas et prævalebit.** (I ESDRAS, iv., 41.)

*Truth is mighty and it will prevail.* Cicero exclaims (Cael., 26) : *O magna vis veritas*, " O mighty power of truth." And Seneca says : *Veritas nunquam perit*, " Truth never perishes." But the great question of Pilate is still to be answered : What is truth ? Democritus said (if we may believe Cicero, Acad. Quaest., i., 10) that truth was hidden by nature at the bottom of a well. Pascal observes that justice and truth are such subtle points that our instruments are too blunt to strike them exactly. In science, truth ultimately prevails, but by a struggle for existence in which it survives as the fittest. In morals and politics, " we are deceived by the appearance of right and truth." *Decipimur specie recti.* (Horace, Ars Poetica, 25.) La Rochefoucauld remarks : " Truth does not do as much good in the world as the appearance of it does evil." *La vérité ne fait pas tant de bien dans le monde que ses apparences y font de mal.* (Maxims, No. 64.) To which La Bruyère adds (Carac., ch. 12) that the exact opposite of the stories which circulate about people and things is often the truth.

**Magnis tamen excidit ausis.** (OVID, MET., II., 328.)

*It was, however, in great undertakings that he failed.*

Sir Thomas accepted the office (of Secretary of State) unwillingly, and, as I hear, with a promise that he shall not keep it long. Both his health and his spirits are bad, two very disqualifying circumstances for that employment: yours I hope will enable you, some time or other, to go through with it, and if you fail, or fall, let it at least be said of you, *Magnis tamen excidit ausis.*

CHESTERFIELD.

**Magnum vectigal est parsimonia.** (CICERO, PARAD., VI., 3, 49.)

*Economy is a great revenue.*

Notwithstanding the extent of his reading in the classics Mr. Burke paid but little attention to the subject of quantity, and a blunder in this respect gave rise to one of his happiest retorts. In attacking Lord North for being in want of still larger supplies in the midst of the most lavish expenditure, he quoted the words of Cicero, *magnum vectigal est parsimonia*, accenting the word *vec'tigal* on the first syllable. Lord North cried out in a contemptuous tone from the Treasury Bench, "*vec'tigal, vec'tigal.*" Burke instantly replied,—“I thank the right honorable gentleman for his correction, and that he may enjoy the benefit of it I repeat the words, *Magnum vec'tigal est parsimonia.*”

GOODRICH.

**Materiam superabat opus.** (OVID, MET., II., 5.)

*The workmanship was more valuable than the materials.*

The manner of doing things is often more important than the things themselves; and the very same thing may become either pleasing or offensive by the manner of saying or doing it. *Materiam superabat opus*, is often said of works of sculpture, where, though the materials were valuable, as silver, gold, etc., the workmanship was still more so.

CHESTERFIELD.

Mr. Arnold did not become acquainted with Lord Bolingbroke's works till late in life, on the recommendation of a friend ; and though he was fascinated, as every one is who reads them, by their faultless style, he observed that the general neglect of Lord Bolingbroke as an author is to be explained by the temporary and partisan subjects on which he employed his splendid powers. *Materiam superabat opus.*

LORD COLERIDGE, in the *New Review*.

**Matre pulchra filia pulchrior.** (HORACE, ODES I., 16, 1.)

*Daughter more beautiful than thy beautiful mother.*

The sentimental captain concluded his sad tale saying, "Faith, the beauty of *filia pulchrior* drove *pulchram matrem* out of my head ; and yet as I came down the river and thought about the pair, the pallid dignity and exquisite grace of the matron had the uppermost, and I thought her even more noble than the virgin."

THACKERAY : "Henry Esmond," book ii., chap. 2.

**Mauvais quart d'heure.**

*A bad quarter of an hour*,—an allusion to a Rabelaisian story. It is used to designate any disagreeable moment, and is sometimes referred to as the *quart d'heure de Rabelais*.

So you must needs have, my dear friend, I am afraid, what these poor, wretched people here call a *mauvais quart d'heure*, in which you will be peculiarly liable to mistakes, mortifications, and troubles.

MATTHEW ARNOLD : "Friendship's Garland."

**Maxima debetur puero reverentia.** (JUVENAL, SAT., XIV., 48.)

*The greatest reverence is due to youth.*

When the other troopers or their officers who were free-spoken over their cups (as was the way of that day, when neither men

nor women were over nice) talked unbecomingly of their amours and gallantries before the child, Dick, who very likely was setting the whole company laughing, would stop their jokes with a *maxima debetur pueris reverentia*, and once offered to lug out against another trooper, called Hulking Tom, who wanted to ask Harry Esmond a ribald question.

THACKERAY : "Henry Esmond," book i., chap. 7.

**Mea culpa, mea maxima culpa.**

*My fault, my very great fault.*

In a late serial work, written by this hand, I remember making some pathetic remarks about our propensity to believe evil of our neighbors—and I remember the remarks, not because they were valuable or novel or ingenious, but because within three days after they had appeared in print the moralist who wrote them walking home with a friend, heard a story about another friend, which story he straightway believed, and which story was scarcely more true than that sausage fable which is here set down. *O mea culpa, mea maxima culpa!* But, though the preacher trips, shall not the doctrine be good?

THACKERAY : "Roundabout Papers."

Surely too the taste is more than equivocal which dictated the publication of such prayers as are here recorded for protection against the vices of an overbearing temper, which, by the way, was always ready to break out with fresh vigor after every smiting of the breast and cry of *mea culpa, mea maxima culpa*.

*Quarterly Review.*

**Mea virtute me involvo.** (HORACE, ODES, III., 29, 54.)

*I wrap myself up in my virtue.* I praise fortune, says the poet, while she remains with me, but if she shakes her swift wings, I resign what she gives, and, wrapping myself up in my virtue, seek honest poverty.

So we were spared this mosaic exhibition, and I think I always feel relieved when such an event occurs. I feel I have

done my duty in coming to see the enormous animal ; if he is not at home, *virtute mea me*, etc.—we have done our best, and no mortal man can do more.

THACKERAY : " Eastern Sketches," chap. 2.

A couplet, made under the Restoration, says Fournier, popularized this quotation. A fallen Minister said :

Je vais, victime de mon zèle,  
M'envelopper dans ma vertu.

To which the reply was made :

Voilà, voilà ce qui s'appelle  
Être légèrement vêtu.

**Mediocribus esse poetis,  
Non homines, non di, non concessere columnæ.**  
(HORACE, ARS POETICA, 372.)

*Neither men, nor gods, nor booksellers allow poets to be mediocre.*

One may play the fool anywhere else, but not in poetry, *mediocribus esse poetis*, etc. Would to God that this sentence might be found on the front of the shops of all our printers to guard the entrance against the crowd of versifiers.

MONTAIGNE.

I do not think that dulness is strength, or that an observation is slight because it is striking. Mediocrity, insipidity, want of character, is the great fault. *Mediocribus esse poetis*, etc. Neither is this privilege allowed to prose writers in our time any more than to poets formerly.

HAZLITT.

**Medio tutissimus ibis.** (OVID, MET., II., 137.)

*You will travel safest in the middle*,—a part of the advice given to Phaëton when about to drive the chariot of the sun.

I have often advised you to strike the senses of everybody ; that is, their eyes and their ears, and their hearts will follow,



for who is guided by mere reason? Learn to distinguish between trifles and trifles ; some are necessary, some agreeable, and some utterly despicable in the common intercourse of life. For instance, dress is undoubtedly a trifle in itself, too great accuracy in that trifle forms a fop, too much negligence a sloven ; bad extremes both, but *in medio tutissimus ibis*. Conform to the common fashion, which is in general equidistant from each.

CHESTERFIELD : "Letters to his Godson," p. 275.

**Me, me, adsum qui feci.** (VIRGIL, ÆNEID, IX., 427.)

*It is I here who did it.* When Nisus and Euryalus escaped from their enemies' camp they were pursued, and Nisus, who was hidden, shoots with his arrows two of the pursuers. They discover Euryalus, and Volscens rushes on him with drawn sword. Then Nisus cries out : "On me, on me. Here am I who did the deed. O turn your swords on me, Rutulians ; mine is all the offence ; he neither did it, nor could do aught ; this heaven and conscious stars I call to witness ; only he loved his unhappy friend too much." The exclamation is used too as a confession of responsibility for an act attributed to another.

The Italian newspapers are very insignificant, and can't do either much harm or much good. However, I won't permit them to hang you for me, and I am still ready to cry out, *Me, me, adsum qui feci*. I shall declare, whenever you wish, that I alone made the fatal ink-spot, and that I had no accomplices.

P. L. COURIER.

**Mens agitat molem.** (VIRGIL, ÆNEID, VI., 727.)

*Mind moves matter.*

Concerning Government, it is a part of knowledge secret and retired, in both these respects in which things are deemed secret ; for some things are secret because they are hard to

know, and some because they are not fit to utter. We see all governments are obscure and invisible

Totamque infusa per artus  
Mens agitat molem, et magno se corpore miscet.

Such is the description of governments. We see the government of God over the world is hidden, insomuch as it seemeth to participate of much irregularity and confusion : the government of the soul in moving the body is inward and profound, and the passages thereof hardly to be reduced to demonstration.

BACON : "Advancement of Learning," book ii.

**Mens diviniior.** (HORACE, SAT., I., 4, 43.)

*Soul of diviner cast.*

And even these mechanical printers, who threaten to make learning a base and vulgar thing—even they must depend on the MS. over which we scholars have bent, with that insight into the poet's meaning which is closely akin to the *mens diviniior* of the poet himself.

GEORGE ELIOT : "Romola," book i., chap. 5.

The true ideal is not opposed to the real, nor is it any artificial heightening thereof, but lies in it, and blessed are the eyes that find it. It is the *mens diviniior* which hides within the actual, transfiguring matter of fact into matter of meaning for him who has the gift of second sight.

J. R. LOWELL.

**Mens sana in corpore sano.** (JUVENAL, SAT., X., 356.)

*A sound mind in a sound body.* Rabelais parodied this thus: *Mens sana non potest vivere in corpore sicco*—"A sound mind cannot live in a dry body."

I have sometimes thought that the inspiration wanted was the remedy which time will give to the evil results of such imprudence. *Mens sana in corpore sano.* The author wants that as does every other workman,—that and a habit of industry.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

Allowance no doubt must be made for the superior vitality of the Irish stock ; but it would be a mistake to regard Leo XIII. as tottering on the edge of the grave. He has the *mens sana in corpore sano*, and as long as he lives there will not fail to the guidance of the Church the intellect of a statesman and the heart of a saint.

W. T. STEAD.

**Mens sibi conscia recti.** (VIRGIL, *ÆNEID*, I., 608.)

*A soul conscious of its own rectitude.*

Human nature, in its normal condition, is so constituted that the remorse felt, when we look back upon a wrong action, far outweighs any pleasure we may have derived from it, just as the satisfaction with which we look back upon a right action far more than compensates for any pain with which it may have been attended. The *mens sibi conscia recti* is the highest reward which a man can have, as, on the other hand, the retrospect on base, unjust, or cruel actions constitutes the most acute of torments.

THOMAS FOWLER : "Progressive Morality," chap. 2.

They suggested, too, what is suggested in England at every turn, that conservatism here has all the charm, and leaves dissent and democracy and other vulgar variations nothing but their bald logic. Conservatism has the cathedrals, the colleges, the castles, the gardens, the traditions, the associations, the fine names, the better manners, the poetry ; Dissent has the dusky brick chapels in provincial by-streets, the names out of Dickens, the uncertain tenure of the h, and the poor *mens sibi conscia recti*.

HENRY JAMES : "Transatlantic Sketches," p. 17.

**Mit der Dummheit kämpfen Götter selbst vergebens.**

(SCHILLER, *JUNGFRAU*, III., 6, 28.)

*Against stupidity the gods themselves contend in vain.*

Schiller's works have supplied the Germans with many popular quotations. Some are found at other places in this manual. Others are well known to English readers of German, although rarely met with as quotations in English writings.

From the "Lied von der Glocke" comes :

**O dass sie ewig grüne bliebe,  
Die schöne Zeit der jungen Liebe.**

"O <sup>that it might</sup> ~~may~~ it remain eternally green,—the beautiful days of youthful love."

From the same poem :

**Der Wahn ist kurz, die Reu ist lang.**

"The intoxication is short, the repentance is long."

In the "Piccolomini," v., 1, we read :

**Das eben ist der Fluch der bösen That,  
Das sie fortzeugend immer Böses muss gebären.**

"That is the very curse of the evil deed that it must always continue to engender evil."

From Wallenstein's "Tod," iv., 12 :

**Was ist das Leben ohne Liebesglanz.**

"What is life without the light of love."

From "Wilhelm Tell," iii., 1 :

**Wer gar zu viel bedenkt wird wenig leisten.**

"He who considers too curiously will perform little."

From the poem "Resignation" :

**Die Weltgeschichte ist das Weltgericht.**

"The world's history is the world's court of judgment."

From "Don Carlos," i., 1:

**Die schönen Tage in Aranjuez  
Sind nun zu Ende.**

"The beautiful days in Aranjuez are now gone by."

From the same play, i., 4, comes:

**Grosse Seelen dulden still.**

"Great souls suffer in silence."

From the poem "Würde der Frauen":

**Ehret die Frauen! sie flechten und weben  
Himmelische Rosen ins irdische Leben.**

"Honor women! they entwine and weave heavenly roses in our earthly life."

From the "Xenien":

**Wenn die Könige bau'n, haben die Kärner zu thun.**

"When kings are building, draymen have something to do."

From the same:

**Willst du dich selber erkennen, so sieh', wie die andern es treiben:  
Willst du die andern versteh'n, blick in dein eigenes Herz.**

"If you wish to recognize yourself, observe how others act.  
If you wish to understand others, look into your own heart."

In "Don Carlos," i., 6, we read:

**Die Sonne geht in meinem Staat nicht unter.**

"The sun never sets in my dominions."

Büchmann says that the germ of this idea may be found in Herodotus (vii., 8), where Xerxes says to his staff that after making his anticipated conquests the sun will look down on no country that borders on his. Balthazzar Schupp wrote, in 1660: "The king of Spain is a great potentate: he has one foot in the East and the other in the West, and the sun never sets without shining in some of his countries."

**Modus vivendi.**

*A method of living—i.e., a compromise or agreement between two or more parties by which they may act harmoniously together.*

The Bismarck-Crispi arrangement to establish a *modus vivendi* between the Holy See and Italy has not prospered.

It will be observed he had made progress since the time when it cost him a sleepless night and much expenditure of casuistry to resolve upon cheating his brother. Then he had been sincerely desirous of effecting some sort of *modus vivendi* with his conscience ; now his sole anxiety was to save appearances.

W. E. NORRIS : "Major and Minor," chap. 36.

**Mollissima fandi tempora.** (VIRGIL, *ÆNEID*, IV., 293.)

*The best times for speaking.*

Your letter, which I received three days ago, I will swear was all your own, for it had all those elegant inaccuracies *quas incuria fudit*. But I do not wonder at it and I believe your mind will not be resettled till next week at soonest ; as these therefore are not your *Mollia tempora fandi* I will say no more but God bless you.

LORD CHESTERFIELD : "Letters to his Godson," p. 213.

**Mon siège est fait.**

*My siege is finished.* The Abbé Vertot, author of the "History of the Knights of Malta," was supplied with some fresh information about the siege of Rhodes after he had written the account of it. He declined to use the new materials, saying that his siege was finished. The expression indicates that one's opinions or work is not to be changed by subsequent instruction.

If we compare Daudet with Zola, we shall see that it is Daudet who is the naturalist novelist, not Zola. It is the

author of *Le Nabab* who begins with observation of reality, and who is possessed by it, while the author of *L'Assommoir* only consults it when his siege is finished and then summarily, with preconceived ideas.

JULES LEMAÎTRE: "Les Contemporains."

**Musik ist Poesie der Luft.** (JEAN PAUL.)

*Music is the poetry of the air.* In one of his conversations with Eckermann (March 23, 1829), Goethe called architecture frozen music—*Die Baukunst ist eine erstarrte Musik*. Lessing, in the preface to the "Laocoön," says: "The brilliant antithesis of the Greek Voltaire (Simonides), that 'painting is a dumb poetry and poetry a speaking kind of painting,' was indeed to be found in no manual. It was an idea, like many others that Simonides had, the true half of which is so illuminating that one thinks he must overlook the indefinite and false which is also contained in it." (Quoted in Büchmann, p. 254.)

**Mutato nomine, de te fabula narratur.** (HORACE, SAT., I., I, 69.)

*Change the name and the story is told of you.*

Who has not laughed (I have myself) at Hon. Nahum Dodge, Hon. Zeno Scudder, Hon. Hiram Boake and the rest? A score of such queer names and titles I have smiled at in America. And *mutato nomine*? I meet a born idiot, who is a peer and born legislator. This drivelling noodle, and his descendants, through life, are your natural superiors, and mine—your and my children's superiors.

THACKERAY: "Roundabout Papers."

It is perhaps the preacher's secret consciousness of his own weakness, and his wrath with himself as both a sinner and a hypocrite, which leads him to pause suddenly in his discourse and startle the congregation by remarking that, while he is

saying, Thou art the man, he really means, I am the man. The phrase of which he is so fond, and which he uses so often, *de te fabula narratur*—it is you that the coat fits,—illustrates the same consciousness, and the tendency to apply the moral to himself.

*Harper's Magazine.*

**Naturam expellas furca, tamen usque recurret.**

(HORACE, EPIS., I., 10, 24.)

*Drive out nature with a pitchfork, it will yet come back.* The same idea has been expressed with equal felicity by Destouches in the line: *Chassez le naturel, il revient au galop*—"Le Glorieux," act. iii., sc. 5.

Such was the general training which Lord Chesterfield endeavoured to give his godson—the training to make him a courtly, accomplished man of the world—and, if he failed in his attempt, it only proved the truth of the rather mournful adage in all education, that as the young plant is by nature so in the main will be its aftergrowth. Something may be done to modify, to check, even to direct; but substantially nature will reassert herself, even though, as the Latin poet says, she be driven out with a pitchfork.

LORD CARNARVON: "Memoir of Chesterfield."

**Nec Deus intersit, nisi dignus vindice nodus.** (HORACE, ARS POETICA, 191.)

*Don't let a god interfere unless the difficulty is worthy of the avenger.* This is the advice Horace gives tragic poets about introducing the supernatural.

He took his rapier from under his cloak and seemed about to search the thickets around. "I will prevent him," whispered the Doctor to Alice. "I will keep faith with you—you shall not come on the scene—*nisi dignus vindice nodus*—I'll explain that another time."

SCOTT: "Woodstock," ch. 28.



The opportune return of the father (we are tempted to say the excessively opportune) stands by itself—has no relation to any other event in the play—does not appear to arise, in the way of result, from any incident or incidents that have arisen before. It has the air of a happy chance, of a God-send, of an ultra accident, invented by the playwright by way of compromise for his lack of invention. *Nec Deus intersit*, etc.—but here the god has interposed, and the knot is laughably unworthy of the god.

POE.

### **Nec pluribus impar.**

*Not unequal to many.* The motto of Louis XIV.

The battles of Rossbach and Lissa were drams to me, and gave me some momentary spirits ; but, though I do not absolutely despair, I own I greatly distrust. I readily allow the king of Prussia to be *nec pluribus impar* ; but still, when the *plures* amount to a certain degree of plurality, courage and abilities must yield at last.

CHESTERFIELD.

### **Nec plus ultra.**

*Nothing further.* The phrase is used to indicate the highest degree of a quality, and is also written *non plus ultra* or *ne plus ultra*. Büchmann says that it is a translation of Job (xxxviii., 11) “Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further ; and here shall thy proud waves be stayed.”

I do assure you that there is no prose composition in the world, not even the De Corona, which I place so high as the seventh book of Thucydides. It is the *ne plus ultra* of human art. I was delighted to find in Gray's letters the other day this query to Wharton : The retreat from Syracuse—Is it or is it not, the finest thing you ever read in your life ?

MACAULAY, In Trevelyan, i., 387.

**Nec tecum possum vivere, nec sine te.** (MARTIAL, EP.,  
xii., 47, 2.)

*I can neither live with you nor without you.*

There are several persons who, in certain periods of their lives, are inexpressibly agreeable, and in others as odious and detestable. Martial has given us a very pretty picture of one of this species in the following epigram :

Difficilis, facilis, jucundus, acerbus es idem ;  
Nec tecum possum vivere, nec sine te.

ADDISON: *Spectator*, No. 68.

Fournier says ("L'Esprit des Autres," chap. 16) that the duc d'Aumale, on the occasion of his reception in the French Academy, said of M. de Montalembert, whom he succeeded : "He belonged to his age more than he himself was aware of. He loved the press ; he felt for it that attraction which belongs to our times ; he feared its excesses and censured them severely, and he did not always have a personal reason for praising it ; but he always came back to his liking, and *à propos* of this he used to repeat this line, which he thought was from Catullus, but which belongs to a love elegy of Ovid (the 11th of the third book of the Amores) :

'Nec sine te nec tecum vivere possum.' "

I am desirous to stock your little store-house, that is, your memory, with the most shining thoughts of both the Ancients and the Moderns, which if correctly retained and happily applied, often stand in the stead of wit, and are very pleasing in company. I shall therefore continue to send you the brightest thoughts that I can collect from Latin, French, and English authors, both in verse and prose. Take one epigram more from Martial :

Difficilis, facilis, jucundus, acerbus es idem ;  
Nec tecum possum vivere, nec sine te.

There are too many people of this variable and capricious character ; sometimes extremely easy and good humoured, and sometimes sullen, sour and froward. You will observe that this character is upon the whole a very disagreeable one. An even, good humoured, cheerful turn is the true turn for the world, and will please all mankind.

CHESTERFIELD : " Letters to his Godson," p. 202.

I intend to give Mr. P. his full revenge when I come to discuss the more recent enormity of steamboats ; meanwhile, I shall only say of both these modes of conveyance, that there 's no living with them or without them.

SCOTT : " Chronicles of the Canongate," ch. 3.

**Nel mezzo del cammin di nostra vita.** (DANTE, INFERNO, I.)

*Midway in the journey of our life.*

*Nel mezzo del cammin di nostra vita.* This line with which Dante begins the first canto of the Divine Comedy, occurs to me this evening for the hundredth time perhaps. But it is the first time that it touches me. With what interest do I reflect upon it, and how serious and significant do I find it. It is because at this moment I can apply it to myself. I am in my turn at the point where Dante was when the old sun marked the first year of the fourteenth century. I am midway in the path of life if we suppose that path equal for all and leading to old age.

ANATOLE FRANCE.

They were quite sure they had attained a certain *gnosis*—had, more or less successfully, solved the problem of existence ; while I was quite sure I had not, and had a pretty strong conviction that the problem was insoluble. And, with Hume and Kant on my side, I could not think myself presumptuous in holding fast by that opinion. Like Dante—

Nel mezzo del cammin di nostra vita  
Mi ritrovai per una selva oscura,

but, unlike Dante, I cannot add—

Che la diritta via era smarrita.<sup>1</sup>

HUXLEY.

The greatest soldier, it is true, will often find that his campaign depends as much upon his enemy as on himself. His best plans quite as frequently will come to naught, but still, a campaign without a plan is not very apt to end in a *Te Deum*. If you would not find yourself astray in a dark wood, like Dante, when you are midway upon the journey of your lives, you must endeavor, now that the responsibilities of manhood are opening upon you, to form some definite understanding of what you have to do, and what your own qualifications are for doing it.

S. TEACKLE WALLIS: Address to the Graduating Class of the Law School of the Univ. of Md., 1872.

**Nemo mortalium omnibus horis sapit.** (PLINY, H. NAT., VII., 41, 2.)

*No mortal is wise at all hours.*

The sage pedagogue was contented with the vent which he had already given to his indignation; and, as the vulgar phrase is, immediately drew in his horns. He said he was sorry he had uttered any thing which might give offence, for that he had never intended it; but that *nemo omnibus horis sapit*.

FIELDING: "Tom Jones," book xii., chap. 13.

**Nemo repente fuit turpissimus.** (JUVENAL, SAT., II., 83.)

*No one ever became very wicked all at once.*

But your proofs show that, in the kindness of our construction, we did not give heed enough to the maxim, *nemo repente fuit turpissimus*. Such a depth could not be reached by a single plunge. The integrity of his moral nature must have

<sup>1</sup> In the midway of this our mortal life,  
I found me in a gloomy wood, astray,  
Gone from the path direct.

—Cary's Translation.

previously undergone that gradual process of decomposition which could result only from long and sympathetic association with the enemies of the Constitution.

JEREMIAH S. BLACK : "Essays and Speeches," p. 274.

**Neque semper arcum tendit Apollo.** (HORACE, ODES, II., 10, 19.)

*Apollo does not always keep his bow bent.* The quotation is ordinarily used in the sense that there are times when all need relaxation from the point of high tension.

"And pray, Mr. Sampson, are these three hours entirely spent in construing and translating?"

"Doubtless—no—we have also colloquial intercourse to sweeten study—*neque semper arcum tendit Apollo*."

SCOTT : "Guy Mannering," chap. 15.

**Ne quid nimis.** (TERENCE, ANDRIA, I., I, 34.)

*Nothing in excess.* According to Büchmann, this maxim may be traced back to the seven wise men of Greece. Fournier remarks ("L'Esprit des Autres," chap. 35) that Desaugiers made the fortune of this refrain :

Faut d'la vertu, pas trop n'en faut,  
L'excès en tout est un défaut.

(Some virtue is needed, but not too much of it. Excess in any thing is a defect.) And this came from a comic opera of Monvel, which was played in 1773. The atheist Monvel would have made a wry face if he had been told that in these lines he was borrowing an idea from St. Paul, but that is nevertheless the case. We read in the Epistle to the Romans, chap. xii. : *Non plus sapere quam oportet sapere, sed sapere ad sobrietatem*. As a connecting link between the Apostle and the rhymester of comic operas, we have, in the first place, Molière, who makes Philinte say in the "Misanthrope" (acte i., sc. 1) :

La parfaite raison fuit tout extrémité  
Et veut que l'on soit sage avec sobriété.

And then the shepherdess in Quinault's "Armide" sings:

Ce n'est pas être sage  
D'être plus sage qu'il ne le faut.

(It is not to be wise at all, to be wiser than is necessary.)

If he was not, like Lord North, "irreconcilable to no man," his enmities were neither many nor abiding; his self-control, of which I have already spoken, his balanced temper, his singular acuteness of intellect, seemed to keep him always in a certain mean. "*Ne quid nimis*," he once wrote, "is a most excellent rule in all things," and in this, no less than in the liveliness of his wit and eloquence, he resembled the great statesman of the Revolution, his maternal grandfather, the Marquis of Halifax, who far and beyond all other public men of his time held a singularly even course amidst the contentions and violences of party controversy.

LORD CARNARVON: "Memoir of Lord Chesterfield," p. 35.

### Nessun maggior dolore

**Che ricordarsi del tempo felice**

**Nella miseria.** (DANTE, INFERNO, V., 121.)

*There is no greater grief than to remember times of happiness in the midst of misery.* This is what Francesca da Rimini says in the vision when interrogated about the time of her sweet sighs, and how Love granted. Cary, the learned translator and annotator of Dante, says that the original of this idea, perhaps, was in Boethius ("De Consolatione Philosophiæ," ii., 4): *In omni adversitate fortunæ infelicissimum genus infortunii est fuisse felicem et non esse.* Boethius and Cicero de Amicitia were the two first books that engaged the attention of Dante, as he himself tells in the "Convito," p. 68. Dante's lines have been imitated by Chaucer in "Troilus and Creseide," b. iii.;

by Beaumont and Fletcher in "Fair Maid of the Inn," act i.; and by Tennyson in "Locksley Hall":

This is truth the poet sings,  
That a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things.

**Ne sutor ultra crepidam.** (PROVERB IN PLINY, XXXV., 10, 36.)

*Shoemaker, stick to your last.* These words were addressed by Apelles to a shoemaker who, after having made a just criticism of the sandals in one of the artist's pictures, was going on to express his opinion about other parts of the work.

There was however present to my friend's mind, and to that of others, a feeling that a man who had spent his life in writing English novels could not be fit to write about Cæsar. It was as when an amateur gets a picture hung on the walls of the Academy. What business had I there. *Ne sutor ultra crepidam.*

ANTHONY TROLLOPE: "Autobiography."

It is the tendency of shoemakers all over the world, within my observations, to be extreme Radicals. The shoemakers of Lynn, in Massachusetts, long ago were the advanced guard I remember of the Old Org.—the old organization—enemies of slavery as slavery, without compromise or hesitation. Every man of them was as ready as the Simple Cobbler of Agawan to tackle any problem, terrestrial or celestial, at a moment's notice. It was idle to cite *ne sutor* to them in matters of art or of politics, of science or of theology.

W. H. HURLBERT: "France and The Republic," p. 238.

**Nihil tetigit quod non ornavit.**

*He touched nothing that he did not adorn.* The phrase occurs (with a slight variation) in Dr. Johnson's epitaph on Oliver Goldsmith as inscribed on the monument in Westminster Abbey. Burke and others had written a Round Robin asking Dr. Johnson to write the epitaph

in English, but he said he would not disgrace the walls of the Abbey with an English inscription. Hardly any line that Dr. Johnson ever wrote in English is as well known and as often quoted as this Latin phrase. Perhaps the only part of a modern Latin epitaph to be compared with it is the well-known sentence from the monument erected to Sir Christopher Wren, the architect of St. Paul's, which is over the inner porch of the north transept of that cathedral: *Si monumentum quæris, circumspice*. "If you seek a monument, look around you."

And here we have only to object that the really magnificent abilities of Mr. Horne might have been better employed in an entirely original conception. The story he tells is beautiful indeed,—and *nil tetigit* certainly, *quod non ornavit*—but our memories—our classic recollections are continually at war with his claims to regard, and we too often find ourselves rather speculating upon what he might have done than admiring what he has really accomplished.

POE : "Essays."

The foreign policy of the noble lord (Lord John Russell) of which a futile intermeddling has been the most noteworthy characteristic, can be best summed up in the phrase *Nihil tetigit quod*—I will not say *non ornavit*, but *non conturbavit*. He has been eternally lecturing, scolding, blustering, and re-treating. Like Bottom the weaver he has insisted upon playing every part. But the lion's is the rôle which he has thought himself specially adapted for. He has called on us to listen while he should modulate his voice so that he should roar you as gently as any sucking dove, and again he has tried to show us how he could roar you so that the people should exclaim, "Let him roar again, let him roar again."

LORD STANLEY.

In the afternoon an entertainment was given by Sir Robert Montgomery in the famous Shalimar Gardens, the handiwork of that master-builder of the East, Shah Jehan. Few cities



indeed were there in the northwest of India which Shah Jehan had not touched with his enchanter's wand ; and there was no city which he touched which he did not also permanently adorn.

H. BOSWORTH SMITH: "Life of Lord Lawrence,"  
vol. ii., ch. 11.

**Nil actum reputans si quid superesset agendum.**

*Deeming nothing to have been done if any thing remained to do.* This is derived from a part of the description of Cæsar in Lucan's *Pharsalia*, ii., 657. *Nil actum credens dum quid superesset agendum.*

Invoke them (the Graces) and sacrifice to them every moment, they are always kind when they are assiduously courted. For God's sake aim at perfection in every thing. *Nil actum reputans si quid superesset agendum.*

CHESTERFIELD.

Lucan has nowhere exhibited more brilliant rhetoric, nor wandered more from the truth than in the contrasted portraits of Cæsar and Pompey. But the famous line, *nil actum reputans si quid superesset agendum*, is a fine feature of the real character finely expressed.

DE QUINCEY.

The tendency to fatalism is never far from mankind. It is one of the first solutions of the riddle of the earth propounded by metaphysics. It is one of the last propounded by science. It has at all times formed the background to religions. No race is naturally less disposed to a fatalistic view of things than is the Anglo-American, with its restless, self-reliant energy,—*Nil actum reputans dum quid restaret agendum*, its slender taste for introspection or meditation. Nevertheless, even in this people, the conditions of life and politics have bred a sentiment or tendency which seems best described by the name of fatalism.

JAMES BRYCE: "The American Commonwealth," ii., 297.

**Nil admirari.** (HORACE. EPIS., I., 6, 1.)

*To wonder at nothing.*

The continual admiration of enthusiastic travellers has produced a reaction, and in order to be singular, many tourists nowadays take for their motto, the *nil admirari* of Horace. Miss Lydia, the only daughter of the Colonel, belonged to this class of discontented travellers.

PROSPER MÉRIMÉE: "Colomba," i.

**Nil conscire sibi, nulla pallescere culpa.** (HORACE, EP., I., 1, 61.)

*To be conscious of no wrong, to turn pale with no guilt.*

His reported conversations, and some of his private correspondence, show Walpole to have had both neatness and facility in the trick of Latin quotation. It is true that in one of the best-known parliamentary anecdotes of the time, he once lost a guinea by a blunder in a very familiar verse. He quoted Horace's line as

*Nil consciri sibi, nulli pallescere culpæ.*

Pulteney replied that his Latin was as bad as his logic, and that the right words were *nulla pallescere culpa*. Walpole offered to bet him a guinea. The clerk at the table gave it against the minister, who threw the guinea down. Pulteney, catching it, held it up to the House, calling out, 'T is the first money I've had from the Treasury these many years, and it will be the last. The error was no worse than Burke's false quantity when he cried, *Magnum veltigal est parsimonia*. Yet Burke was not illiterate.

JOHN MORLEY: "Life of Sir Robert Walpole," p. 110.

**Nil sine magno**

**Vita labore dedit mortalibus.** (HORACE, SAT., I., 9, 60.)

*Life has given nothing to mortals without great labor.*  
"When you read," says Fournier, "in La Fontaine's 'Philemon et Baucis' these two lines:

Il lit au front de ceux qu'un vain luxe environne  
Que la fortune vend ce qu'on croit qu'elle donne,

you certainly do not suspect that La Fontaine took the latter almost literally from a letter of Voiture to the Comte de Guich: 'Generally fortune sells us dearly what we think she gives us.'

**Nitor in adversum.** (OVID, MET., II, 72.)

*I struggle against adverse circumstances.*

I was not, like his Grace of Bedford, swaddled and rocked, and dandled into a legislator. *Nitor in adversum* is the motto for a man like me. I possessed not one of the qualities, nor cultivated one of the arts, that recommend men to the favor and protection of the great.

BURKE: "Letter to a Noble Lord."

**Noblesse oblige.**

*The fact of being a noble creates obligations.*

To feel itself raised on high, venerated, followed, no doubt stimulates a fine nature to keep itself worthy to be followed, venerated, raised on high: hence that lofty maxim, *noblesse oblige*.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

**Noli me tangere.** (GOSPEL OF ST. JOHN, XX., 17.)

*Touch me not.*

Hence it is that the children of bishops carry about with them an austere and repulsive air, indicative of claims not generally acknowledged, a sort of *noli me tangere* manner, nervously apprehensive of too familiar approach, and shrinking with the sensitiveness of a gouty man from all contact with the οὐ πολλοί.

DE QUINCEY.

Perhaps the general vulgarity will one day be the necessary condition for the happiness of the elect. American vulgarity would not burn Giordano Bruno, would not persecute Galileo.

We have no right to be very fastidious. At the best times in the past we have only been tolerated. We shall at least obtain the same tolerance in the future. A narrow-minded democratic government may, as we know, easily be vexatious. However, intellectual men do live in America, on the condition of not being too exacting. *Noli me tangere* is all that one can ask of democracy.

RENAN: "Souvenirs d'Enfance et de Jeunesse," Preface.

**Non amo te, Sabidi, nec possum dicere quare;  
Hoc tantum possum dicere; non amo te.** (MARTIAL,  
EP., I., 33, 1.)

*I do not love you, Sabidius, nor can I say why; only this can I say, I do not love you.* Ramage says that "Dr. Fell, Dean of Christ Church, afterwards Bishop of Oxford, who died in 1686, agreed to cancel a degree of expulsion against Tom Brown, if that humorist could translate on the spot Martial's epigram, which he did to the Dean's surprise in the following well-known lines:

"I do not love thee, Dr. Fell,  
The reason why I cannot tell;  
But this I 'm sure I know full well,  
I do not love thee, Doctor Fell."

But the fairest objects and entisings proceed from men themselves, which most frequently captivate, allure, and make them dote beyond all measure upon one another, and that for many respects: first, as some suppose, by that secret force of stars (*quod me tibi temperat astrum?*), they do singularly dote on such a man, hate such again, and can give no reason for it. *Non amo te, Sabidi*, etc. Alexander admired Hephæstion, Adrian Antinous, Nero Sporus, etc. The physicians refer this to their temperament; astrologers to trine and sextile aspects, or opposite to their several ascendants, lords of their genitures, love and hatred of planets; Cicogna to concord and discord of spirits; but most to outward graces.

BURTON: "Anatomy of Melancholy," iii., 1, 2.

**Non equidem invideo, miror magis.** (VIRGIL, ECLOGUE, I., II.)

*Indeed I do not envy, rather do I marvel.*

What a satisfactory story that is of Burke showing Johnson over his fine estate at Beaconsfield and expatiating, in his exuberant style, on its liberties, privileges, easements, rights, and advantages; and of the old Doctor, the tenant of a two pair back somewhere off Fleet Street, peering cautiously about, criticising every thing, and observing with much coolness, *Non equidem invideo; miror magis*. A friendship like this could be disturbed but by death.

AUGUSTINE BIRRELL: "Obiter Dicta," 2d series, 126.

**Non ignara mali, miseris succurrere disco.** (VIRGIL, ÆNEID, I., 630.)

*Not unacquainted with misfortune myself, I have learned to succor the unhappy.* It was in these words that Dido offered her assistance to the shipwrecked Æneas.

"I lack no hospitality, young man," said Triptolemus, "*miseris succurrere disco*—the goose that was destined to roost in the chimney till Michaelmas is boiling in the pot for you."

SCOTT: "The Pirate," chap. 5.

I did not much care for Jack (who in truth was something of a prig and not a little pompous and wearisome with his Latin quotations), except in the time of my own sorrow, when I would fasten upon him, or anyone, and, having suffered himself in his affair with the little American, being *haud ignarus mali* (as I knew he would say), I found the college gentleman ready to compassionate another's misery.

THACKERAY: "The Virginians," vol. ii., chap. 29.

It is the poor, the bowed down, the lonely, the forsaken, who draw out his deepest tenderness. And what makes this the nobler in Keble is, that it does not seem to come from the principle of *haud ignarus mali*, but rather from pure strength of Christian sympathy.

J. C. SHAIRP: "Studies in Poetry and Philosophy," 305.

**Non mi ricordo.**

*I do not remember.* In the trial of Queen Caroline, one of the witnesses was an Italian who had been in her service on the Continent. Whenever he was pressed by awkward questions, his answer was, "Non mi ricordo"; and the phrase came to designate a conveniently forgetful memory. To a witness of this sort, examining counsel once said: "I won't tax your want of recollection any further."

One of the Tuckers, or possibly one of the Watsons had Nolan in charge at the end of the war; and when on returning from his cruise he reported at Washington to one of the Crowninshields,—who was in the Navy Department when he came home,—he found that the Department ignored the whole business. Whether they really knew nothing about it, or whether it was a *Non mi ricordo*, determined on as a piece of policy, I do not know.

E. E. HALE: "The Man without a Country."

**Non nisi parendo vincitur.** (BACON.)

*It is only by obedience that it is conquered.*

"O King live forever," was the ordinary formula of beginning an address to the Babylonian or Medean king, drunk or sober. "Your ascent to power proceeded as uniformly and majestically as the laws of being, and was as certain as the decrees of eternity," says Mr. Bancroft to the American people. Such flattery proceeds frequently from the ignobler parts of human nature, but not always. What seems to us baseness, passed two hundred years ago at Versailles, for gentleness and courtliness; and many people have everyday before them a monument of what was once thought suitable language to use of a king of England in the Dedication of the English Bible to James I. There is no reason to suppose that this generation will feel any particular shame at flattery, though the flattery will be addressed to the people and not to the king. It may even become commoner, through the growth of

scientific modes of thought. Dean Church, in his recent volume on Bacon, has made the original remark that Bacon behaved himself to powerful men as he behaved himself to Nature. *Parendo vinces*. If you resist Nature she will crush you ; but if you humor her, she will place her tremendous force at your disposal. It is madness to offer direct resistance to a royal virago or a royal pedant, but by subservience you may command either of them. There is much of this feeling in the state of mind of intelligent and highly educated Radicals in the presence of a mob.

SIR HENRY MAINE : " Popular Government," pp. 77, 78.

Religious minds hold—you find the idea underlying many books and hear it in many pulpits—that Divine Providence has specially chosen and led the American people to work out a higher type of freedom and civilization than any other State has yet attained, and that this great work will surely be brought to a happy issue by the protecting hand which has so long guided it. Before others, who are less sensitive to such impressions, the will of the people looms up like one of the irresistible forces of nature, which you must obey and which you can turn and use only by obeying. In the famous words of Bacon, *non nisi parendo vincitur*.

JAMES BRYCE : " The American Commonwealth,"  
vol. ii., p. 246.

**Non nostrum inter vos tantas componere lites.** (VIRGIL,  
EC., III., 108.)

*It is not within our power to compose such strife between you.*

It is well known that two large septs, unquestionably known to belong to the clan Chattan, the McPhersons and the McIntoshes, dispute to this day which of their chieftains was at the head of this Badenoch branch of the great confederacy, and both have of late times assumed the title of captain of clan Chattan. *Non nostrum est tantas componere lites*.

SCOTT : " The Fair Maid of Perth," chap. 27.

**Non omnia possumus omnes.** (VIRGIL, ECLOGUE, viii., 63.)

*We cannot all do all things.*

They tell me he made speeches of an hour long, and I have been told very fine ones ; but he could never persuade Parliament to be of his opinion. *Non omnia possumus omnes.*

FIELDING : " Joseph Andrews," book ii., chap. 8.

As I am circumstanced at present I cannot practise extensively in the Supreme Court, because I cannot leave the Senate long enough to go through an important cause. *Non possumus omnia.* I must leave off saying " Mr. President," or leave off saying " May it please your Honors," but, my dear Sir, I shall never leave off saying that I am, with much sincere regard, Yours,

DAN'L WEBSTER : " Private Correspondence," ii., 10.

**Non omnis moriar.** (HORACE, ODES, iii., 30, 6.)

*I shall not all die,* " and a large part of me," adds the poet, " shall escape the goddess of death."

But only true love lives after you—follows your memory with secret blessing—or precedes you and intercedes for you. *Non omnis moriar*—if dying I yet live in a tender heart or two ; nor am lost and hopeless, living, if a sainted departed soul still loves and prays for me.

THACKERAY : " Henry Esmond," book ii., ch. 6.

**Non possumus.**

*We cannot.* The reply of St. Peter and St. John to the high-priest who forbade their preaching (Acts, iv., 20).

To all offers of compromise, to all offers of anything but submission, the Catholic Church then said *non possumus*, and she says *non possumus* still.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

We own to a strong sentimental objection to a nation's giving up anything which it possesses, and the renunciation of Heligoland by Lord Salisbury awakens qualms. " Not an inch



of our soil, not a stone of a fortress," was a very patriotic *non possumus* on the part of M. Jules Favre, if he could only have adhered to it. But the greater force was on the other side. "Under a succession of staggerers," as Mr. Swiveller long ago remarked, "no man is a free agent," and France twenty years ago labored under a succession of staggerers.

*London World*, June 25, 1890.

**Non sum qualis eram.** (HORACE, ODES, iv., 1, 3.)

*I am not what I once was*, and therefore the poet beseeches Venus not to incite him again.

I find by experience that the mind and the body are more than married, for they are most intimately united; and when one suffers the other sympathises. *Non sum qualis eram*; neither my memory nor my invention are now what they formerly were.

CHESTERFIELD.

Well, sir, as I was saying, it was a long time before he could recollect me; for, indeed, I am very much altered since I saw him. *Non sum qualis eram*. I have had troubles in the world and nothing alters a man so much as grief.

FIELDING: "Tom Jones," book xv., chap. 12.

**Non tali auxilio, nec defensoribus istis,  
Tempus eget.** (VIRGIL, ÆNEID, ii., 521.)

*The present time does not need such aid nor such defence as yours.* These are the words addressed by Hecuba to Priam, when she saw the old man arm himself at the time of the fall of Troy.

And having granted more than is usual for an enemy to do, I must now take leave to say, that so weak a cause and so ruined a faction were never provided with pens more resembling their condition or less suited to their occasions.

*Non tali auxilio, nec defensoribus istis,*

*Tempus eget.*

SWIFT: *The Examiner*, No. 19.

As if we wanted to insult the thirteen colonies, as well as subdue them, we must set upon them these hordes of Hessians, and the murderers out of the Indian wigwams. Was our great quarrel not to be fought without *tali auxilio* and *istis defensoribus*? Ah! 't is easy now we are worsted to look over the map of the great empire wrested from us and show how we ought not to have lost it.

THACKERAY : "The Virginians," vol. ii., ch. 39.

### **Noscitur a sociis.**

*He is known by his companions.* Lawyers use the phrase as referring to the rule that in construing statutes, contracts, etc., the meaning of words is to be limited by those of like import with which they are connected.

And hence this friendship gave occasion to many sarcastical remarks among the domestics, most of which were either proverbs before, or at least are become so now; and indeed the wit of them all may be comprised in that short Latin proverb, *noscitur a sociis*, which I think is thus expressed in English, You may know him by the company he keeps.

FIELDING : "Tom Jones," book iii., chap. 2.

### **Nous avons changé tout cela.**

*We have changed all that.* In Molière's play, "Le Médecin malgré lui," act 2, sc. 7, Sganarelle gives an absurd diagnosis of a disease and speaks of vapors passing from the left side, where the liver is, to the right, where the heart is. Géronte replies: "It could not, doubtless, be better reasoned. There is only one thing which surprised me—that is, the position of the heart and liver. It seems to me that you placed them differently from where they are; that the heart is on the left side and the liver on the right." Sganarelle answers: "Yes, it used to be that way, but *nous avons*

*changé tout cela*, and we practise medicine now in quite a new way."

Marriage was formerly an affair of taste, inclination, sentiment. *Nous avons changé tout cela* ; nowadays it is chiefly a question of money. We are not satisfied with putting the heart on the right side of the body, we have suppressed it altogether, as a useless and often inconvenient thing.

Facts, it was once said, were stubborn things, but in our days *nous avons changé tout cela*, a fact under the knife of a critic splits in pieces and is dissected with incredible readiness.

You must not suppose, though I make such short work of it, that it is the *language* here to sit down and give America for lost. The Ministers had indeed very nearly said so, and Lord North was to bring terms for peace after the holidays ; *mais nous avons changé tout cela*, and nothing is talked of but raising regiments and sending another army—I don't know whither, because, supposing a new army can be raised, which is a postulat, it will be a little necessary to know whether we have New York or Philadelphia or Quebec ; and though probably one or two of them—but I really do not know what I say, nor have I found any body on whose sleeve I pin my faith in these matters.

HORACE WALPOLE : "Letter to Sir Horace Mann,"  
Jan., 1778.

**Nulla dies sine linea.** (PLINY, HIST. NAT., xxxv., 36, sec. 12).  
*No day without a line.*

But I do lay claim to whatever merit should be accorded to me for persevering diligence in my profession. And I make the claim, not with a view to my own glory, but for the benefit of those who may read these pages, and, when young, may intend to follow the same career. *Nulla dies sine linea.* Let that be their motto. And let their work be to them as is his common work to the common laborer.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

Next to love, literature occupied the largest part of the affections of Beyle. He was fond of reading, and wrote incessantly. *Nulla dies sine linea*, he often said while upbraiding me for my idleness.

PROSPER MÉRIMÉE.

**Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri.** (HORACE,  
EPIS., I., 1, 15.)

*Not accustomed to swear by the words of any master.*

"If I am not mistaken," he said, "the author of the *Satyricon* is the Petronius of whom Tacitus speaks." Thus his first words expressed uncertainty. Those who have since shared his doubt soon found it easier to decide the question offhand than to investigate it; they have sworn, through laziness, *in verba magistri*.

DE GUERLE.

We see, moreover, that he is burning with fervor for Lord Byron, and he follows his lead with the heedlessness of a neophyte swearing *in verba magistri*.

PROSPER MÉRIMÉE.

**Nullum est jam dictum quod non dictum sit prius.** (TER-  
ENCE, EUN. PROL., 41.)

*Nothing is said nowadays that has not been said before.* And even this opinion, untrue as it is, had been previously expressed. "There is no new thing under the sun," says the pessimistic and epicurean author of *Ecclesiastes* (i., 9). La Bruyère begins his *Caractères* with: *Tout est dit et l'on vient trop tard depuis plus de sept mille ans qu'il y a des hommes et qui pensent.* St. Jerome says that the comment of his teacher Donatus on the verse of Terence was: *Pereant qui ante nos nostra dixerunt.* "A curse on those who have said our good things before us."

Examine and analyse those thoughts that strike you the most, either in conversation or books, and you will find that

they owe at least half their merit to the turn and expression of them. There is nothing truer than that old saying, *Nihil dictum quod non prius dictum*. It is only the manner of saying or writing it that makes it appear new. Convince yourself, that manner is almost everything in everything, and study it accordingly.

CHESTERFIELD.

**Nullum magnum ingenium sine mixtura dementiæ fuit.** (SENECA, DE TRANQUIL. ANIM., xvii., 10.)

*No great genius has existed without a mixture of madness.* Büchmann thinks that this is derived from a passage in Aristotle (Problemata, xxx., 1) where he asks: "Whence comes it that all people who distinguish themselves in philosophy, or in statesmanship, or in poetry, or in the arts, are so obviously melancholy?" In Dryden's "Absalom and Achitophel" we read:

Great wits are sure to madness near allied,  
And thin partitions do their bounds divide;  
Else why should he, with wealth and honor blest,  
Refuse his age the needful hours of rest.

**Nunc vino pellite curas ;  
Cras ingens iterabimus æquor.** (HORACE, ODES, I., 7, 32.)  
*Now drive away your cares with wine ; to-morrow we must  
embark again on the mighty ocean.*

Just for one evening, the scattered members of an old circle of friendship returned and met round the old table again—round this little green island we moor for the night at least,—to-morrow we part company, and each man for himself sails over the *ingens æquor*.

THACKERAY : "Sketches and Travels in London."

**Odi et amo. Quare id faciam, fortasse requiris.  
Nescio, sed fieri sentio et excrucior.** (CATULLUS, 85.)

*I hate and I love. Perchance you ask why I do that. I know not, but I feel that I do and I am tortured.* This is

one of the poems addressed by Catullus to his mistress whom he calls Lesbia. (See *post*, *Vivamus, mea Lesbia, atque amemus*.) Her real name was Clodia, and she was the sister of Cicero's enemy, Publius Clodius. The poems concerning Lesbia, says Prof. W. Y. Sellar, "record the various stages of passion through which Catullus passed, from absolute devotion and a secure sense of returned affection, through the various conditions of distrust and jealousy, attempts at reconciliation, and short-lived *amoris integrationes*, through the *odi et amo* stage, and the later stage of savage indignation against both Lesbia and his rivals, and especially against Caelius Rufus, till he finally attains, not without much suffering and loss, the last state of scornful indifference."

Mme. Necker died in 1794, and about that time Mme. de Staël had the misfortune to meet Benjamin Constant, who was then twenty-seven years old, and who had more vices and more brilliant faculties than are generally found in one man. He made the conquest of Mme. de Staël. She became his slave and he became her slave. Their mutual passion was a mixture of love and of hatred, and recalls the famous distich of Catullus, *Odi et amo*, etc.

*The Nation.*

**Odi profanum vulgus et arceo.** (HORACE, ODES, III., I, I.)  
*I hate the profane and vulgar herd and keep it away.*

There is a well-dressed and an ill-dressed mob, both of which I hate. *Odi profanum vulgus et arceo*. The vapid affectation of the one is to me even more intolerable than the gross insolence and brutality of the other.

HAZLITT.

It would be a curious study to indicate the different forms which this disdain has appeared in among contemporary men of culture. Does not the exaggeration of technical beauties, peculiar to the school of poets called, ironically enough, Par-

nassians, proceed from this sentiment of the *Odi profanum vulgus*? Has Gustave Flaubert's *Bouvard et Pecuchet* been composed under any other inspiration?

PAUL BOURGET: "Essais de Psychologie Contemporaine," 105.

**O fortunatos nimium, sua si bona norint.** (VIRGIL, GEORGICS, II., 458.)

*O how happy they, did they but know their own advantages.*

Robbers! echoed Triptolemus in his turn, there are no more robbers in this country than there are lambs at Yule. I tell you, as I have told you an hundred times, there are no Highlandmen to harry us here. This is a land of quiet and honesty. *O fortunatos nimium.*

SCOTT: "The Pirate," chap. 5.

The grand aim of the good man had been to make a scholar of his nephew, and although from his pulpit he liked to quote the *O fortunatos nimium* to his villagers, who understood nothing of it, he was far from putting his quotation into practice and directing the taste of young Marcel towards a rural life.

YVES DE NOLY.

**Omne ignotum pro magnifico.** (TACITUS, AGRIC., 30.)

*Every thing unknown is taken to be magnificent.*

The Bulgarian risings, then, such as they were, occurred. The Turks probably were unacquainted with the extent of the organization, but we must assume that they at least knew something. For the rest, *omne ignotum pro magnifico.*

ARCHIBALD FORBES.

There is indeed a feeling in regard to the Browning Club that the members are attracted by the god because he is unknown—*omne ignotum pro magnifico.* Yet, it is not his obscurity alone which attracts, but the evident conviction that the mystery is but the cloud enveloping an Alp on which the edelweiss blooms and the chamois leaps.

*Harper's Magazine.*

**Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci.** (HORACE,  
ARS. POET., 343.)

*He who mingles the useful with the agreeable carries every point.*

Oh, gentle reader, you who ask this pertinent question, I entirely agree with you! There is nothing more desirable in composition than perspicuity; and in perspicuity, precision is implied. Of the author who has attained it in his style, it may indeed be said, *omne tulit punctum*, so far as relates to style; for all other graces, those only excepted which only genius can impart, will necessarily follow.

SOUTHEY: "The Doctor," chap. 68.

The problem for Spenser was a double one; how to commend poetry at all to a generation which thought it effeminate trifling, and how he, Master Edmund Spenser, of imagination all compact, could commend his poetry to Master John Bull, the most practical of mankind in his habitual mood, but, at that moment, in a passion of religious anxiety about his soul. *Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci* was not only an irrefragable axiom because a Latin poet had said it, but it exactly met the case in point. He would convince the scorers that poetry might be seriously useful, and show Master Bull his new way of making fine words butter parsnips in a rhymed moral primer.

J. R. LOWELL.

**Omnia mea mecum porto.**

*I carry all my goods with me.* "This," says Larousse ("Grammaire Littéraire," p. 129,) "was the reply of the philosopher Bias to those who, flying from the city of Priene, which was besieged by the generals of Cyrus, were carrying away their valuables and were astonished at the indifference of the philosopher, who made no preparations for departure. He gave them to understand that he regarded his wisdom and the treasures of his mind as the only true riches."



Let any one judge how superior our cerebral mechanism is to all the apparatus that has ever been invented : in order to light one of our theatres, a large establishment is needed, a dynamo-electrical machine of several horse-power, storage batteries filling the cellar, a considerable expenditure of combustibles, and skilful mechanics. In man, all these engines exist in miniature ; a cubic decimetre is all the space that our brain occupies, no wheels, or pistons, or regulators, no animal to make the apparatus work. We are sufficient unto ourselves. It is in this sense that every man may say with the philosopher Bias, *Omnia mecum porto*.

J. GÉRARD : "La Grande Névrose," p. 55.

**Omnia serviliter pro dominatione.** (TACITUS, HIST., I., 36.)

*Every thing servilely to acquire dominion.* Tacitus uses the phrase in referring to Otho's courting the mob in order to obtain their favor.

It is probable that I fear shame more than death. Tacitus said, *omnia serviliter pro dominatione*. I am quite the opposite. Even voluntary dependence is a burden to me. I should blush to be controlled by interest, to yield to constraint, to be the slave of any other will.

AMIEL : "Journal Intime," ii., 311.

**Omnia vincit amor.** (VIRGIL, ECLOGUE, X., 69.)

*Love conquers all things*, and the poet adds, we yield to love ; *et nos cedamus amori*.

Humane, divine laws, precepts, exhortations, fear of God and men, fair, foul means, fame, fortunes, shame, disgrace, honour, cannot oppose, stave off, or withstand the fury of it, *omnia vincit amor*. No cord, nor cable can so forcibly draw, or hold so fast, as love can do with a twin'd thread. The scorching beams of the æquinoctial, or extremity of cold within the circle artique, where the very seas are frozen, cold or torrid zone, cannot avoid or expel this heat, fury and rage of mortal men.

BURTON'S "Anatomy," pt. iii., sec. 1, mem. 1, subs. 2.

**Omnium consensu capax imperii, nisi imperasset.**

(TACITUS, HIST., I., 49.)

*By general consent he would have been considered capable of governing, if he had not been Emperor.*

It is most true that was anciently spoken, A place sheweth the man, and it sheweth some to the better and some to the worse. *Omnium consensu capax imperii, nisi imperasset*, saith Tacitus of Galba; but of Vespasian he saith, *Solus imperantium, Vespasianus mutatus in melius.*

BACON.

**Orator fit, poeta nascitur.**

*The orator is made, the poet born.* A French parody on this saying is: *On devient cuisinier, mais on nait rôtisseur.* "A cook is made, but a roaster is born."

Study, reflection, technique, have no value for women; the improvisatore mounts the stage and Pallas fully armed comes from his lips to conquer the applause of the dazzled assembly. It follows that in their view orators are divided into two classes, the common workmen who manufacture laborious discourses smelling of the lamp, and the inspired beings who have taken the trouble to be born. They will never understand the mot of Quintilian—*Fit orator, nascitur poeta.*

AMIEL: "Journal Intime," ii., 149.

**O sancta Simplicitas.**

*O sacred simplicity.*

I am cold enough not to have been very sensitive, and I have taste for the things that concern the faith sufficiently lively to have been able to appreciate how much that is touching there has often been in the feelings by which my antagonists have been inspired. Often, in seeing so much naïveté, such a pious certainty, an anger flowing so frankly from such good and beautiful souls, I have exclaimed like John Huss at the sight of an old woman who was struggling to bring a faggot to his stake, *O sancta Simplicitas!*

RENAN: Preface to "Les Apôtres."

In Goethe's "Faust," Mephistopheles says to Faust (Hayward's translation): Margaret will shortly be yours. This evening you will see her at her neighbor Martha's. That is a woman especially chosen, as it were, for the procuress and gypsy calling. *Faust*: So far, so good. *Mephisto*: We have only to make a formal deposition that the extended limbs of her lord repose in holy ground in Padua. *Faust*: Wisely done! We shall first be obliged to take the journey thither I suppose. *Mephisto*: *Sancta Simplicitas*. There is no necessity for that. Only bear witness without knowing much about the matter.

"Has there been any thing very wrong then about my Aunt Bernstein?" continued Harry, remembering how at home his mother had never spoken of the Baroness.

"*O sancta simplicitas!*" the Chaplain muttered to himself. "Stories, my dear sir, much older than your time or mine. Stories such as were told about everybody, *de me, de te*; you know with what degree of truth in your own case."

THACKERAY: "The Virginians," vol. i., chap. 34.

### O tempora! O mores!

*O what times are these! what morals!* The exclamation occurs in Cicero's first oration against Catiline. Macaulay somewhere refers to "the transparent splendor of Cicero's incomparable diction." But splendid as is his style, it is not often sufficiently concise to lend itself easily to short quotations.

In addition to the Ciceronian phrases to be found elsewhere in this Manual the following should be mentioned. In Cicero's second oration *In Catilinam* occurs the description of Catiline's flight: *Abiit, excessit, evasit, erupit*. "He went away, he departed, he sneaked off, he took to his heels." Or, as it has been felicitously but not literally rendered, "Over the mountains and far away."

The first oration against Catiline begins with the energetic *Quousque tandem abutere patientia nostra*. "How long will you continue to abuse our patience."

In the second speech against Catiline, and elsewhere, we find the phrase, *Videant consules ne quid res publica detrimenti capiat*. "Let the consuls have a care that the Republic suffers no harm." These were the usual words by which a *Senatus Consultum* increased the power of the consuls to that of a dictator.

In Cicero's first Philippic, and in other places, occurs the probably proverbial expression, indicating a pressing public danger, *Hannibal ad portas*. "Hannibal is at the gates."

In the *De Finibus*, ii., 32, 105, is the proverb: *Fucundi acti labores*. "Past labors are sweet."

In the *De Divinatione* he says: *Nihil tam absurde dici posset, quod non dicatur ab aliquo philosophorum*. "Nothing so absurd can be said that some philosopher has not once taught."

In the *De Finibus*, i., 5, 15, there is the well-known *Oderint dum metuant*. "They may hate provided they do but fear." According to Suetonius (*Calig.*, 30) this was a favorite saying of the Emperor Caligula.

In the oration *Pro Archia*, 7, occurs Cicero's famous eulogy of literature: *Hæc studia adolescentiam agunt, senectutem oblectant, secundas res ornant, adversis perfugium ac solatium præbent, delectant domi, non impediunt foris, pernoctant nobiscum, peregrinantur, rusticantur*. "These studies employ youth, delight old age, ornament prosperity, afford a refuge and solace for adversity, amuse us when at home, do not impede us when abroad, give companionship to our nights, travel with us, attend us in the country." Macaulay seems to have been inspired by a recollection of this passage in writing the eloquent words with which he concludes his review of Mitford's

"Greece": "Who shall say how many thousand have been made wiser, happier, and better by those pursuits in which she (Athens) has taught mankind to engage; to how many the studies which took their rise from her have been wealth in poverty, liberty in bondage, health in sickness, society in solitude. Her power is indeed manifested at the bar; in the senate; on the field of battle; in the schools of philosophy. But these are not her glory. Wherever literature consoles sorrow, or assuages pain, wherever it brings gladness to eyes which fail with wakefulness and tears and ache for the dark house and the long sleep, there is exhibited, in its noblest form, the immortal influence of Athens."

**O terque, quaterque beati.** (VIRGIL, *ÆNEID*, I., 94.)

*O thrice, four times happy they!*

The scenes through which of late I have conducted my reader are by no means episodal: they illustrate, far more than mere narration, the career to which I was so honorably devoted. Dissipation—women—wine—Tarleton for a friend, Lady Hasselton for a mistress. *O terque, quaterque beatus.*

BULWER: "Devereux," book ii., chap. 9.

The redundancy of their health will not suffer them to do otherwise than make the best of things; to which cause also may generally be traced their success in life, as well as the circumstance that they are for the most part confirmed optimists, prone to the assertion that all their geese are swans. *Terque, quaterque beatus.* Not only do they obtain their desires but are conscious of having obtained them.

W. E. NORRIS: "Major and Minor," chap. 3.

**Otium cum dignitate.** (CICERO, *PRO SEXTIO*, 45.)

*Ease with dignity*—i.e. retirement from active affairs and a respectable social position.

There is one very bad sign for Lord Chatham in his new dignity ; which is that all his enemies, without exception, rejoice in it, and all his friends are stupefied and dumb-founded. If I mistake not much, he will in the course of a year enjoy perfect *otium cum dignitate*.

CHESTERFIELD.

What there is in elegant leisure so much at war with the divine afflatus it is not very difficult, but quite unnecessary, to say. The fact has been long apparent. Never sing the Nine so well as when penniless. The *mens divini* is one thing, and the *otium cum dignitate* quite another.

POE.

**Panem et circenses.** (JUVENAL, SAT., X., 81.)

*Bread and the shows of the circus.* That people, says the satirist, which formerly gave away military command, consulships, legions, and every thing, now contains itself and anxiously desires only two things—bread and the games of the circus.

Ennui is an evil that should by no means be underestimated ; it ends by imprinting real despair upon the face. It causes creatures who love one another as little as men do to seek their fellows, and in this way it becomes the source of companionship. Public precautions are taken against it as against other general calamities, as a measure of wise politics, because this evil may drive men to the greatest excesses, just as well as its opposite, famine. The people need *panem et circenses*. The stern penitentiary system of Philadelphia makes mere ennui, together with solitude and inaction, its punishment, and it is so terrible that it has caused convicts to commit suicide. As necessity is the lash that falls upon the common people, so *ennui* (*Langeweile*) is the lash of the upper classes. In middle-class life it is represented by Sunday, as necessity is by the six week days.

SCHOPENHAUER : " Die Welt als Wille," i., 369.

**Parcere subjectis et debellare superbos.** (VIRGIL, *ÆNEID*, VI., 854.)

*To spare the conquered and bring down the haughty.* This line is a part of Virgil's celebrated description of the mission of the Roman people in the world. "I believe indeed," he says, "that others shall with more delicacy mould the breathing brass; shall draw, from marble, living features; argue causes better, describe with rod the courses of the heavens, and explain the rising stars; to rule the nations with imperial sway, be thy care, O Romans (*Tu regere imperio, Romane, memento*), these shall be thy arts: to impose terms of peace, to spare the humble and crush the proud." (Davidson's translation.)

*Parcere subjectis* was the rule of Rome as well as *debellare superbos*; and, while all conquest is an evil, the Roman was the most clement and the least destructive of all conquerors.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

Dante quotes Livy and Lucan to prove that God wrought special miracles in the founding of the Roman Empire, and cities, with as much reverence as if it were a text of Holy Writ, the famous line of Virgil: *Tu regere imperio populos, Romane, memento*.

LOWELL.

The Roman governor sanctioned, or even himself administered, the old law of the region; but the policy of the ruling power was to concede to local self-government as much as possible. In Roman law as in Roman campaigns, in questions of jurisprudence as in questions of politics, the maxim of the haughty and wise rulers of the world was, *parcere subjectis et debellare superbos*.

*Contemporary Review.*

**Parturiunt montes, nascetur ridiculus mus.** (HORACE, *ARS POET.*, 139.)

*The mountains are in labor, a ridiculous mouse will be born.*

The Reverend Mr. Headley—(why will he not put his full title on his title-pages?)—has in his "Sacred Mountains"

been reversing the facts of the old fable about the mountains that brought forth the mouse—*parturiunt montes, nascetur ridiculus mus*—for in this instance it appears to be the mouse—the little *ridiculus mus*—that has been bringing forth the “mountains,” and a great litter of them too.

POE.

### **Passato il pericolo, gabbato il santo.**

*When the danger is over the saint is mocked.*

St. Peter, according to an old story, once asked the Lord what compensation he had given women for the peculiar sufferings and disabilities he had imposed on them. The answer was,—Forgetfulness. But the capacity quickly to forget past dangers is common to all mankind. Who remembers, or who carries out, the vows he makes in times of alarm and illness? *Passato il pericolo, gabbato il santo.* This apparent shallowness of feeling is however, in view of the mass of misery in the world, necessary to make life endurable. General Cialdini, the Ambassador of Italy at Paris after the Franco-Prussian war, once wrote in an album : *Les souvenirs embellissent la vie, l'oubli seul la rend possible.*

### **Passons au déluge.**

*Let us pass on to the deluge.* In the Plaideurs of Racine, act iii., scene 3, the lawyer defending a prisoner (a dog who had eaten a capon) begins his discourse by saying: “Before the birth of the world,” whereupon Dandin, yawning, says, “*Avocat, ah, passons au déluge.*”

Few people know how to tell the simplest story; few have an eye for the facts that are significant, or know how to bring them into relief. Some men, if they want to say that they called on a certain person who told them such and such a thing, will begin by telling you at what hour they started, along what streets they walked, the questions they addressed the servant at the door, etc. When I see a man losing himself in the sands of these interminable digressions I am tempted to cry out, *passons au déluge.*



**Pater ipse colendi haud facilem esse viam voluit.** (VIRG.  
GEORGICS, I, 121.)

*The Father himself willed that the way of tillage should not be easy.*

Difficulty is a severe instructor set over us by the supreme ordinance of a parental guardian and legislator, who knows us better than we know ourselves, as He loves us better too. *Pater ipse colendi haud facilem esse viam voluit.* He that wrestles with us strengthens our nerves and sharpens our skill. Our antagonist is our helper.

BURKE: "Reflections on the Revolution in France."

**Pectus est quod disertos facit.** (QUINTILIAN, X., C. 7.)

*It is the heart that makes men eloquent.* In like manner Vauvenargues says: *Les grandes pensées viennent du cœur.* "Great thoughts come from the heart." If Vauvenargues was inspired by Quintilian, it reminds one of a saying of Chamfort: "To borrow from the ancients is to be a pirate on the high seas, but to steal from the moderns is to be a pickpocket at the street corners."

**Per fas et nefas.**

*By right means or by wrong*—by hook or by crook.

He maintains *per fas et nefas* a false thesis with which he fancies his interests to be bound up.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

But every thing was changed when Iahvé became a local, patriotic, and national god. From that time forth he was ferocious. This new Iahvé is no longer the ancient source of strength and life in the world. He is a murderous politician, a god who favors a little tribe *per fas et nefas*. All crimes will be commanded in the name of Iahvé.

RENAN: "Histoire du Peuple d' Israel," i., 263.

**Persona grata.**

*A welcome person.* In diplomatic language an ambassador or envoy who is acceptable at the court to which he is accredited is spoken of as a *persona grata*.

The Court of Vienna was, in our judgment, entirely justified in refusing to accept him as Minister of the United States ; for a *persona ridicula* can never be a *persona grata*.

His nephew, who rendered the name of Faber forever illustrious, was as Fellow of University a *persona grata* at Ipsden until he ventured, in defiance of his uncle, to pose as Tractarian and afterwards to follow Cardinal Newman across the Rubicon.

C. L. READE.

**Piscem natore doces.**

*You teach a fish how to swim.* A Latin proverb which describes the self-sufficiency of those who know better how to do every thing than the experts themselves. It corresponds with the English saying, "Teach your grandmother to suck eggs." M. Thiers seems to have been a man to whom many persons had a right to say, *piscem natore doces*. In his "Mémoires d'un Royaliste," the Comte de Falloux tells us how he heard Thiers, when President of the Republic, say to an applicant: "I know better than you, permit me to say, how the Sevres porcelain is made. Your secret is not what you think it is." And then he proceeded to explain, for five minutes, the method of manufacture. When the applicant left the room Thiers turned to one of the gentlemen present saying: "This poor Montholon is a needy fellow who wants me to believe in his genius for making porcelain. He has taken it into his head that I ought to nominate him director of the Sevres establishment. He is no more fit for the place than I am for—"and here he stopped. "Ah, M. Thiers,"

the Count said, "you are much embarrassed to say what it is you do not know how to do." "That 's true, that 's true," he replied gayly. "This reminds me," continues M. de Falloux, "that in speaking one day of a man elevated to a high position he said : "He is no more adapted to this employment than I am to be a pharmacist—and yet I do know chemistry."

**Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose.**

*The more that changes, the more it's the same thing.*

Whether the Brazilian monarchy had, at any rate for some half century of its not much longer existence, been much more than a monarchy in name ; whether the substitution of Senhor Deodoro da Fonseca for Dom Pedro d'Alcantara was much more than a case of *plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose* ; whether a Republic established by a handful of soldiers and schemers in one or two great towns of a country covering half a continent could be said to have any meaning as an expression of popular will,—these were questions about which none of the eulogists of the Brazilians for daring to be free troubled themselves.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY, in the *New Review*.

A new Ministry ! Is it so very new ? And if it were new would that do us any good ? I perceive that this is a climacteric time for ministers ; it is Spring, not far from Easter. The buds begin to grow then and Ministries fall. We are *blasés*. Alphonse Karr's old gardener said and resaid the *mot* which people repeat to satiety : *Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose*. The gentlemen of the Portfolios are like the "supes" that defile before us in the theatres where military dramas are given to represent a numerous army. They go out by one wing and re-enter by another. They are always the same. The political *figurants* defile before us in the same way. How many times has M. de Freycinet gone out by the right wing to re-enter by the left.

*L'Illustration*, 22 Mars, 1890.

**Point d'argent, point de Suisse.**

*No money, no Swiss*,—a saying illustrating the mercenary spirit of the Swiss.

I do not know whether the story is true or not, that Madame de Staël proposed to the Emperor during the Hundred Days to lend him the assistance of her pen if he would pay her the two millions she claimed that France owed her father. The Emperor, who knew the French well and was always more sparing of their gold than of their blood, did not accept the proposition, and the daughter of the Alps proved the truth of the popular saying, *point d'argent, point de Suisse*.

HEINE : "Geständnisse."

**Pons asinorum.**

*The asses' bridge*,—a name given to the fifth proposition of the first book of Euclid, as being a test of a student's capacity. On the trial of the suit of the Tichborne claimant to recover the family estates he was asked on cross-examination if he knew what the *pons asinorum* was, and he replied that it was a bridge about five miles from Stonyhurst,—the college where the real Roger Tichborne had been educated.

If you want to test your powers of accurate drawing you may make that lion's mane your *pons asinorum*. I have never yet met with a student who did n't make an ass of himself in a lion's skin when he tried it.

RUSKIN.

**Populus me sibilat ; at mihi plaudo.** (HORACE, SAT., I., 1, 66.)

*The people hiss me, but I applaud myself.* Horace is telling the story of a rich and mean miser at Athens who expressed his contempt for the popular clamor against him by saying : "The people hiss me, but I applaud myself at home while I contemplate the money in my chest."

Infamy was never incurred for nothing. We know very well what was said formerly,

Populus me sibilat ; at mihi plaudo  
Ipse domi, simul ac nummos contemplor in arca.

And never did a man submit to infamy for anything but its true reward,—money. Money he received ; the infamy he received along with it : he was glad to take his wife with all her goods ; he took her with her full portion, with every species of infamy that belonged to her ; and your Lordships cannot resist the opinion that he would not have suffered himself to be disgraced with the Court of directors, disgraced with his colleagues, disgraced with the world, disgraced upon an eternal record, unless he was absolutely guilty of the fact charged upon him.

BURKE : “Impeachment of Warren Hastings.” Speech  
on the Sixth Article. Second Day.

Zaccheus was not one of the most pitiable of his excommunicated class. He might be hated, but he was successful ; he was one of those who might say, *Populus me sibilat, at mihi plaudo*. In a word he was a prosperous plunderer, living in abundance among the victims of his rapacity.

J. R. SEELEY : “Ecce Homo,” chap. 20.

We English are the least sensitive and consequently the most provoking nation upon earth. *Populus me sibilat, at mihi plaudo*. Although an exasperated public in both hemispheres may be crying out shame upon us for our selfish indifference when thrones and presidential chairs are rocking and toppling, or half a continent is laid waste, we point with complacency to our accumulated wealth, our boundless resources, our unshaken credit, our laws, our liberty, our flag on which the sun never sets, our time-honored monarchy, fenced round with time-honored institutions, like the proud keep of Windsor girt with its double belt of kindred and coeval towers.

*Quarterly Review.*

**Populus vult decipi.**

*The people wish to be deceived.* It was, according to one account, Cardinal Carlo Caraffa, legate of Pope Paul IV., who said, *Quandoquidem populus decipi vult, decipitur.*

The travelling quack was always an ignorant and impudent impostor, but found that human sufferings and human credulity afforded him a never failing harvest. Dr. Green knew this; he did not say with the Romish priest, *populus vult decipi, et decipitur!* for he had no intention of deceiving them; but he saw that many were to be won by buffoonery, more by what is called palaver, and almost all by pretensions.

SOUTHEY: "The Doctor," chap. 24, p. 1.

To undeceive people is a fruitless undertaking. *Populus vult decipi.* An intelligent crowd watches Miss Fay in her flight across the darkened room. A man with a hooked stick arrests the aerial exhibitor and brings down an inflated linen bag. What of that? Miss Fay goes on exactly as before.

*Saturday Review.*

**Post equitem sedet atra cura.** (HORACE, ODES, III., I, 40.)

*Black care sits behind the horseman.*

The Sirens sang after Ulysses long after his marriage, and the suitors whispered in Penelope's ear, and he and she had many a weary day of doubt and care and so have we all. As regards money, I was put out of trouble by the inheritance I had made: but does not *atra cura* sit behind baronets as well as *equites*?

THACKERAY: "The Virginians," ii., chap. 37.

Nothing could arouse me from my gloomy brooding. The shadowy figure of care which climbs into the ship and sets itself behind the flying rider had found a place in our little waggon.

SPIELHAGEN.

In his *Notre Dame de Paris*, Victor Hugo describes a group of students who had climbed up into the windows of the Palais de Justice to see a "mystery" that was to be played in the square below them. Meanwhile they amuse themselves by chaffing the passers-by, and one of them perceiving a citizen on horseback with his wife on a pillion behind him cries out, *Post equitem sedet atra cura*.

**Possunt quia posse videntur.** (VIRGIL, *ÆNEID*, V., 231.)

*They are able because they think they are able.*

The elation and energy thus fostered by the sense of its advantages certainly enhances the worth, strengthens the behavior, and quickens all the active powers of the class enjoying it. *Possunt quia posse videntur*.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

It is true of many men that *possunt quia posse videntur*, and that they accomplish many things simply because they are not fastidious. I should never do anything, simply because I should tear up one day what I had written the preceding. It would be Penelope's web.

LORD WESTBURY.

**Post hoc ergo propter hoc.**

*After this therefore on account of this.* The phrase is applied to an argument which unjustifiedly assumes that because one thing is subsequent to another it is caused by that other.

Louis XVI. has been reproached for assisting America in its revolt against England because the war brought France into debt and indirectly necessitated the meeting of the States-General, as well as spreading republican ideas among the officers who returned to France. I think these reproaches are based on the old sophism *post hoc ergo propter hoc*.

LABOULAYE.

In his accounts of that dreadful scourge, the Black Death, which he estimates swept away twenty-five millions of people in Europe in the Sixteenth century, he has collected an imposing list of precedent and contemporaneous natural phenomena supposed to have been connected in a causal manner with the epidemic plague. Of course, in an argument of the kind, the danger of the *post hoc ergo propter hoc* fallacy must always be guarded against; and in dealing with records of events made before any science of history was recognized the difficulty of obtaining unquestionable facts is obviously great.

*New York Tribune.*

### **Pour encourager les autres.**

*To encourage the others.* When the English executed Admiral Byng, in 1757, for having failed to raise the siege of Minorca, Voltaire said ironically that it was done *pour encourager les autres*.

The phrase occurs in *Candide*, ch. 23: "Talking together thus, they arrived at Portsmouth, where a great crowd of people covered the shore and were looking attentively at a rather large man who was on his knees, with his eyes bandaged, on the poop of one of the vessels of the fleet; four soldiers placed in front of this man shot, each of them, three balls into his head, in the most peaceable fashion in the world; and then all the assemblage went away extremely well satisfied. What 's all this, said *Candide*, and what demon holds sway everywhere? He asked who the tall man was who had just been killed so ceremoniously. It 's an Admiral, they told him. And why kill this Admiral? Because, said they, he did n't cause enough people to be killed; he engaged in battle with a French Admiral, and it was found that he was not near enough to him. But, said *Candide*, the French Admiral was as far from the English as the latter was from the other. That is incontestable, was the reply, but in this country here it is well to kill an Admiral from time to time *pour encourager les autres*."



No doubt when an intriguer is found out it is well to make an example of him *pour encourager les autres*. But Mr. Elwin carries it too far in the case of Pope. He strikes a note of excess, and a misleading note, when he speaks of Pope as "an intriguing candidate for fame."

W. MINTO, in *Macmillan's Magazine*.

**Primus in orbe deos fecit timor.** (STATIUS, THEBAIDE, III., 661.)

*First of all fear created the gods.* Crébillon imitated this in the line: *La crainte fit les dieux; l'audace a fait les rois.* "Fear made the gods, audacity made kings."

This quotation is generally attributed to Lucretius. "Louis XVIII.," says Fournier, in his *L'Esprit des Autres*, "shared the common error. When he gave an audience to M. de Pongerville, the happy translator of the *De Natura Rerum*, he sought to show himself gracious by a quotation of his poet. It was, however, this line of Statius that he cited. 'How have you translated that?' he said to M. de Pongerville. Great embarrassment on the part of the Academician, who fortunately was a man of *esprit* and quick invention. Instead of a denial (for he knew the origin of the verse), he gratified his majesty with this sudden version: *La crainte la première enfanta les faux dieux.* The king reflected a moment to think of the unusual verse. 'Very good, Monsieur, very good.' These words *faux dieux*, which are a translation more flattering than exact, charmed the most Christian king. Presently he added, 'M. de Pongerville, you have reconciled me with Lucretius the poet.' 'I venture to believe,' said de Pongerville, 'that your majesty has never been at odds with Lucretius the philosopher.' 'No, no, but 'psh, the king overhears us.'"

**Primus inter pares.**

*First among equals.*

The Prime Minister is the keystone of the Cabinet arch. Although in Cabinet all its members stand on an equal foot-

ing, speak with equal voice, and, on rare occasions, when a vote is taken, are counted on the fraternal principle of one man, one vote, yet the head of the Cabinet is *primus inter pares*, and occupies a position which, so long as it lasts, is one of exceptional and peculiar authority.

JOHN MORLEY: "Life of Walpole," p. 157.

**Principiis obsta.** (OVID, REMED. AMORIS, 91.)

*Resist the beginnings*,—for medicine, the poet adds, comes too late when the evil has gained strength by long delay.

Many a man has dated his ruin from some murder or other that perhaps he thought little of at the time. *Principiis obsta*, that's my rule.

DE QUINCEY: "Essay on Murder as a Fine Art."

We shut our eyes to the beginnings of evil because they are small, and in this weakness lies the germ of our misfortune. *Principiis obsta*; this maxim closely followed would preserve us from almost all our catastrophes.

AMIEL: "Journal Intime," ii., 76.

**Probitas laudatur et alget.** (JUVENAL, SAT., I., 74.)

*Honesty is praised but starves.*

In Juvenal's second satire, 63, is the quotation:

**Dat veniam corvis, vexat censura columbas.**

"The judgment gives grace to the ravens and condemns the doves."

In Sat. x., 147,

**Expende Hannibalem; quot libras in duce summo  
Invenies?**

"Weigh (the dust of) Hannibal. How many pounds will you find in that mighty chief?"

We may compare with this Shakespeare's

" Imperial Caesar, dead and turned to clay,  
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away ;  
O that that earth which kept the world in awe,  
Should patch a wall to expel the winter's flaw ! "

In his Ode à la Colonne, Victor Hugo writes :

" Et toi, colonne, un jour, descendu sous ta base,  
Le pèlerin pensif, contemplant en extase  
Ce débris surhumain,  
Serait venu peser, à genoux sur la pierre,  
Ce qu 'un Napoléon peut laisser de poussière  
Dans le creux de la main. "

**Procul, o procul este profani.** (VIRGIL, ÆNEID, VI., 258.)

*Hence, far hence, ye profane.*

Then, in the intervals of pictured scenery and Shandean contemplation, to catch the preparation and stir in the kitchen—*procul, o procul este profani*. These hours are sacred to silence and to musing, to be treasured up in the memory.

HAZLITT.

This is a contract to tempt a man to transgress the law, to do that which is injurious to the community ; it is void by the common law ; and the reason why the common law says such contracts are void is, for the public good. You shall not stipulate for iniquity. All writers upon our law agree in this, no polluted hand shall touch the pure fountains of justice. Whoever is a party to an unlawful contract, if he hath once paid the money stipulated to be paid in pursuance thereof, he shall not have the help of a court to fetch it back again, you shall not have a right of action when you come into a court of justice in this unclean manner to recover it back. *Procul, O ! procul este profani*.

LORD CHIEF-JUSTICE WILMOT, in *Collins v. Blantern*,  
2 Wilson, 341.

**Pulvis et umbra sumus.** (HORACE, ODES, IV., 7, 16.)

*We are dust and shadows.* In the liturgy of the Catholic Church, prescribed for Ash Wednesday, the celebrant, in placing the ashes, says, *Memento homo, quia pulvis es et in pulverem reverteris.*

The effect of this allusive and compressed manner of Milton is, I need not say, often very powerful ; and it is an effect which other great poets have often sought to obtain much in the same way ; Dante is full of it, Horace is full of it, but whenever it exists it is always an un-Homeric effect. "The losses of the heavens," says Horace, "fresh moons speedily repair ; we, when we have gone down where the pious Æneas, where the rich Tullus and Ancus are,—*pulvis et umbra sumus.*" He never actually says where we go to ; he only indicates it by saying it is that place where Æneas, Ancus, and Tullus are.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

**Quæ regio in terris nostri non plena laboris.** (VIRGIL, ÆNEID, I., 460.)

*What region of the earth is not full of our calamities.* This was the exclamation of Æneas to the faithful Achates, when they saw pictures of the siege of Troy in the temple at Carthage.

In the argument before the Supreme Court of the United States of the case of *Gibbons v. Ogden* (9 Wheaton, 1), where the question was as to the constitutionality of the grant by the State of New York to Livingston and Fulton, of the exclusive right of navigating the waters of that State with steamboats, Emmett, arguing in favor of the grant, showed how much the encouragement of New York had benefited Fulton, and said that State "might proudly raise her head and cast her eyes over the whole civilised world ; she there may see its countless waters bearing on their surface countless off-springs of her munificence and wisdom. She may fondly calculate on their

speedy extension in every direction and through every region, from Archangel to Calcutta ; and justly arrogating to herself the labors of the man she cherished and conscious of the value of her own good works, she may turn the mournful exclamation of Æneas into an expression of triumph and exultingly ask, *Quæ regio in terris nostri non plena laboris.*" The Attorney-General (Wirt), in reply, spoke of the hostility created between three States by this grant, and of the dangers of the civil war it might produce. "When New York," he added, "shall look upon this scene of ruin, if she have the generous feelings I believe her to have, it will not be with her head aloft, in the pride of conscious triumph, her rapt soul sitting in her eyes ; no, sir, no ; dejected, with shame and confusion, drooping under the weight of sorrow, with a voice suffocated with despair, well may she then exclaim :

Quis jam locus,

*Quæ regio in terris nostri non plena laboris.*"

The Oxford movement was broken, it failed ; our wrecks are scattered on every shore. *Quæ regio in terris nostri non plena laboris.*

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

The little household was perpetually on the move, a little household which was always becoming and never remaining bigger, continually increased by births, only to be again reduced by deaths—until the contest between the deadly hardships of travel and the fatal fecundity of Mrs. Sterne was brought by events to a natural close. Almost might the unfortunate lady have exclaimed, *Quæ regio in terris nostri non plena laboris.*

H. D. TRAIL : "Life of Sterne," chap. 1.

**Quærenda pecunia primum est ; virtus post nummos.**  
(HORACE, EP., I., 53.)

*Money is to be sought for first of all ; virtue after wealth.*  
In like spirit the German wit, Lichtenberg, said that after

a man had stolen a hundred thousand dollars, he could afford to be honest. In the "Jocrisses de l'Amour," Hyacinthe exclaims: "What I am doing is infamous. But I need an income of twelve hundred francs so that I may live in my village, honorable and esteemed."

**Quam parva sapientia mundus regitur.**

*With how little wisdom is the world governed.* This is said to have been the remark of the Swedish Chancellor Oxenstiern to his son. Büchmann gives it in the form: *An nescis, mi fili, quantilla prudentia mundus regatur.* "Do you not know, my son, with how little discretion the world is governed."

He voted, as I had charged him to do, in every instance with the minority. I won new laurels as a man of sense, though a little unpunctual—and Dennis, alias Ingham, returned to the parsonage astonished to see with how little wisdom the world is governed.

E. E. HALE: "My Double and How He Undid Me."

**Quandoque bonus dormitat Homerus.** (HORACE, *ARS POETICA*, 359.)

*The good Homer sometimes nods.* Horace, after saying that he is delighted when he finds endurable passages now and then in certain poor authors, declares that he is indignant whenever good old Homer seems sleepy.

When Mr. Newman says that Homer is garrulous, he seems perhaps to depart less widely from the common opinion than when he calls him quaint; for is there not Horace's authority for asserting the good Homer sometimes nods, *bonus dormitat Homerus?* and a great many people have come, from the currency of this well-known criticism, to represent Homer to themselves as a diffuse old man, with the full-stocked mind but also with the occasional slips and weaknesses of old age.

Horace has said better things than *bonus dormitat Homerus* ; but he never meant by this, as I need not remind any one who knows the passage, that Homer was garrulous or any thing of the kind.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

Infallibility, however, is not the property of the human intellect ; and if there be any science which, from its multifarious details, its refined distinctions, and the compass and variety of its application, is beyond the grasp of a single mind it is probably the science of the law. Of the ablest jurist it may often be justly said, *Aliquando dormitat Homerus*.

PHELPS, J. : in *Richardson v. Daggett*, 4 Vt., 347.

### Que diable allait-il faire dans cette galère !

*What the devil did he go to do in that galley?* In Molière's "Fourberies de Scapin" (act ii., scene 11), the valet, Scapin, in order to extort money from the miserly G ron te, for his son, tells him that he and G ron te's son had been invited by a Turk to visit his galley, then lying at anchor, and while eating and drinking with the Turk the galley had set sail and passed out of the harbor. Scapin had been sent back by the Turk to say that unless G ron te sent him 500  cus he would carry away the young man to Algeria. Scapin: "It is for you, sir, to devise promptly some means of saving from the irons a son whom you love so tenderly." G ron te: "Que diable allait-il faire dans cette gal re." Scapin: "He did not dream of what afterwards happened." G ron te: "Go, Scapin, go quickly, and tell this Turk that I shall send the police after him." Scapin: "The police on the open sea! You are mocking us." G ron te: "Que diable allait-il faire dans cette gal re." And the question is repeated two or three times more in the course of this amusing scene.

Here is the dismal log of Wednesday 4th of September. All attempts at dining very fruitless. Basins in requisition. Wind hard ahead. *Que diable allais-je faire dans cette galère.* Writing or thinking impossible.

THACKERAY : "Eastern Sketches," chap. 4.

But Swift had made the mistake of entering a profession whose graver members were scandalized by the satires he penned in its cause. A priest without vocation, a politician loaded with clerical odium, what can be said but *Que diable allait-il faire dans cette galère ?*

*Quarterly Review.*

Indeed, we can only be sorry and surprised that Principal Shairp should have chosen a theme so uncongenial. When we find a man writing on Burns who likes neither Holy Willie, nor the Beggars, nor the Ordination, nothing is adequate to the situation but the old cry of G ronte : *Que diable allait-il faire dans cette gal re ?*

R. L. STEVENSON : "Familiar Studies of Men and Books," p. 61.

**Quem di diligunt adolescens moritur.** (PLAUTUS, BACCH., IV., 7, 18.)

*Whom the gods love dies young.* This is the translation of a verse of Menander's.

The first necessity of a state is that it should be durable. Among mankind regarded as assemblages of individuals the gods are said to love those who die young ; but nobody has ventured to make such an assertion of States. The prayers of nations to Heaven have been from the earliest ages for long national life, life from generation to generation, life prolonged far beyond that of children's children, life like that of the everlasting hills.

SIR HENRY MAINE : "Popular Government," p. 61.



**Quem vult perdere Jupiter prius dementat.**

*Whom Jupiter wishes to destroy he first makes mad.*  
This is Boissonade's translation into Latin of a fragment of Euripides.

There are gentlemen we know who prefer to evolve their strategical criticisms from their own profound self-consciousness : and in particular there is an editor of a philosophical weekly who would have undertaken the settlement of the war in the East off-hand, had either the Turks or the Russians invited him to act dictator by telegraph. *Quem Deus vult perdere prius dementat* ; both combatants turned a deaf ear to his remarks and would none of his counsel ; so the Turks were tremendously beaten in the end, while the Russians came to a check before the lines of Plevna.

*Blackwood's Magazine.*

**Qui a bu boira.**

*He who has drunk will drink again.*

The habit catches not merely on the man who is himself abandoned to drink, but on people who surround him, and who are grieved and wounded by his folly. *Qui a bu boira*, is as true a proverb as ever was set upon paper, but it is equally true that he who has not drunk before may take to the foolish solace out of mere misery at seeing somebody else fall into the trap it sets him.

DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY.

**Quicquid agunt homines.** (JUVENAL, SAT., I., 85.)

*Whatever men do.* That, says Juvenal, men's desires, fears, anger, pleasures, joys, their diverse enterprises, is the varied subject of his book.

People talk of this or that work which they would choose if they were to pass their life with only one ; for my part I think I would choose the Abbé Migné's collection. *Quicquid agunt homines*,—every thing, as I have said is there.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

Add that other store of knowledge which he had acquired by the exercise of a most subtle and insinuating faculty of observation upon human life and character around him, the *quicquid agunt homines*, in all its varieties of *votum*, *timor*, *ira*, *voluptas*, *gaudia*, *discursus* ; and add moreover a preternaturally tenacious memory ; and it will be seen with what an unusual stock of materials De Quincey came to the craft of magazine authorship.

D. MASSON : " Life of De Quincey," p. 137.

**Quicquid delirant reges, plectuntur Achivi.** (HORACE, EP., I., 2, 14.)

*When the kings commit follies, the Greeks suffer.*

However, every one must know that a French war is not exactly a compensation for the loss of America. We, the herd, the *Achivi*, must take the beverage our rulers brew for us ; and we that can, must console ourselves with not having contributed to the potion.

HORACE WALPOLE : " Letter to Sir Horace Mann,"  
March, 1778.

**Quicquid multis peccatur, inultum.** (LUCAN, PHAR., v., 260.)

*Whatever offence is committed by many goes unpunished.* And La Chausse says : *Quand tout le monde a tort, tout le monde a raison*—" When everybody is wrong, everybody is right."

The constitution of the courts of law at Athens was radically bad. . . . One of the crying evils of the system was the number of dicasts who sat on every trial. The maxim of *Quicquid multis peccatur inultum* here powerfully applied. They were drawn out of a body of six thousand, who were chosen by lot for the service annually, and were taken indiscriminately from all classes, so that they included a large proportion of the lowest.

WILLIAM FORSYTH : " Hortensius," chap. 2.

**Qui est-ce qu'on trompe ici ?**

*Who is being deceived here ?* In Beaumarchais' "Barbier de Seville" the Count Almaviva, in order to manage an interview with Rosine, presents himself at the house of her guardian, Bartholo, as sent by Basile, her music teacher, saying that Basile is ill. Soon after Basile himself appears, and sees through the intrigue of the Count and Rosine, but observing that Bartholo himself appears to be an accomplice, although they all speak mysteriously, exclaims (act iii., sc. 11): *Qui diable est-ce donc qu'on trompe ici ?*—everybody is in the secret.

For myself, I am of a gentle disposition, and I am disposed in reading Mr. Conant in *Macmillan's Magazine* to ask him before all things Figaro's question, *Qui est-ce qu'on trompe ici ?* Who is it that is being taken in here ? At the Philadelphia conference Mr. Conant's statement would have been quite in place ; but why he should address it to the British public passes my comprehension. We know perfectly well the real facts of the case, and that they are not as Mr. Conant puts them ; and we have no interest in getting them dressed up to look otherwise than as they are.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

**Quieta non movere.**

*Not to disturb things that are quiet.*

One of the maxims, which, as his son tells us, he was most in the habit of repeating was, *Quieta non movere*. It was indeed the maxim by which he generally regulated his public conduct. It is the maxim of a man more solicitous to hold power long than to use it well.

MACAULAY.

England will one day recollect it had a minister (Sir Robert Walpole) to whom it owed twenty years of prosperity and happiness, and who left it a motto that would have preserved

such halcyon days. *Quieta non movere* was as wise a saying as any my Lord Bolingbroke bequeathed to my Lord Bute. I do not know, whether it is true, what has been said, that my father on being advised to tax America, replied, It must be a bolder minister than I am. But that motto of his spoke his opinion.

HORACE WAPLOLE : "Letter to Wm. Mason," July, 1778.

**Qui nescit dissimulare nescit regnare.**

*He who does not know how to dissemble does not know how to govern.*

It may be objected that I am now recommending dissimulation to you : I both own and justify it. It has been long said, *Qui nescit dissimulare, nescit regnare*. I go still further and say that without some dissimulation no business can be carried on at all.

CHESTERFIELD.

Is it fit, think ye, that Baby Charles should let his thoughts be publicly seen? No—no—princes' thoughts are *arcana imperii*. *Qui nescit dissimulare, nescit regnare*. Every liege subject is bound to speak the whole truth to the king, but there is no reciprocity of obligation.

SCOTT : "The Fortunes of Nigel," chap. 32.

**Quis custodiet ipsos custodes? (JUVENAL, SAT., VI., 346.)**

*Who will guard the guardians themselves?*

You will remember the experience of our party at the last election. These same men were put in the room to watch the judges, and they did not prevent them from returning more votes than there were persons who voted, according to the count of our challengers. It was openly charged that the watchers had been bribed. Now you propose to put the same men in the same position. I only ask you the old question, *Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?*

**Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus****Tam cari capitis ?** (HORACE, ODES, I., 24, I.)*What modesty or measure can there be to our affection for such a dear person ?*

Why blush to let our tears unmeasured fall

For one so dear ?

CONINGTON.

Surely here, in this alienation, in this sense of distance between them, which had come over him before in a minor degree when the mind of Flavian had wandered in his sickness, was another of the pains of death. Yet he was able to make all due preparations, and go through the ceremonies, shortened a little because of the infection, when, on a cloudless evening, the funeral procession went forth ; himself, when the flames of the pyre had done their work, carrying away the urn of the deceased, in the folds of his toga, to its last resting-place in the cemetery beside the highway—

Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus

Tam cari capitis ?

and so turning home to sleep in his lonely lodging.

WALTER PATER : "Marius the Epicurean," p. 121.

**Qui trop embrasse mal étreint.**

*He who embraces too much grasps imperfectly.* Or, as the same idea is expressed in the elegant language of Pike County, "He bites off more than he can chew."

Herder's range was too vast to allow of his grasping any thing firmly. *Qui trop embrasse mal étreint.*

HILLEBRAND.

**Quod licet ingratum, quod non licet acrius urit.** (OVID, AMOR., I., 19, 3.)

*What is permissible is not desired, and what is not permitted inflames us all the more.* Fournier compares with this the *Permissum fit vile nefas*, "The forbidden thing

loses its value when it is allowed," of Gallus (3, 77), and the *Nitimur in vetitum semper, cupimusque negata*, "We strive after the forbidden, and we desire the things refused us," of Ovid (*Amor.*, iii., 4, 17).

We thought to make the marriage tie all the stronger by taking away every means of dissolving it, but the bond of will and affection has been relaxed and loosened in proportion as that of constraint is tightened. And, reversing this, what kept marriages in Rome for so long a time in honor and safety was the liberty of dissolving them given everybody who chose. They kept their wives all the better because they were able to lose them; and with full liberty of divorce, more than five hundred years passed before any one availed himself of it. *Quod licet ingratum est, quod non licet acrius urit.* A *propos* of this might be mentioned the opinion of an ancient that punishments sharpen vices rather than abate them; that they do not beget the desire of well-doing, which is the work of reason and discipline, but only the desire of not being caught.

MONTAIGNE: "Essais," ii., chap. 15.

**Quorum pars magna fui.** (VIRGIL, *ÆNEID*, II., 6.)

*Of which I was a large part.* Words with which Æneas prefaces his recital to Queen Dido of the fall of Troy.

I am now about to record a very curious incident in Dr. Johnson's life which fell under my own observation: of which *pars magna fui*, and which I am persuaded will, with the liberal-minded, be much to his credit.

BOSWELL.

**Quot homines, tot sententiæ.** (TERENCE, *PHOR.*, II., 4, 14.)

*As many men so many opinions*,—many men, many minds.

Among recent writers on the vexed subject of taxation the diversity of view is so great that we may say, *quot homines, tot sententiæ*.

**Rara avis in terris.** (JUVENAL, SAT., VI., 164.)*A rare bird on earth.*

When dinner was over, being reminded by Sophia of his news, he began as follows: "I believe, lady, your ladyship observed a young woman at church yesterday at evensong, who was dressed in one of your outlandish garments: I think I have seen your ladyship in such a one. However in the country such dresses are, *rara avis in terris nigroque simillima cygno*. That is, madam, as much as to say, A rare bird upon earth and very like a black swan."

FIELDING: "Tom Jones," book iv., chap. 10.

**Requiescat in pace.**

*May he rest in peace.* The sentence is often inscribed on tombstones.

She did not rouge but played some devilry with her glorious eyes, which altogether made her spectral. She wrote poetry. It was as bad as other people's—would have been worse if it could. *Requiescat in pace.* Goodish heart. Loose conduct. Gone!

CHARLES READE, of Ada Isaacs Menken, in Memoir,  
by C. L. Reade.

In short, there is a pestilent congregation of influences fatal to drama, which has actually succumbed to them long ago, though there may be certain nervous twitchings in the dead limbs. Never mind; *requiescat in pace*; let us dress for dinner.

WILLIAM ARCHER.

**Res angusta domi.** (JUVENAL, SAT., III., 165, et al.)*Straightened circumstances at home.*

Enough is told however to show that notwithstanding all the exertions of his gentle wife the *res angusta domi* had become so severe in the cottage at Grasmere that even the opium

torpor had to relax its hold and permit the master of the household to rise and look about him.

D. MASSON : "Life of De Quincey," p. 65.

### **Revenons à nos moutons.**

*Let us return to our sheep.* This expression is very common both in French and English, as signifying, let us return to the subject we have been talking about. It is an allusion to a mediæval farce in which a lawyer, arguing a cause concerning the larceny of sheep, talks about all sorts of things and is interrupted with a *revenons à nos moutons*.

The following is one of many versions of the story.

Pour trois moutons qu'on m'avait pris,  
J'avais un procès au baillage ;  
Gui, le phénix des beaux esprits,  
Plaidait ma cause et faisait rage.  
Quand il eut dit un mot du fait,  
Pour exagérer le forfait,  
Il cita la fable et l'histoire,  
Les Aristotes, les Platons ;  
Gui, laissez là tout ce grimoire  
Et retournez à vos moutons.

LA MONNAIE : "Nouvelle Anthologie Française," iv., 38.

### **Rex regnat sed non gubernat.**

*The king reigns but does not govern.* This oft repeated principle of constitutional monarchy was first formulated by Jan Zamoiski in the Polish Diet about the beginning of the 17th century. The fortune of the phrase, however, was made by Thiers, who expressed it in the better-known French form :

**Le roi règne et ne gouverne pas.**

Another historical quotation from Poland is :

**Finis Poloniae !**

"The end of Poland."



Kosciuszko is commonly said to have made this exclamation when, in 1794, he was wounded and captured by the Russians. Count Ségur, in a work published in 1800, referred to the saying, but Kosciuszko in a letter to Ségur, dated Paris, 31 October, 1803, denied that he had ever used such a senseless and criminal expression. So it would seem that it was only freedom that "shrieked when Kosciuszko fell." (The letter is contained at length in Büchmann's "Geflügelte Worte," p. 359.)

Two well-known sayings come from Prince Bismarck. On 14 May, 1872, in a speech in the Reichstag concerning his controversy with the Papal Court, he said, referring to the humiliation of the Emperor Henry IV., before Pope Gregory VII., at Canossa, in 1077:

**Nach Canossa gehen wir nicht.**

"We shall not go to Canossa."

Bismarck has often been referred to as the man of  
**Eisen und Blut.**

"Iron and blood."

In a speech by him in the lower house of the Prussian Diet, on September 30, 1862, he said: "The great questions of the times will not be decided by speeches and majority votes—that was the error of 1848 and 1849—but by *Eisen und Blut*." Büchmann says that although this phrase was made a "winged word" by Bismarck he is not its author, and he quotes Quintilian and two German poets one of whom, Arndt, said in a poem published in 1800:

**Zwar der Tapfere nennt sich Herr der Lander**

**Durch sein Eisen, durch sein Blut.**

"The brave man indeed calls himself lord of the land through his iron, through his blood."

The elder Pliny (Epis., iii., 16) refers to an exclamation of Arria, the wife of Pætus, as immortal. Pætus, having been condemned to death for a conspiracy against the

Emperor Claudius, his wife Arria plunged a dagger in her breast, and drawing it out handed it to her husband saying,

**Pæte, non dolet.**

"Pætus, it does not hurt."

**Chiesa libera in libero stato.**

"A free church in a free state."

This was the famous maxim by which Cavour sought to reconcile the aspirations for Italian unity with the claims of the church. The unification of Italy was finally achieved by that great statesman and his master, Victor Emanuel, who was popularly known as the *Rè galantuomo*—"king and gentleman" (man of honor). When the king was once called upon to write his name in the census list of Turin, he wrote, under the heading "Occupation and position," *Rè galantuomo*.

France supplies us with more historical quotations than any other country. (See elsewhere in this Manual under the headings: *Tout est perdu fors l'honneur. La Garde meurt. J'y suis, j'y reste. Le roi est mort.*) In addition to those already given the following may be mentioned.

**Chevalier sans peur et sans reproche.**

"Knight without fear and without reproach,"

was first most appropriately applied to the Chevalier Bayard.

To Henry IV. is attributed :

**Paris vaut bien une messe,**

"Paris is well worth a mass,"

by which he announced his intention to become a Catholic when he found that otherwise he could not become king of France.

To the same popular monarch belongs the saying,

**Je veux que le dimanche chaque paysan ait sa poule au pot.**

"I want every peasant to have a chicken in his pot on Sundays."

The Comte d'Argental, to whom was confided the censorship of the press under Louis XV., was once reprimanding the Abbé Desfontaines for his literary indiscretions. The Abbé sought to excuse himself by saying, "But I must live, your Excellency." To which d'Argental replied,

**Je n'en vois pas la nécessité.**

"I don't see the necessity of that."

Büchmann gives various accounts of the origin of this witticism, but seems to prefer the above, which rests upon the authority of Hénault and Voltaire.

**Le silence du peuple est la leçon des rois.**

"The silence of the people is a lesson for kings," comes from the funeral oration pronounced over Louis XV. in July, 1774, at St. Denis by the Abbé de Beauvais. The day after the fall of the Bastile, Mirabeau used the phrase in the Assembly.

In June, 1789, when the king ordered the National Assembly to separate into its different orders, Mirabeau said to the Marquis de Brezé, the master of ceremonies, who had repeated the order: *Allez dire à votre maître que nous sommes ici par la puissance du peuple, et qu'on ne nous en arrachera que par la puissance des baionnettes.* "Go tell your master that we are here by the power of the people, and that we shall not be taken away except by the power of bayonets." (Thiers: "Rév. Fran.," vol. i., p. 56.)

**C'est plus qu'un crime, c'est une faute.**

"It's more than a crime, it's a mistake,"

was a judgment pronounced upon the execution of the duc d'Enghien in 1803, some say by Fouché, others say by Talleyrand.

The *ça ira* which was so common in French revolutionary songs comes from Benjamin Franklin. When asked

about the progress of the American war, he used to answer,

**Ca ira,**

"That will go on all right."

**Rudis indigestaque moles.** (OVID, MET., I., 7.)

*A rude and chaotic mass.*

The hurry and confusion of the Duke of Newcastle did not proceed from his business but from his want of method in it. Sir Robert Walpole, who had ten times the business to do, was never seen in a hurry because he always did it with method. The head of a man who has business and no method or order is properly that *rudis indigestaque moles quem dixere chaos*.

CHESTERFIELD.

**Rus in urbe.** (MARTIAL, EP., XII., 57, 21.)

*Country in the city.*

His residence was cosey without being cramped, enriched with works of art throughout; at the back a complete *rus in urbe*, shaded by the trees of the park, on the reverse facing the confluence of three fashionable thoroughfares.

C. L. READE.

**Salus populi suprema lex.**

*The safety of the State is the highest law.*

Judges ought above all to remember the conclusion of the Roman Twelve Tables: *Salus populi suprema lex*; and to know that laws, except they be in order to that end, are but things captious and oracles not well inspired.

BACON: "Essays."

I am compelled to admit that every state has a right, in the season of danger, to claim the services of all or any of its members, that *salus populi suprema lex est*. Tenderness and consideration in the use of such extensive powers is all I can recommend to those whose business it is to call them into action.

C. J. Fox: "Speech on the Russian Armament."

**Sapere aude.** (HORACE, EPIS., I., 2, 40.)

*Dare to be wise.*

Many quotations from Horace are to be found in their alphabetical order throughout this Manual. But Horace has been such a favorite source of quotations that space fails for the illustration of all of them by extracts in which they are used. In addition to those so illustrated in this work the ensuing Horatian lines are more or less frequently cited.

**O rus, quando te aspiciam?** (Sat., ii., 6., 60.)

"O country, when shall I behold thee?"

**Hæc decies repetita placebit.** (Ars Poet., 365.)

"This ten times repeated will still please."

Horace is comparing poems with pictures; some are pleasing if looked at only once, others are seen with pleasure ten times over.

#### **Vos exemplaria Græca**

**Nocturna versate manu, versate diurna.** (Ars Poet., 268.)

"Study your Greek models by night, study them by day."

**Grammatici certant, et adhuc sub iudice lis est.** (Ars Poet., 78.)

"Critics contend and the question is still undetermined."

#### **Si volet usus**

**Quem penes arbitrium est, et jus et norma loquendi.** (Ars Poet., 71.)

"If usage so wills it which is the arbiter, the law and rule of speech."

The poet is referring to language, some words becoming obsolete and new ones arising, while what is correct is altogether a matter of custom.

**Ægri somnia.** (Ars. Poet., 7.)

"The vain dreams of a sick man."

**Risum teneatis amici?** (Ars. Poet., 5.)

"Could you restrain your laughter, my friends?"

**Nil mortalibus arduum est :**

**Cœlum ipsum petimus stultitia.** (Odes, i., 3, 37.)

"Nothing is too difficult for mortals; we seek heaven itself in our folly."

**Pallida mors æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas**

**Regumque tures.** (Odes, i., 4, 12.)

"Pale death enters with indifferent step the huts of the poor and the castles of kings."

**Vitæ summa brevis spem nos vetat inchoare longam.** (Odes, i., 4, 15.)

"The short span of life forbids us to begin a long hope"—*i.e.*, to enter upon undertakings which require a long period for their achievement.

**Simplex munditiis.** (Odes, i., 5, 5.)

"Plain in thy neatness"—*i.e.*, in elegant simplicity.

**Nil desperandum Teucro duce, et auspice Teucro.** (Odes, i., 7, 27.)

"Never despair when Teucer is leader, and under Teucer's auspices."

**Quid sit futurum cras, fuge quærere.** (Odes, i., 9, 13.)

"Avoid asking what the morrow will bring forth."

**Compesce mentem.** (Odes, i., 16, 22.)

"Control thy temper."

**Integer vitæ, scelerisque purus.** (Odes i., 22, 1.)

"The man upright in his life and free from guilt."

**Dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo,**

**Dulce loquentem.** (Odes, i., 22, 23.)

"I shall continue to love my sweetly smiling and sweetly speaking Lalage."

**Nuda veritas.** (Odes, i., 24, 7.)

"The naked truth."

**Durum, sed levius fit patientia**

**Quicquid corrigere est nefas.** (Odes, i., 24, 19.)

"It is hard to bear, but patience makes that lighter which we cannot remedy."

**O laborum****Dulce lenimen.** (Odes, i., 32, 14.)

"O sweet solace of labors."

The reference is to Apollo's lyre.

**Nihil est ab omni****Parte beatum.** (Odes, ii., 16, 27.)"Nothing is beautiful from every point of view"—*i.e.*, there is no perfect happiness.**Qu'd leges sine moribus****Vanæ proficiunt.** (Odes, iii., 24, 35.)

"What can vain laws effect without public morals?"

**Fumum et opes strepitumque Romæ.** (Odes, iii., 29, 13.)

"The smoke and riches and noise of Rome."

**Culpam pœna premit comes.** (Odes, iv., 5, 24.)

"Punishment presses close as a companion on crime."

**Non possidentem multa vocaveris****Recte beatum.** (Odes, iv., 9, 45.)

"Not him who possesses many things can you properly call happy."

Büchmann suggests that from this verse may have been developed, by a spirit of contradiction, the saying: *Beati possidentes*, "Blessed are they who possess."

**Misce stultitiam consiliis brevem.** (Odes, iv., 12, 27.)

"Mingle a little folly with your wisdom."

So La Rochefoucauld says (Maxims, No. 219): "He who lives without folly is not as wise as he thinks himself."  
*Qui vit sans folie n'est pas si sage qu'il croit.*

**Beatus ille, qui procul negotiis,****Ut prisca gens mortalium,****Paterna rura bubus exercet suis,****Solutus omni fœnore.** (Epis., ii., 1.)

"Happy he who far from the whirl of business, like the early race of men, cultivates the paternal fields with his own cattle, free from all cares of money."

**Quamquam ridentem dicere verum****Quid vetat?** (Sat., i., 1, 25.)

"But what hinders us from telling the truth in a smiling way?"

**Dummodo risum****Excutiat sibi, non hic cuiquam parcat amico.** (Sat., i., 4, 34.)

"Provided he can raise a laugh for his own benefit he spares no friend."

From this was developed, says Büchmann, the proverb (in Quintilian, De Inst. Orat., vi., 3, 28): *Potius amicum quam dictum perdere*. "Rather to lose a friend than a wit-ticism." A French proverb says: *Il faut mieux perdre un bon mot qu'un ami*. "It is better to lose a joke than a friend."

**Ohe! Jam satis est.** (Sat., i., 5, 12.)

"Oh! that's already enough."

**Sæpe stilum vertas.** (Sat., i., 10, 72.)

"Often turn the stilus,"—*i.e.*, correct your writing with care if you wish to write any thing worth being read a second time.

The allusion is to the practice of erasing with the broad end of the stilus what one had written upon a wax tablet.

**Par nobile fratrum.** (Sat., ii., 3, 243.)

"A noble pair of brothers."

**Hoc erat in votis.** (Sat., ii., 6, 1.)

"This was one of my desires."

**Ira furor brevis est.** (Ep., i., 2, 62.)

"Anger is a short madness."

**Si quid novisti rectius istis,****Candidus imperti; si non, his utere mecum.** (Ep., i., 6, 67.)

"If you know any thing better than these (maxims), impart it to me frankly; if not, use these as I do."

**Strenua inertia.** (Ep., i., 11, 28.)

"Busy idleness."



**Nec vixit male, qui natus moriensque fefellit.** (Ep., i., 17, 10.)

"He has not lived ill who has lived and died unnoticed"

**Principibus placuisse viris, non ultima laus est.** (Ep., i., 17, 35.)

"To have pleased the most eminent men is not the least praise."

**Et semel emissum volat irrevocabile verbum.** (Ep., i., 18, 71.)

"And once sent forth the irrevocable word flies."

**Nam tua res agitur, paries cum proximus ardet.** (Ep., i., 18, 84.)

"When your neighbor's house is on fire you are in danger yourself."

**O imitatores, servum pecus.** (Ep., i., 19, 19.)

"O imitators, servile herd."

**Græcia capta ferum victorem cepit, et artes**

**Intulit agresti Latio.** (Ep., ii., 1, 156.)

"Captive Greece made captive her barbarous conqueror, and introduced the arts into rude Latium."

**Vixere si recte nescis decede peritis.**

**Lusisti satis, edisti satis, atque bibisti.** (Ep., ii., 2, 212.)

"If you do not know how to live properly give way to those who are sensible. You have revelled enough, and feasted, and drunk enough."

**Non cuivis homini contingit adire Corinthum.** (Ep., i., 17, 36.)

"It is not given to every man to go to Corinth."

Büchmann says that this is the translation of a Greek proverb, whose frivolous origin one may find in Gellius, i., 8, 4.

**Sauve qui peut.**

*Save himself who can.*

If Swift had not been committed to the statesmen of the losing side, what a fine satirical picture we might have had of that general *sauve qui peut* amongst the Tory party! How mum the Tories became; how the House of Lords and the House of Commons chopped round; and how decorously the majorities welcomed King George.

THACKERAY: "Lecture on George I."

**Scribendi recte sapere est et principium et fons.**

(HORACE, ARS POET., 309.)

*Knowledge is the first principle and the fountain of writing well.*

On the other hand remember that what Horace says of good writing is justly applicable to those who would make a good figure in courts, and distinguish themselves in the shining parts of life : *Sapere est principium et fons*. A man who, without a good fund of knowledge and parts, adopts a court life, makes the most ridiculous figure imaginable.

CHESTERFIELD.

**Scribimus indocti doctique poemata passim.** (HORACE,

EP., II., I, 117.)

*All of us promiscuously, unlearned as well as learned, write poems.*

Those who cannot write and those who can,  
All rhyme, and scrawl, and scribble, to a man.

POPE.

*Scribimus indocti doctique passim*, may be more truly said of the historian and biographer than of any other species of writing ; for all the arts and sciences (even criticism itself) require some little degree of learning and knowledge. Poetry, indeed, may perhaps be thought an exception ; but then it demands numbers, or something like numbers ; whereas, to the composition of novels and romances, nothing is necessary but paper, pens, and ink, with the manual capacity of using them. This I conceive their productions show to be the opinion of the authors themselves ; and this must be the opinion of their readers, if indeed there be any such.

FIELDING : "Tom Jones," book ix., chap. 1.

**Secundum artem.**

*According to the rules of art—i. e., scientifically, skilfully.*

On the present occasion, he arose as early in the morning as the shortness of the day permitted, and proceeded to calcu-

late the nativity of the young heir of Ellangowan. He undertook the task *secundum artem*, as well to keep up appearances, as from a sort of curiosity to know whether he yet remembered and could practise the imaginary science.

SCOTT : "Guy Mannerling," chap. 4.

He was now sixty. The Olney physicians, instead of husbanding his vital power, had wasted it away *secundum artem*, by purging, bleeding, and emetics.

GOLDWIN SMITH : "Life of Cowper."

**Semper ad eventum festinat.** (HORACE, *ARS POET.*, 148.)

*It always hastens towards the denouement.*

As an advocate he went straight towards his object, narrating the facts with simplicity, ornamenting the recital, when the occasion allowed it with happy phrases or lofty allusions, but dwelling only on some decisive points which he thought adapted, either to dispose the tribunal favorably, or to make the question more clearly understood, or to show the force of some particular argument. And thus he practised what Horace, his favorite author, said of Virgil,

Semper ad eventum festinat et in medias res,  
Non secus ac notas, auditorem rapit.

LILOUVILLE : "Paillet," p. 56.

There are some charming details in these verses, but this charm itself is a distraction which injures the sentiment that the poet seeks to express. The rule *semper ad eventum festinat*, is true even for the lyrical poet ; there is always a denouement towards which he ought to hasten. This denouement is the principal thought or sentiment.

SAINT MARC GIRARDIN.

**Semper, ubique, et ab omnibus.**

*Always, everywhere, and by everybody.*

A popular author must take the accepted maxims for granted in a thoroughgoing way. He must suppress any whimsical

fancy for applying the Socratic elenchus, or any other engine of criticism, scepticism, or verification, to those sentiments or current precepts of morals which may in fact be very two-sided and may be much neglected in practice, but which the public opinion of his time requires to be treated in theory and in literature as if they had been cherished and held sacred *semper, ubique, et ab omnibus*.

JOHN MORLEY.

But one of the strangest of vulgar ideas is that a very wide suffrage could or would promote progress, new ideas, new discoveries and inventions, new arts of life. Such a suffrage is commonly associated with Radicalism ; and no doubt amid its most certain effects would be the extensive destruction of existing institutions ; but the chances are that, in the long run, it would produce a mischievous form of Conservatism, and drug society with a potion compared with which Eldonine would be a salutary draught. For to what end, towards what ideal state, is the process of stamping upon law the average opinion of an entire community directed ? The end arrived at is identical with that of the Roman Catholic Church, which attributes a similar sacredness to the average opinion of the Christian world. *Quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus*, was the canon of Vincent of Lerins.

SIR HENRY MAINE : "Popular Government," p. 35.

**Se non è vero è ben trovato.**

*If it is not true it is well imagined.*

There is no evidence of the authenticity of many of the famous *bons mots* of history, such as the *Montez au ciel, fils de Saint Louis*, of the Abbé Edgeworth to Louis XVI. on the scaffold ; or the "Up, Guards, and at them," of the Duke of Wellington at Waterloo. But without exception they are uncommonly *ben trovato*. Historians like Plutarch and M. Thiers (who adopts the Edgeworth benediction) cannot find it in their hearts to reject these mock pearls. Paul Louis Courier says

that Plutarch would have made Pompey gain the battle of Pharsalia if that would have served to embellish his phrase.

With truth scientific, moral, religious, I am at present in no-wise concerned. Only, I have no respect for the weakness that will outrage a promising bit of narrative for the sake of keeping to the facts. Imbecile ! the facts are given you, like the block of marble or the elements of a landscape, as material for the construction of a work of art. Which would you rather be, a photographer or Michael Angelo ? *Non vero ma ben trovato*, should be your motto ; and if you refuse to kill your heroine on the Saturday night because, forsooth, she really did, despite all dramatic propriety, survive till Monday morning—why, please yourself ; but do not bring your inanities to me !

JULIAN HAWTHORNE : "Archibald Malmaison,"  
Introduction.

**Sic itur ad astra.** (VIRGIL, *ÆNEID*, IX., 641.)

*Such is the pathway to the stars.*

But it is free on the whole from the magniloquence of the Souakim document, and it records, if not a wholly satisfactory yet a genuine and creditable bit of work. If we cannot quite say *sic itur ad astra*, we can at any rate say, that is the way to turn interesting barbarians out of a country where they have no business.

*Saturday Review.*

**Sic transit gloria mundi.**

*Thus passes away the glory of the world.*

But just as he (Schlegel) had turned the first bright page in the tragic history of his life, he died suddenly from the effects of a too hearty dinner, and evil tongues once more revived the scandal of his youth. To die from overeating—what an end for an idealist. *Sic transit gloria mundi.*

H. H. BOYESEN, in the *Atlantic Monthly*.

Alexandre Dumas is publishing the memoirs of Garibaldi. You have the most brilliant adventures in all the four corners of the earth in order that a manufacturer of novels may seize on the history of your life,—remake it to suit himself, and cut it up into feuilletons. *Sic transit gloria mundi.*

L. DUVAL.

**Sicut meus est mos.** (HORACE, SAT., I., 9, 1.)

*As is my habit.* "I happened to be walking," says Horace, "along the Via Sacra, *sicut meus est mos*, thinking of, I don't know what trifles, and wholly absorbed in them, when some one, whom I hardly knew by name, runs up, seizes my hand, and says, 'How are you, you delightful fellow!'"

Let me know how the matter stands and whether I must blame you, or the post office, or myself, who through some negligence, *sicut meus est mos*, may have deprived myself of the pleasure of having any news of you. When I say pleasure, I mean necessity. Be sure I cannot do without it, and hasten, if you please, to send me a few lines from the least lazy of your hands.

PAUL LOUIS COURIER.

**Sic vos non vobis.** (VIRGIL IN LIFE, BY DONATUS, 17.)

*Thus you (work) not for yourselves.* The phrase cannot be well understood without an account of its origin. A festival, designed to last some days, was being celebrated at Rome under Augustus, when a rain-storm occurred which caused a temporary interruption. The next day the following couplet was found written on a wall of the palace:

Nocte pluit tota. redeunt spectacula mane :  
Divisum imperium cum Jove Cæsar habet.

"It rains all night, in the morning the shows begin again. Cæsar divides the government with Jupiter."

Augustus having expressed a wish to know the author of the lines, Bathyllus declared they were his, and he was rewarded by the emperor for them. The next day the same verses were again written on a wall and above this line: *Hos ego versiculos feci, tulit alter honores*. "I wrote these verses, another gets the credit of them." And below were the words *Sic vos non vobis*, repeated four times as the beginning of each line of a quatrain. Augustus asked Bathyllus to complete them, but he could not, and then Virgil came forward, avowing himself as the author of the first couplet, and completing the lines as follows:

*Sic vos non vobis, nidificatis, aves.*  
*Sic vos non vobis vellera fertis, oves,*  
*Sic vos non vobis, mellificatis, apes.*  
*Sic vos non vobis, fertis aratra, boves.*

"Thus birds you build nests, not for yourselves; thus sheep you produce wool, not for yourselves; thus bees you make honey, not for yourselves; thus oxen you draw the plough, not for yourselves."

Thus we arrive at this strange result,—that immortality is *a priori* the most necessary of dogmas, and *a posteriori* the most feeble. Like ants and bees we labor at general works of which we do not see the object. Bees would stop working if they read articles where they were told that their honey would be taken away from them and that they would be killed as a reward of their labor. Man continues to labor on in spite of the *sic vos non vobis*. We do not see what is above us, or what is below us; "we form a chain," a superior man said to me. The divine will is obscure. We are one of the millions of fellahs who work on the pyramids. The result is the pyramid. The work is anonymous, but it lasts; each of the workmen lives in it.

RENAN, in the *Revue des deux Mondes*, 1889.

**Si Dieu n'existait pas, il faudrait l'inventer.** (VOLTAIRE.)

*If God did not exist, it would be necessary to invent him.* The line occurs in Voltaire's "Epître à l'Auteur des trois Imposteurs." Voltaire was not an atheist, but such a thoroughgoing deist that he built a church at Ferney and inscribed upon it, *Deo erexit Voltaire*. And he ridiculed the supposed atheism of Spinoza in the following famous verses :

Alors un petit Juif, au long nez, au teint blême,  
Pauvre, mais satisfait, pensif et retiré,  
Esprit subtil et creux, moins lu que célèbre,  
Caché sous le manteau de Descartes son maître,  
Marchant à pas comptés, s'approcha du grand Etre :  
Pardonnez moi, dit-il, en lui parlant tout bas,  
Mais, je crois, entre nous, que vous n'existez pas.

Yet in spite of all this, here comes Mr. Hall Caine writing as follows in the *Contemporary Review* for April, 1890 : " The physical eye sees, must see, and always has seen an enormous preponderance of evil in the world. It is only the eye of imagination, the eye of faith, that sees the balance of good and evil struck somewhere in some way. And if the physical eye in its pride goes abroad to believe only what it can see, it comes home, either blurred with tears, as Carlyle's was when he asked himself what God would be doing in the world he had made for man, or shining with ridicule as Voltaire's was when he protested that there was no God in the rascally world at all."

The gloomy and inexorable God of the Puritans has disappeared. He has been succeeded by a Supreme Being of infinite mercy, tenderness, and goodness ; a ruler, a law-maker, a legislator subject to limitations and restraints imposed by his own perfections. There was a profound truth in the declaration of Voltaire that if there were no God it would be necessary for man to invent one. This was flip-pant and irreverent, perhaps, but true. God is indispensable.

SENATOR INGALLS, in the *New York World*, April 13 1890.



**Si fractus illabatur orbis,  
Impavidum ferient ruinæ.** (HORACE, ODES, III., 3, 7.)

*If the broken world should fall to pieces, the ruins would strike him undismayed.* Horace is describing the man just and firm of purpose, who is not to be shaken by the ardor of the citizens commanding evil to be done, nor by the countenance of the tyrant standing over him.

Marius was in many respects a perfect model of Roman grandeur, massy, columnar, imperturbable, and more perhaps than any one man recorded in history, capable of justifying the bold illustration of that character recorded in Horace, *Si fractus illabatur orbis, impavidum ferient ruinæ.*

DE QUINCEY.

But Stoicism could under no circumstances be a regenerating power in the world. It was a position only tenable to the educated; it was without hope and without enthusiasm. From a contempt of the objects which mankind most desired, the step was short and inevitable to a contempt of mankind themselves. Wrapped in mournful self-dependence, the Stoic could face calmly for himself whatever lot the fates might send:

Si fractus orbis, illabatur orbis  
Impavidum ferient ruinæ.

FROUDE: Address on "Calvinism."

There is moreover a strong and incomprehensible prejudice against premitting the ritual of the Church of England for any consideration whatever. *Si fractus illabatur orbis*, the average incumbent would go on with his function, unless nervousness overpowered him, in which event he would secure at any cost the services of a *locum tenens*. This is no exaggeration, since it remains an historical fact that when Canterbury Cathedral was on fire, and the roof all ablaze, they proceeded with the usual choral service as if nothing was the matter.

C. L. READE.

**Similia similibus curantur.**

*Like is cured by like.* This is a maxim of the homœopathic physicians, while that of the allopathic is, *contraria contrariis curantur*. It has been remarked that the difference between the two schools is, that the latter kills you, while the former lets you die.

But when the physiognomy of society has contracted any particular grimace which it thinks becoming, it is not to be preached or lectured out of countenance. *Similia similibus curantur*; and although both Pelhamism and Byronism were affectations, the first was a wholesome antidote to the last.

LORD LYTTON.

**Sine Cerere et Libero friget Venus.** (TERENCE, EUN., ACT IV., SC. 6.)

*Without Ceres and Bacchus Venus freezes—i.e.*, when a man is without food and drink he does not love. Cf. Cicero, *De Natura Deorum*, lib. 2, c. 23, and Rabelais, *Pantagruel*, livre troisieme, chap. 31.

The reader needs neither smile at this avowal nor frown; for, not to remind my classical reader of the old Latin proverb, *Sine Cerere et Libero friget Venus*, it may well be supposed that in the existing state of my purse, etc.

DE QUINCEY.

**Sine qua non.**

*Without which not—i.e.*, an indispensable condition.

I made a prodigious effort to recover my health, sensible that all other efforts depended for their result upon this elementary effort which was the *conditio sine qua non* for the rest.

DE QUINCEY.

Lord Mayors and all sorts of people get baronetcies, and a rich husband, albeit desirable, was by no means a *sine qua non*

for the only daughter of a man who had been saving money all his life, and who was now notoriously well-to-do.

W. E. NORRIS.

### Si Pergama dextra

**Defendi possent, etiam hac defensa fuissent.** (VIRGIL, *ÆNEID*, II., 291.)

*If Troy could be saved by this right hand, even by the same it would have been saved*—words addressed by Hector when he appeared in a dream to Æneas and urged him to flee.

If the King of Prussia can get at Monsieur de Soubize's and the Imperial army before other troops have joined them, I think he will beat them; but what then? He has three hundred thousand men to encounter afterwards. He must submit; but he may say with truth, *Si Pergama dextra defendi potuissent.*

CHESTERFIELD.

It is not a little remarkable that although the right in question has all along been claimed by the judiciary, no judge has ventured to discuss it except C. J. Marshall, and if the argument of a jurist so distinguished for the strength of his ratiocinative powers be found inconclusive, it may fairly be set down to the weakness of the position which he attempts to defend. *Si Pergama dextra defendi potuit, etiam hac defensa fuisset.*

CHIEF JUSTICE GIBSON, in *Eakin v. Raub*, 12 S. & R., 346.

### Si vis me flere, dolendum est

**Primum ipsi tibi.** (HORACE, *ARS POETICA*, 102.)

*If you wish me to weep, you must first weep yourself.*

The *si vis me flere* is not only applicable to tears, but also to the impassioned sentiment of love, which, when depicted, so easily looks foolish or chimerical. To describe it well one must have experienced it.

DE PONTMARTIN.

**Solitudinem faciunt, pacem appellant.** (TACITUS, AGRIC., 30.)

*They make a solitude, and call it peace.* Not unlike this was the phrase used by Sebastiani, Louis Philippe's Minister of Foreign Affairs (in Sept., 1831), when interpellated in the Assembly concerning the Polish insurrection, which had just been suppressed with great severity. He declared that order reigned at Warsaw—*L'ordre règne à Varsovie*—when in fact the order was the silence of death.

Mark where his carnage and his conquests cease,  
He makes a solitude and calls it peace.

BYRON : "The Bride of Abydos."

His first crude notions about the one thing needful do not get purged and they invade the whole spiritual man in him, and then, making a solitude, they call it heavenly peace.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

**Splendide mendax.** (HORACE, ODES, III., II, 35.)

*Splendidly mendacious.*

Would you have had Flora Macdonald beckon to the officers, saying, "This way, gentlemen ! You will find the young chevalier asleep in that cavern." Or don't you prefer her to be *splendide mendax*, and ready at all risks to save him ?

THACKERAY : "Roundabout Papers." On a Medal of George IV.

So with Macaulay—the good Whig, as he takes up the History, settles himself down in his chair and knows it is going to be a bad time for the Tories. Macaulay's style—his much-praised style—is ineffectual for the purpose of telling the truth about any thing. It is splendid, but *splendide mendax*, and in Macaulay's case the style was the man.

AUGUSTINE BIRRELL : Essay on Carlyle in "Obiter Dicta."

One deprecates murder, but one applauds Charlotte Corday ;

and the splendid mendacity of the daughter of Danaus has, as we know, conferred upon her a title of nobility for all time.

W. E. NORRIS: "Major and Minor," chap. 47.

### **Spolia opima.**

*Rich spoils*, in classical literature, especially those taken on the field of battle; the spoils of honor.

Milton, however, was not destined to gather the *spolia opima* of English rhetoric; two contemporaries of his own, and whose literary course pretty nearly coincided with his own in point of time, surmounted all competition and in that amphitheatre became the Protagonistæ.

DE QUINCEY: "Essay on Rhetoric."

### **Spoliatis arma supersunt.**

*Arms are left to the oppressed.*

The king, who induced Lord North to take the irrevocable step, rejoiced at the large majority; according to him nothing was better calculated to cause the Americans to submit. It was the usual error of short-sighted politicians—to reduce a people to despair is the certain way of throwing them into civil war. *Spoliatis arma supersunt.* It is what Chatham felt.

### **Spretæ injuria formæ.** (VIRGIL, *ÆNEID*, I., 27.)

*The affront to her spurned beauty.* The goddess of Discord threw into the midst of an assembly of the gods a golden apple upon which were inscribed the words: "To the most beautiful." The apple was claimed by Juno, Minerva, and Venus. Jupiter ordered that the dispute should be decided by Paris, son of Priam, King of Troy, then living as a shepherd on Mt. Ida. Minerva offered Paris, if he would award the apple to her, intellectual greatness and renown, Juno promised a kingdom, and Venus the most beautiful woman in the world. Paris gave the apple to Venus, who afterwards enabled him to carry off Helen,

the wife of Menelaus and the most famed beauty of the age. In this way the Trojan war was caused. Virgil begins the *Æneid* by describing the enduring anger of Juno, which pursued *Æneas* and those Trojans who had been spared by the Greeks and the fierce Achilles, for the judgment of Paris and the insult to her neglected beauty are deeply fixed in her soul—

manet alta mente repostum,  
Judicium Paridis, spretæque injuria formæ.

He 'd no time to say more,  
For already the roar  
Of the waters was heard as they reach'd the church door,  
While, high on the first wave that roll'd in, was seen,  
Riding proudly, the form of the angry Lurline ;  
And all might observe, by her glance fierce and stormy,  
She was stung by the *spretæ injuria formæ*.

BARHAM : "Ingoldsby Legends." Sir Rupert the Fearless.

**Stare super antiquas vias.** (JEREMIAH, VI., 16.)

*To stand in the ancient ways.* In King James' Bible the verse reads : " Thus saith the Lord, Stand ye in the ways and see, and ask for the old paths, where is the good way and walk therein, and ye shall find rest for your souls."

The first of these (peccant humors) is the extreme affecting of two extremities ; the one antiquity, the other novelty : wherein it seemeth the children of time do take after the nature and malice of the father. For as he devoureth his children, so one of them seeketh to devour and suppress the other ; while antiquity envieth there should be new additions, and novelty cannot be content to add, but it must deface ; surely the advice of the prophet is the true direction in this matter : *Stare super antiquas vias, et videte quænam sit via recta et bona, et ambulate in ea.* Antiquity deserveth that reverence that men should make a stand thereupon, and discover what is the best way ; but when the discovery is well taken, then to

make progression. And to speak truly, *Antiquitas sæculi, juvenus mundi*. These times are the ancient times when the world is ancient, and not those which we account ancient.

BACON : "Advancement of Learning," book i.

John Mill was not one from whose lips the advice, *Stare super antiquas vias*, was often heard to proceed, and he was, by profession, a speculator, yet in that significant book, the "Autobiography," he describes this age of truth-hunters as one of weak convictions, paralyzed intellects, and growing laxity of opinions.

AUGUSTINE BIRRELL : "Essay on Truth-Hunting."

**Stat magni nominis umbra.** (LUCAN, I., 135.)

*He stands the shadow of a great name.* Lucan is referring to Pompey, whose reputation, at the time of his contest with Cæsar, was chiefly in the past.

Byron and Shelley will be remembered long after the inadequacy of their actual work is clearly recognized, for their passionate, their Titanic effort to flow in the main stream of modern literature ; their names will be greater than their writings : *stat magni nominis umbra*.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

**Suave mari magno.** (LUCRETIVUS, II., 1.)

*It is pleasant (when) the great sea (is tempestuous, etc.)* The words are always quoted as an allusion to the sentiment expressed in the succeeding lines. "The second book," says a writer in the *British Quarterly Review*, "begins with the well-known lines, *Suave mari magno*,—

'T is pleasant, when the seas are rough, to stand,  
And see another's danger, safe at land.'

Of course, Lucretius hastens to explain that this is not because it is delightful, or a pleasure at all, that any one should be in distress, but because it is sweet to see dangers

from which you yourself are free. It is sweet, too, to see great armies arrayed on the plains, struggling in combat, without yourself sharing in the danger. But, Lucretius continues, nothing is more pleasant than to occupy the calm, high places of philosophy, that are well defended by the learning of the wise, from which you may look down and see others wandering hither and thither, and going far astray in their search for the way of life, the contest of intellect, the rivalry of rank, the striving night and day with exceeding toil to struggle to the height of power and be masters of the world. O wretched minds of men! O blind souls! not to see in what darkness of life and in how great dangers is this little term of life spent, not to see that nature demands nothing else than for the body to be free from pain and the mind to enjoy a sense of pleasure free from care and fear."

Our being is cemented with unhealthy qualities. Ambition, jealousy, envy, revenge, superstition, despair, lodge in us with such a natural possession, that we see the image of them also in beasts,—even cruelty, that unnatural vice, for in the midst of compassion we feel within us, I don't know what, bitter-sweet point of malignant pleasure in seeing others suffer; children feel it.

Suave mari magno turbantibus æquora ventis,  
E terra magnum alterius spectare laborem.

MONTAIGNE.

Why, I like to see the gathering and growling of a coming storm, or in your own classical language, Mr. Oldbuck, *suave mari magno*—and so forth—but here we reach the turn to Fairport. I must wish you good-night.

SCOTT: "The Antiquary," chap. 8.

From its orange groves the island of Cuba has seen, without being affected by it, the tempest rage near her at St. Domingo, New Granada, Mexico, &c. If she knows the Latin poets,



which indeed seems by no means necessary to her happiness, she might in her smiling placidity, amid the universal agitation, chant with joy the *Suave mari magno* of Lucretius.

X. MARMIER.

**Suaviter in modo, fortiter in re.** (AQUAVIVA (the General of the Jesuits) in "Industriæ ad curandos animæ morbos.")

*Gentle in manner, firm in reality.*

A man who sets out in this world with real timidity and diffidence has not an equal chance for it. He will be discouraged, put by, or trampled upon. But to succeed, a man, especially a young one, should have inward firmness, steadiness, and intrepidity, with exterior modesty and seeming diffidence. He must modestly, but resolutely, assert his own rights and privileges. *Suaviter in modo* but *fortiter in re*.

CHESTERFIELD.

**Summum jus, summa injuria.** (CICERO, DE OFF., I., 10.)

*Extreme justice is extreme injustice—i.e., the stern enforcement of a legal right may sometimes operate as a great wrong.*

All laws, being intended for the good of the subjects, are bound not only to comply with their ordinary cases by ordinary provisions, but for their accidental needs by the extraordinary. And so we find it, that all laws yield in particulars, when the law is injurious in the special cases, and this is the ground of all chancery, because *summum jus, summa injuria*, and Solomon advised well, *Noli esse justus nimium*, be not over righteous.

JEREMY TAYLOR: "Ductor Dubitantium," book i., chap. 2.

**Sunt lacrimæ rerum.** (VIRGIL, ÆNEID, I., 462.)

*There are tears in things.* Matthew Arnold refers to this in the following stanza :

That liquid melancholy eye,  
 From whose pathetic soul-fed springs  
 Seem'd surging the Virgilian cry—  
 The sense of tears in mortal things.

**Surgit amari aliquid.** (LUCRETIVS, IV., 1131.)

*Something bitter arises.* From the midst of the fountain of delights, says the poet, something bitter arises which gives pain amid the joys themselves.

I admit that, in this flourishing state of things, there are appearances enough to excite uneasiness and apprehension. I admit there is a canker worm in the rose.

Medio de fonte leporum  
 Surgit amari aliquid, quod in ipsis floribus angat.

This is nothing else than a spirit of disconnection, of distrust, and of treachery among public men.

BURKE: "On the Present State of the Nation."

By land and sea carriage a considerable quantity of books have arrived; and I am obliged and grateful; but *medio de fonte leporum surgit amari aliquid*, which being interpreted means,

I'm thankful for your books, dear Murray,  
 But why not send Scott's Monastery?

the only book in four living volumes I would give a baiocco to see—'bating the rest of the same author, and an occasional Edinburgh and Quarterly as brief chroniclers of the times.

BYRON.

**Sursum corda.**

*Elevate your hearts.* These are the words which in the Catholic Liturgy precede the elevation of the host, the response to them being, *Habemus ad Dominum.*

Magnanimity in politics is not seldom the truest wisdom; and a great empire and little minds go ill together. If we are conscious of our situation and glow with zeal to fill our place

as becomes our station and ourselves, we ought to auspicate all our public proceedings on America with the old warning of the Church, *Sursum corda!* We ought to elevate our minds to the greatness of that trust to which the order of Providence has called us.

BURKE : Speech on "Conciliation with America."

Whatever career you may embrace, adopt a lofty aim, and give to its service an inflexible constancy. *Sursum corda*, keep your heart on high,—that is the sum of philosophy.

VICTOR COUSIN.

### **Surtout point de zèle.**

*Above all things no zeal.* This was Talleyrand's direction to his subordinates, whose zeal was not apt to be according to knowledge.

The suspect, who was wholly innocent, was taken to London and kept in custody for nearly a year before being discharged, after which, by way of a slight redress, a letter of reprimand for his *trop de zèle* was sent by direction of Lord Carteret to the militant dignitary.

H. D. TRAIL : "Life of Sterne," chap. 2.

### **Tantæne animis cœlestibus iræ? (VIRGIL, ÆNEID, I., 11.)**

*Can there be such resentment in heavenly bosoms?*

The ladies who had commodities of their own to sell and did not want dressing-gowns saw at once the frivolity and bad taste of this masculine preference for goods which any tailor could furnish; and it is possible that the emphatic notice of various kinds which was drawn towards Miss Tulliver on this public occasion threw a very strong and unmistakable light on her subsequent conduct in many minds then present. Not that anger, on account of spurned beauty, can dwell in the celestial breasts of charitable ladies, but rather that the errors of persons who have once been much admired necessarily take a deeper tinge from the mere force of contrast.

GEORGE ELIOT : "The Mill on the Floss," book vi., chap. 9.

**Tantum religio potuit suadere malorum.** (LUCRETIVS,  
DE NAT. RERUM, I., 102.)

*So many evils has religion been able to instigate.*

Lucretius, the poet, when he beheld the act of Agamemnon, that he could endure the sacrificing of his own daughter, exclaimed :

Tantum religio potuit suadere malorum.

What would he have said if he had known of the massacre in France, or the powder treason of England? He would have been seven times more epicure and atheist than he was : for, as the temporal sword is to be drawn with great circumspection in cases of religion, so it is a thing monstrous to put it into the hands of the common people ; let that be left unto the anabaptists and other furies.

BACON : " Essay of Unity in Religion."

Intolerance is the shadow which dogs the footsteps of faith, and in many cases more than obscures its benefits. When we consider the mass of human misery which has been occasioned by religious wars and persecutions ; the ruthless extirpation of the Albigenses ; the slaughter of the saints

whose bones

Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold ;

the Thirty Years' War, which desolated Germany and threw civilization back for a century ; the civil wars of France ; the Spanish Inquisition ; and a thousand other instances of the baleful effects of religious hatreds, we can almost sympathize with those who pronounce religion an invention of priests for the promotion of evil, and exclaim with the Roman poet :

Tantum religio potuit suadere malorum.

S. LAING : " Modern Science and Modern Thought," chap. 9.

**Tel est notre bon plaisir.**

*Such is our good pleasure.* This was the customary phrase which preceded the signature of the kings of

France to ordinances. In England the Royal assent to Acts of Parliament was signified by a: *Le Roy le veult*, "The King wills it."

O German fatherland! dear German people! I am thy Conrad von der Rosen. The man whose proper business was to amuse thee, and who in good times should have catered only for thy mirth, makes his way into thy prison in time of need; here, under my cloak, I bring thee thy sceptre and crown; dost thou not recognize me, my Kaiser? If I cannot free thee, I will at least comfort thee, and thou shalt at least have one with thee who will prattle with thee about thy sorest affliction, and whisper courage to thee, and love thee, and whose best joke and best blood shall be at thy service. For thou, my people, art the true Kaiser, the true lord of the land; thy will is sovereign, and more legitimate far than that purple *Tel est notre plaisir*, which invokes a divine right with no better warrant than the anointings of shaven and shorn jugglers; thy will, my people, is the sole rightful source of power.

HEINE: Trans. by Matthew Arnold in "Essay on Heine."

### **Tempora mutantur et nos mutamur in illis.**

*Times change and we change with them.* The saying is taken, with a slight alteration, from a poem of Matthias Borbonius, a mediæval German writer.

But the great evil in such cases is this—that we cannot see the extent of the changes wrought or being wrought from having ourselves partaken in them. *Tempora mutantur*; and naturally if we could review them with the neutral eye of a stranger, it would be impossible for us not to see the extent of those changes. But our eye is not neutral; we also have partaken in the changes; *et nos mutamur in illis*. And this fact disturbs the power of appreciating those changes.

DE QUINCEY.

It reads like a fable that the Prussian Chambers should be taunted with a want of patriotism. *Tempora mutantur et nos*

*matamur in illis.* Prussian patriotism has of late years become somewhat oppressive, and we are apt at times to forget that it has not always deserved this reproach.

*Frazer's Magazine.*

**Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes.** (VIRGIL, *ÆNEID*, II., 49.)  
*I fear the Greeks even when they bring presents.*

Tell Mrs. Boswell that I shall taste her marmalade cautiously at first. *Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes.* Beware, says the Italian proverb, of a reconciled enemy. But when I find it does me no harm I shall then receive it and be thankful for it as a pledge of firm and I hope of unalterable kindness.

DR. JOHNSON.

**Totus, teres, atque rotundus.** (HORACE, *SAT.*, II., 7, 86.)  
*Complete, smooth, and well rounded.*

The same defect is displayed in the treatment of Burns as a man, which is broken, apologetical, and confused. The man here presented to us is not that Burns, *teres atque rotundus*—a burly figure in literature, as, from our present vantage of time, we have begun to see him.

R. L. STEVENSON : "Familiar Studies of Men and Books," 60.

Education is well finished for all worldly purposes when the head is brought into the state whereinto I am accustomed to bring a marrow bone, when it has been set before me on a toast, with a white napkin wrapped around it. Nothing trundles along the high road of preferment so trimly as a well-biassed sconce, picked clean within and polished without ; *totus, teres, atque rotundus.* The perfection of the finishing lies in the bias, which keeps it trundling in the given direction.

THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK : "Crochet Castle," chap. 9.

**Tout comprendre c'est tout pardonner.**

*To understand every thing is to forgive every thing.*

The circumstances attending the death of Ferdinand Lassalle, notwithstanding all that has been written about that fatal

duel and the causes that led up to it, have never been fully understood. When it was announced that "the woman in the case," who is now the Countess Helena von Racowitza, was about to publish her memoirs, we hoped to have the key of the enigma. Her book, however, is a disappointment. It does not relieve her from the imputation that it was her vacillation which precipitated, if it did not actually cause, the catastrophe. She begins by invoking the maxim, *Tout comprendre c'est tout pardonner*, but since she does not tell us every thing we must decline to grant the pardon, which is conditional upon making a clean breast of it.

**Tout est pour le mieux dans le meilleur des mondes possibles.**

*Every thing is for the best in the best of possible worlds.* This was the thesis of Dr. Pangloss in Voltaire's "Candide," which is a satire on the optimism of Leibnitz. Although Pangloss was nearly killed by the Bulgarians, was afterwards shipwrecked, and rescued only to arrive in Lisbon in time for the great earthquake, and then to fall into the hands of the Inquisition, he steadily maintained this philosophical principle.

If Voltaire was willing to give up three hundred years of his eternal fame for a good digestion of food, I offer double for the food itself. Ah! what fine, magnificent food there is in this world. The philosopher Pangloss is right—it is the best world. But one must have money in this best world—money in his pocket and not manuscripts in his desk. The landlord of the "King of England," Herr Marr, is an author himself, and also knows the Horatian rule, but I do not believe he would feed me for nine years if I wanted to practise it.

HEINE: "Reisebilder," i.

You see—you see! And now you have embraced Jacob just as poor Esau did, and you are content to be an outcast, and all is for the best in the best of possible worlds.

W. E. NORRIS.

**Tout est perdu, fors l'honneur.**

*All is lost save honor.* It was with these words that Francis I. is commonly said to have announced to his mother his disaster at Pavia. The phrase can only be made out from the original letter by putting together two separated passages.

A single glance, says Guy de Maupassant, in "Sur l'Eau," at the past of our country will make us understand that the fame of our great men has never been made except by happy phrases. The most detestable princes have become popular on account of agreeable pleasantries, retained and repeated from century to century. . . . Clovis, the Christian king, exclaimed when he heard the Passion read: "If I had only been there with my Franks." This prince, in order to reign alone, massacred his allies and his relatives, committed all imaginable crimes. But still he is regarded as a civilising and pious monarch. "If I had only been there with my Franks!" . . . What do we know of Louis VI.? Nothing. Pardon. At the battle of Brenneville, when an Englishman laid hand on him, crying out, "The king is taken!" this prince, thoroughly French, replied, "Don't you know that you never take the king even in playing chess?"

Louis IX., although a saint, did not leave us a single saying to remember. Accordingly his reign seems to us horribly dull, full of prayers and penitence. Philip VI., that fool, beaten and wounded at Cressy, went to knock at the door of the Chateau del'Arboie, crying, *Ouvrez, c'est la fortune de la France.* We are still grateful to him for this melodramatic phrase. . . . Francis I., silly though he was, addicted to courtesans and an unfortunate general, has saved his memory and surrounded his name with an imperishable halo by writing to his mother those few superb words after the defeat at Pavia: *Tout est perdu, madame, fors l'honneur.* Does not this saying to-day seem to us as fine as a victory? Has it not illustrated the prince more than the conquest of a kingdom? We have forgotten the



names of most of the great battles fought at that distant epoch; shall we ever forget, *Tout est perdu fors l'honneur?*

**Tout finit par des chansons.** (BEAUMARCHAIS, MARIAGE DE FIGARO, END.)

*Every thing ends with songs.* This is taken not only to mean that a subject of mirth is found in the most serious matters, but also as having the significance of the saying under the old regime: *La France est une monarchie absolue, tempérée par des chansons.* "France is an absolute monarchy tempered by songs." (In some versions the word "epigrams" takes the place of "songs.") And so it was said *à propos* of the murder of the Emperor Paul, in 1801, *La Russie est un despotisme tempéré par l'assassinat.* "Russia is a despotism tempered by assassination." Marshal Soubise announced his defeat at Rosbach, in 1757, by writing to Louis XV.: "The rout of your army is complete; I cannot say how many of your officers have been killed, captured, or lost." Duruy says, commenting on this ("Histoire de France," ii, 452): "The judge most to be feared then was not the king, it was the public, upon whom everything began to depend, and who punished the incapacity of generals and the mistakes of ministers with biting satires." One of the songs which obtained currency after Rosbach, began:

Soubise dit, la lanterne à la main :  
J'ai beau chercher où diable est mon armée ;  
Elle était là pourtant hier matin.  
Me l'a-t-on prise, ou l'aurais-je égarée ?

**Tout vient à qui sait attendre.**

*Every thing comes to him who knows how to wait.*

"Everything comes to him who knows how to wait." Perhaps? But, if the philosopher had made the slight addition, "generally too late to enjoy it," the sentiment would have

gained in matter-of-fact wisdom what it lost in simple, steadfast faith. As it stands, it is a golden adage to dangle before the straining eyes of aspiring youth, and should carry conviction from the lips of hoary age, were it not for an inborn instinct in the young which rejects the doctrine as fair-sounding but false.

*London World.*

### **Traduttore, traditore.**

*Translators (are) traitors.*

The "traitor translator" has been a fruitful source of wrath on the part of the betrayed author and of amusement on the part of the general public. Some of his blunders are really bewildering. One can understand how Cibber's comedy of "Love's Last Shift" lent itself to travesty as "*La dernière Chemise de l'Amour*"; how Congreve's tragedy of "The Mourning Bride" might become "*L'Epouse de Matin*"; or how "The Bride of Lammermoor" might be turned into "*La Bride (bridle) de Lammermoor.*" . . . But Miss Cooper, the daughter of the novelist, tells a story which is wellnigh incredible. When in Paris she saw a French translation of "The Spy," in which a man is represented as tying his horse to a locust. Not understanding that the locust tree was meant, the intelligent Frenchman translated the word as *sauterelle*, and feeling that some explanation was due, he gravely explained in a note that grasshoppers grew to an enormous size in America, and that one of them, dead and stuffed, was placed at the door of the mansion for the convenience of visitors on horseback.

*Lippincott's Magazine.*

It is, I think, impossible to reproduce in French the charm of these descriptions, which are at once so simple and so picturesque, for the conciseness and the richness of the Russian language defy the most skilful translators. *Traduttore, traditore*, the Italians say with truth. More than anybody else, Monsieur Tourgenef has had occasion to complain of those who have attempted to make us acquainted with his works.

MÉRIMÉE.

**Trahit sua quemque voluptas.** (VIRGIL, EC., II., 65.)

*His own especial pleasure attracts each one.*

You smile, Darsie, *more tuo*, and seem to say it is little worth while to crown one's self with such vulgar dreams; yours being on the contrary of a high and heroic character bearing the same resemblance to mine that a bench covered with purple cloth and plentifully loaded with session papers does to some Gothic throne rough with barbaric pearl and gold. But what would you have? *Sua quemque trahit voluptas.*

SCOTT: "Redgauntlet," Letter 2.

"You don't know the Latin proverbs," said the doctor to Signor Pulcinelle. "There is one which says this: *Trahit sua quemque voluptas.*"

"That means?"

"That means; Gilles will go back to Florise, and that also means, it would be as impossible for him not to go back as it is for the Signor Pulcinelle and Doctor Bolvardo Grazian of Bologna not to get drunk any more. Think on these things."

LOUIS MORIS.

**Ut solus eris, si solus eris.** (OVID, REM. AM., 583.)

*You will be said if you are alone.*

The following quotations from Ovid may be added to those illustrated by extracts in this manual.

**Facies non omnibus una,**

**Met diversa tamen, qualem decet esse sororum.** (Met., II., 13.)

"They are not alike in countenance, nor yet different, as is becoming in the case of sisters."

**Si componere magnis**

**Parvo mihi fas est.** (Met., V., 416.)

"If I may be allowed to compare small things with great."

**Pia fraus.** (Met., IX., 711.)

*Pious fraud.*

**vorax rerum.** (Met., XV., 234.)

*The devourer of things.*

**Os homini sublime dedit, cœlumque tueri  
Jussit, et erectos ad sidera tollere vultus.** (Met., i., 85.)

"He gave to man a noble countenance and commanded him to gaze upon the heavens and to carry his looks upward to the stars."

**Dicique beatus**

**Ante obitum nemo supremaque funera debet.** (Met., iii., 136.)

"No man should be called happy before he is dead and buried."

**Causa latet; vis est notissima.** (Met., iv., 287.)

"The cause is hidden, the effect is most obvious."

**Credula res amor est.** (Met., vii., 826, and Heroid., vi., 21.)

"Love is a credulous thing."

**Nam genus, et proavos, et quæ non fecimus ipsi,**

**Vix ea nostra voco.** (Met., xiii., 137.)

"For descent and ancestors and those things which we have not ourselves achieved, I can scarcely call our own."

**Omne solum forti patria est.** (Fast., i., 493.)

"Every land is a home to the brave man."

**Est deus in nobis.** (Fast., vi., 5.)

"There is a God within us." Lamartine wrote in his second meditation, dedicated to Lord Byron:

Borné dans sa nature, infini dans ses vœux;

L'homme est un dieu tombé qui se souvient des cieux.

"Limited in his nature, infinite in his desires; man is a fallen god who remembers the heavens."

**Bene qui latuit, bene vixit.** (Trist., iii., 4, 26.)

"He who has lived obscurely and quietly has lived well."

**Regia, crede mihi, res est succurrere lapsis.** (Ep. ex Pont., ii., 9, 11.)

"It is a princely thing, believe me, to succor the afflicted."

**Acceptissima semper**

**Munera sunt, auctor quæ preciosa facit.** (Heroid., xvii., 71.)

"Gifts are always most prized when the giver is dear to us."

**Leve fit, quod bene fertur, onus.** (Amor., i., 2, 10.)

"The burden which is patiently borne becomes light."

**Tu ne cede malis, sed contra audentior ito.** (VIRGIL, *ÆN.*, vi., 95.)

*Yield not to misfortunes but advance all the more boldly against them.*

In addition to the numerous Virgilian quotations throughout this Manual, the following lines from that poet may be mentioned as being the subjects of less frequent citation.

**Felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas.** (*Georg.*, ii., 490.)

"Happy he who has been able to understand the causes of things."

**Per varios casus, per tot discrimina rerum.** (*Æn.*, i., 204.)

"Through so many fortunes, so many dangerous situations."

**Lumenque juventæ purpureum.** (*Æn.* i., 590.)

"The purple light of youth." Or, as Gray has paraphrased it :

"The bloom of young desire, and purple light of love."

**Quantum mutatus ab illo Hectore.** (*Æn.*, ii., 274.)

"How changed from that former Hector."

**Una salus victis, nullam sperare salutem.** (*Æn.*, ii., 354.)

"One safety only remains for the conquered, to hope for no safety."

**Longo sed proximus intervallo.** (*Æn.*, v., 320.)

"The next but after a long interval."

**Nimium ne crede colori.** (*Ec.*, ii., 16.)

"Trust not too much to beauty."

**Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur.** (*Æn.*, i., 574.)

"Trojan and Tyrian shall be treated by me without partiality."

**Monstrum horrendum, informe, ingens, cui lumen ademptum.** (*Æn.*, v., 657.)

"A horrible, unshapen, immense monster from whom eyesight had been taken away."

**Venit summa dies et ineluctabile tempus**

**Dardaniæ. Fuimus Troes; fuit Ilium.** (*Æn.*, ii. 324.)

"The last day of Troy and the inexorable hour has come.

We have been Trojans; Troy has been."

**Vivit sub pectore vulnus.** (*Æn.*, iv. 67.)

"The wound rankles in the breast."

**Dulces moriens reminiscitur Argos.** (*Æn.*, x., 782.)

"In dying he remembers his dear Argos."

The reference is to Anthon who, when mortally wounded, thinks of his distant home.

### **Ultima ratio.**

*The final argument.* The saying that cannon are the *ultima ratio* of kings is attributed to Cardinal Richelieu. The words, *ultima ratio regum*, were frequently engraved on the cannon of the old French monarchy, and they may be seen on the pieces of artillery presented to the colonies by Louis XVI. Some of these are now in the yard of the Naval Academy at Annapolis, and two of them are in front of the War Department Building in Washington.

Having twice sallied out and been beaten back, she now, as I expected, tried the *ultima ratio* of women, and had recourse to tears. Her beautiful eyes filled with them; I never could bear in her, nor in any woman, that expression of pain.

THACKERAY: "Henry Esmond," book iii., chap. 10.

This sad event almost produced a mutiny, and all except Aboon tried to force the captain to return; but he produced his *ultima ratio*, a rope's end, which made us think that he must be a sea captain, and Billy and Joe and the other Papuan desisted from their murmurs.

*Edinburgh Review.*

The abolition of war is as chimerical an idea as the abolition of storms. The *ultima ratio* of nations will be, in the future as in the past, artillery.

**Urbi et orbi.**

*To the city and to the world.* These were the words which formerly accompanied the benediction of the Pope to all the world of Catholicism, when, on certain holy days, he pronounced it from the balcony of St. John Lateran.

Ought not every human life to be to us like a vessel that we accompany with our prayers for a happy voyage? It is not enough that we do not harm one another; we must also help and love one another. The papal benediction, *urbi et orbi*, should be the constant cry from all hearts. To condemn him who does not deserve it, even in mind, is to break the great law which has established the union of souls here below.

SOUVESTRE: "The Attic Philosopher."

With similar imperturbable, sacerdotal earnestness—for I can be very serious when it is necessary—I too could have imparted my annual blessing down upon all Christendom from the Lateran. *In pontificalibus*, with the triple crown upon my head, and surrounded by a staff of Red Hats and mitres and gold brocaded vestments, and cowls of all colors, my Holiness could have showed himself from the high balcony to the people, crowding together far below, on their knees and with bowed heads,—I could have quietly stretched out my hands and given the blessing to the City and to the World. But, as you well know, gentle reader, I have not become Pope, nor a Cardinal, nor even a Roman Nuncio, and, as in the temporal, so also in the spiritual hierarchy, I have acquired neither office nor honors. I have, as people say, accomplished nothing in this fine world. Nothing has been made of me—nothing but a poet.

HEINE: "Geständnisse."

Mr. Labouchere's opinion of the *Times* and the *Times'* opinion of him are things not exactly interesting *urbi et orbi*, and might surely have been dismissed with greater brevity.

*Saturday Review.*

**Væ soli.** (ECCLESIASTES, IV., 10.)

*Woe to the solitary man!*

But, said Panurge, if you are of opinion that it is better for me to stay as I am without undertaking anything new, I should prefer not to marry. Then don't marry, replied Pantagruel. But, said Panurge, would you have me continue thus lonely all my life, without conjugal companionship? You know that it is written, *væ soli*! A solitary man never enjoys such consolations as we see to exist among married people. *Mariez vous donc de par Dieu*, replied Pantagruel.

RABELAIS: "Pantagruel," liv. iii., chap. 9.

These Bohemians, bastards of civilisation, are behind the age. Those feelings which lie at the base of the social state and of the association of mankind are unknown to them. Absorbed in the blind egoism of the brute, they exist only for themselves and they exist badly. The ancients regarded solitude as a calamity and a punishment, *væ soli*; but for such creatures it is a necessity of their nature.

BROUISSAIS.

**Væ victis.** (LIVY, LIB. V., CAP. 48.)

*Woe to the vanquished!* The Gauls, having invaded Italy and besieged the Capitol, the Senate agreed to buy them off with one thousand pounds' weight of gold. When the tribune objected to the false weights which were produced, the leader of the Gauls, Brennus, threw his sword into the scale, exclaiming with a voice intolerable to Romans (*intoleranda Romanis vox*) *Væ victis*.

"Comines, Comines!" said Louis, arising again, and pacing the room in a pensive manner, "this is a dreadful lesson on the text, *væ victis*! You cannot mean that the Duke will insist on all these hard conditions?"

SCOTT: "Quentin Durward," chap. 30.

*Væ victis* might be the motto of Mr. Froude's history, as it is of all the writers of the school of Mr. Carlyle. The chiv-



alrous sympathy for weakness and sorrow, which holds that great suffering may mitigate the judgment of history on great offences, finds no favor in their eyes. Mr. Froude's opinion of the execution of Mary Stuart is simply that "the political wisdom of a critical and difficult act has never in the world's history been more signally justified."

*Edinburgh Review.*

**Vanitas vanitatum.** (ECCLESIASTES, I., 2.)

*Vanity of vanities !*

An old woman in a village in the west of England was told one day that the king of Prussia was dead, such a report having arrived when the great Frederick was in the noonday of his glory. Old Mary lifted up her great slow eyes at the news, and, fixing them in the fulness of vacancy upon her informant, replied, "Is a! is a! The Lord ha' mercy! Well, well! The king of Prussia! And who's he?" The "who's he?" of this old woman might serve as a text for a notable sermon upon ambition. Who's he? may now be asked of men greater as soldiers in their day than Frederick or Wellington; greater as discoverers than Sir Isaac or Sir Humphrey. Who built the pyramids? Who ate the first oyster? *Vanitas vanitatum ! Omnia vanitas.*

SOUTHEY : "The Doctor," chap. 2, p. 1.

Nobody could speak more feelingly of those sufferings, as no one had a closer personal acquaintance with them. But, allowing to Johnson whatever credit is due to the man who performs one more variation on the old theme, *Vanitas vanitatum*, we must in candor admit that the Rambler has the one unpardonable fault : it is unreadable.

*Cornhill Magazine.*

It is not Solomon who wrote : *Vanitas vanitatum* ; but *vanitas vanitatum* is, in fact, the résumé of his reign. Nobody more than he has contributed to the demonstration of this great truth, that everything that does not tend to the progress

of the good and of the true is nothing but bubbles of soap and rotten wood.

RENAN : " Histoire du Peuple d'Israel."

**Varium et mutabile semper femina.** (VIRGIL, *ÆNEID*, IV., 569.)

*Woman is fickle and always changeable.* A well-known variation of this sentiment is contained in the following lines written by Francis I., with a diamond ring, on one of the windows of the château of Chambord.

Souvent femme varie,  
Bien fol est qui s'y fie.

" Woman often changes ;  
Foolish he who trusts her."

Mademoiselle de la Vallière was a woman who could justly resent this imputation, and at her request, Louis XIV. ordered the pane of glass bearing the inscription to be removed.

An Italian phrase from Verdi's opera of *Rigoletto* (Libretto by F. M. Piave), is also much used to express the same idea: *Donna è mobile*. " Woman is changeable."

Dominie Sampson left her presence altogether crestfallen, and, as he shut the door, could not help muttering the *varium et mutabile* of Virgil.

SCOTT : " Guy Mannering," chap. 15.

Well, what news of Brian's opera? I suppose you have been giving Kitty a full, true, and particular account of the whole thing. Why she did n't go up with you, I can't make out ; but women are full of fads and caprices—even the best of 'em—though I don't say so to Mrs. Greenwood. *Varium et mutabile*, you know.

W. E. NORRIS.

**Vedi Napoli e poi mori.***See Naples and then die.*

These charming persons uttered, each for herself, with the most delicious British accent, the sacramental phrase, *Vedi Napoli e poi mori*, consulted their guide books or made a note of their impressions in their diaries, without paying the least attention to the glances *à la* Don Juan of some Parisian dandies, who were prowling about them, while their vexed mammas murmured something in a low tone about French impropriety.

THEOPHILE GAUTIER.

**Vengo di Cosmopoli.**

*I come from Cosmopolis.* Cicero says ("Tusc. Quæ.", v., 37, 108): "When Socrates was asked from what country he came, he replied, From the world. For he considered himself an inhabitant and citizen of the whole world." But, according to Diogenes Laërtius, the word cosmopolitan comes from Diogenes the cynic, who, when asked as to his country, called himself "kosmopolites" (see Büchmann, "Geflüg. W.," p. 267).

The cosmopolitanism of some people consists merely in preferring other countries to their own. Col. Thomas Wentworth Higginson said of Mr. Henry James that "his cosmopolitanism is, after all, limited: to be really cosmopolitan a man must be at home, even in his own country."

Paul Bourget says in his essay on Stendhal ("Essais de Psychologie Contemporaine," p. 295): "Numerous journeys in the wake of the imperial armies, followed by a prolonged stay in Italy, caused Beyle to resemble the Prince de Ligne, that European grand seigneur, who said, with the most charming conceit, 'It has always been the fashion to treat me well everywhere and I have enjoyed the agreeable things of many lands. I have six or seven countries: the Empire, France, Flanders, Austria, Poland,

Russia, and almost Hungary.' Beyle was so thoroughly possessed by this feeling of voluptuous cosmopolitanism that he adopted as his especial motto this line of an opera bouffe, forgotten nowadays, but which he declared to be exquisite, *I pretendenti delusi: Vengo adesso di Cosmopoli*—I come at present from Cosmopolis. He added, speaking of himself and some privileged companions, 'We are far from the exclusive patriotism of the English. In our eyes the world is divided into two halves, which are in fact very unequal, the fools and knaves on the one side, and on the other the privileged beings to whom fortune has given a noble soul and a little intellect. We feel ourselves to be the compatriots of these latter people, whether they were born at Villettri or at Saint Omer.'"

**Veni, vidi, vici.** (SÜETONIUS, CÆSAR, 37.)

*I came, I saw, I conquered.* When William III. of England had been beaten by the French at Steinkirk and Neerwinden, Racine wrote the following epigram :

Si César vint, vit et vainquit,  
Guillaume vint et vit de meme ;  
C'est un vrai César en petit :  
Des trois choses que César fit,  
Il ne manque que la troisième.

I have seen this woman and I am still dazzled, so great was her supernatural beauty—beauty worthy of Proserpine rather than of Juno. I saw her one evening enter a circle of the most prominent men of the city. Everybody accused her, some in words, others by their silence. She arrives, and with one look the victory is hers. No, Julius Cæsar did not conquer quicker when he said, *veni, vidi, vici*.

JULES JANIN.

The clever dancer succeeded beyond her expectations ; her old lover had no sooner received her mendacious note than he

was back again at her feet more charmed than ever. And when Leon had gone away Irene seized a sheet of paper and wrote these words to the Count de Lowendall: He came, he saw me and he was conquered.

AMÉDÉE ACHARD.

**Vera incessu patuit dea.** (VIRGIL, ÆNEID, I., 405.)

*The true goddess was apparent by her walk.*

The vicomtesse does the honors to the royal guests with a charming and sovereign grace. She is a very pretty woman of a dreamy and ideal type of beauty: her large black eyes are profound and gentle; her delicate and proud profile has the grace of an antique cameo, and her carriage is that described by the poet, *Incessu vera patuit dea*. She has all the charm of a youth which is unconscious of itself—her twenty-fifth year has not yet sounded—together with the *je ne sais quoi* that is floating, undecided, incomplete of creatures that are seeking their way, who have not yet taken full possession of themselves.

PAUL VASIL: "La Société de Paris," 148.

**Verweile doch! Du bist so schön.** (GOETHE, FAUST.)

*Stay, thou art so fair.* The bargain between Faust and Mephistopheles was that if Faust should ever find in life a moment to which he would say—Stay, thou art so fair—then might Mephistopheles bind him.

"The state of mind," says Lewes ("Life of Goethe," book vi., chap. 7), "which induces this compact has been artfully prepared. Faust has been led to despair of obtaining the high ambition of his life; he has seen the folly of his struggles; seen that knowledge is a will o' the wisp to which he has sacrificed Happiness. He now pines for Happiness though he disbelieves in it as he disbelieves in knowledge. In utter scepticism he consents to sell his soul if ever he shall realize Happiness. . . ."

' When to the moment I shall say,  
 Stay, thou art so lovely, stay !  
 Then with thy fetters bind me round,  
 Then perish I with cheerful glee,  
 Then may the knell of death resound,  
 Then from thy service art thou free.'

" Baffled in his attempts to penetrate the mystery of life, Faust yields himself to the Tempter, who promises that he shall penetrate the enjoyment of life. He runs the round of pleasure as he had run the round of science, and fails. The orgies of Auerbach's cellar, the fancies of the Blocksberg, are unable to satisfy his cravings. The passion he feels for Gretchen is vehement, but feverish, transitory; she has no power to make him say to the passing moment, Stay, thou art fair. He is restless because he seeks—seeks the Absolute, which can never be found. This is the doom of humanity,

' Es irrt der Mensch so lang' er strebt.' "

In the second part of Faust the hero says (Lewes, " Life," book vii., chap. 6): " ' He only deserves freedom and life who is daily compelled to conquer them for himself; and thus here, hemmed round by danger, bring childhood, manhood, and old age their well-spent years to a close. I would fain see such a busy multitude stand upon free soil with free people. I might then say to the moment, Stay, thou art fair. The trace of my earthly days cannot perish in centuries. In the presentiment of such exalted bliss I now enjoy the most exalted moment.' He has thus said to the passing moment, Stay, thou art fair, and with this he expires,

Venit summa dies et ineluctabile fatum,

the troubled career is closed."

**Vestigia nulla retrorsum.** (HORACE, EP., I., I, 74, 75.)

*No footsteps backwards.* The allusion is to one of Æsop's fables (The Lion and the Fox).

Gilbert glanced up at him with raised brows. "In what sense?" he inquired.

"I mean would n't it be possible for you and Kitty to come together again?"

"Oh, dear no! *vestigia nulla retrorsum*. I could n't if I would, and I would n't if I could. If Miss Huntly was right in nothing else she was right in saying that that marriage would have turned out unhappily."

W. E. NORRIS.

Democracy is like the grave; it takes, but it never yields. No concessions in that direction can be retracted. *Vestigia nulla retrorsum*.

**Victrix causa deis placuit, sed victa Catoni.** (LUCAN, I., 127.)

*The victorious cause was pleasing to the gods, but the vanquished one to Cato.* This was the verdict of the literary men of the empire on the controversy between Cæsar and Pompey.

Q. Cicero, the consul's brother, followed, and a clear majority of the Senate went with them, till it came to the turn of a young man who, in that year, had taken his place in the house for the first time, who was destined to make a reputation which could be set in competition with that of the gods themselves, and whose moral opinion could be held superior to that of the gods.

FROUDE.

Devant le grand Dandin l'innocence est hardie;  
Oui, devant ce Caton de Basse-Normandie,  
Ce soleil d'équité qui n'est jamais terni;  
*Victrix causa diis placuit, sed victa Catoni.*

RACINE: "Les Plaideurs."

It is touching to find that these lectures, a splendid tribute of devotion to the Celtic cause, had no hearer more attentive, more sympathising, than a man, himself, too, the champion of a cause more interesting than prosperous—one of those causes which please noble spirits but do not please destiny, which have Cato's adherence but not Heaven's—Dr. Newman.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

**Video meliora, proboque; deteriora sequor.** (OVID, MET., VII., 20.)

*I see the good and approve it; I pursue the evil.*

You have expressed yourself extremely well, cries Booth, and I entirely agree with the justice of your sentiments; but however true all this may be in theory, I still doubt its efficacy in practice. And the cause of the difference between the two is this: that we reason from our heads but act from our hearts:

Video meliora proboque,  
Deteriora sequor.

Nothing can differ more widely than wise men and fools in their estimation of things; but, as both act from their uppermost passion, they both often act alike.

FIELDING: "Amelia," book viii., chap. 10.

In this point of view I would not exchange the prayer of the deceased in my behalf for the united glory of Homer, Cæsar, and Napoleon, could such be accumulated upon a living head. Do me at least the justice to suppose that, *video meliora proboque*, however the *deteriora sequor* may have been applied to my conduct.

BYRON.

**Vires acquirit eundo.** (VIRGIL, ÆNEID, IV., 175.)

*It acquires strength in going.*

Whoever reads the "Questions de mon Temps," will remark that M. de Girardin is not a spoiled child of nature; it is not an innate gift, but work which has made him what he is. His



first pages show traces of groping and hesitation, which disappear more and more as one progresses in the perusal of his book. His style, feeble at first, acquires vigor as it progresses. *Vires acquirit eundo.*

EDMOND TEXIER.

**Vivamus, mea Lesbia, atque amemus.** (CATULLUS, v., 1.)

*Let us live, my Lesbia, and let us love one another.* As to the poet's relations with Lesbia, see the remarks *ante* p. 139, under the quotation, *Odi et amo*. The poem, of which the quotation above is the first line, is as follows :

Vivamus, mea Lesbia, atque amemus,  
Rumoresque senum severiorum  
Omnes unius æstimemus assis.  
Soles occidere et redire possunt :  
Nobis cum semel occidit brevis lux,  
Nox est perpetua una dormienda.  
Da mi basia mille, deinde centum,  
Dein mille altera, dein secunda centum,  
Deinde usque altera mille, deinde centum.  
Dein, cum milia multa fecerimus,  
Conturbabimus illa, ne sciamus,  
Aut nequis malus invidere possit,  
Cum tantum sciet esse basiorum.

"Let us live, my Lesbia, and love one another, and care not a single farthing for all the comments of severe old men. Suns may set and rise again ; but for us, when this brief light once sets, there is one perpetual night for sleeping. Give me a thousand kisses, then a hundred, then another thousand, then a second hundred, then even another thousand, then a hundred, then, when we shall have had many thousands, we will confuse them together, so that we cannot know, or so that no evil person may envy us, when he knows that there were so many kisses."

Ben Jonson has admirably paraphrased the greater part of this poem in a song in his play of "Volpone" (act iii., scene 5.)

Come, my Celia, let us prove,  
 While we can, the sports of love,  
 Time will not be ours forever,  
 He, at length, our good will sever ;  
 Spend not then his gifts in vain ;  
 Suns that set may rise again ;  
 But if once we lose this light,  
 'T is with us perpetual night.  
 Why should we defer our joys ?  
 Fame and rumor are but toys.  
 Cannot we delude the eyes  
 Of a few poor household spies,  
 Or his easier ears beguile,  
 Thus removed by our wile ?  
 'T is no sin love's fruits to steal ;  
 But the sweet thefts to reveal ;  
 To be taken, to be seen,  
 These have crimes accounted been.

**Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona.** (HORACE, ODES, IV.,  
 9, 25.)

*Brave men lived before Agamemnon*, but, adds the poet, they are all consigned to unwept oblivion because they were without a sacred bard to celebrate their achievements. See *ante*, *Carent quia vate sacro*.

Why is yonder simpering Venus de Medicis to be our standard of beauty, or the Greek tragedies to bound our notions of the sublime ? There was no reason why Agamemnon should set the fashions, and remain ἀναξ ἀνδρῶν to eternity : and there is a classical quotation, which you may have occasionally heard, beginning *Vixere fortes*, etc., which, as it avers that there were a great number of stout fellows before Agamemnon, may not unreasonably induce us to conclude that similar heroes were to succeed him.

THACKERAY : "The Paris Sketch-Book."

Brave men were living before Agamemnon,  
 And since, exceeding valorous and sage,  
 A good deal like him, too, though quite the same none,  
 But then they shone not on the poet's page,

And so have been forgotten :—I condemn none,  
 But can't find any in the present age  
 Fit for my poem (that is, for my new one) ;  
 So, as I said, I'll take my friend Don Juan.

BYRON : "Don Juan," i., 5.

### Vogue la galère.

*Go ahead, come what may.*

When the principal conspirators had retired into a separate apartment, they gazed on each other for a minute with a sort of embarrassment, which, in Sir Frederick's dark features, amounted to an expression of discontented sullenness. Marschal was the first to break the pause, saying, with a loud burst of laughter,—well ! we are fairly embarked now, gentlemen—*vogue la galère*.

SCOTT : "The Black Dwarf," chap. 13.

I am in the stream now, and, by Jove, I like it. How rapidly we go down it, hey ?—strong and feeble, old and young—the metal pitchers and the earthen pitchers—the pretty little china boat swims gayly till the big, bruised, brazen one bumps him and sends him down—eh, *vogue la galère* !—you see a man sink in the race, and say good-by to him—look, he has only dived under the other fellow's legs, and comes up shaking his poll, and striking out ever so far ahead. Eh, *vogue la galère*, I say. It's good sport, Warrington—not winning merely, but playing.

THACKERAY : "Pendennis," vol. ii., chap. 6.

### Volto schiolto e pensieri stretti.

*An open countenance and close thoughts.*

The best rule I can give you to manage familiarity is never to be more familiar with anybody than you would be willing and even glad that he should be with you ; on the other hand avoid that uncomfortable reserve and coldness, which is generally the shield of cunning or the protection of dullness. The Italian maxim is a wise one, *Volto schiolto e pensieri stretti* ; that is let your countenance be open and your thoughts be close.

To your inferiors, you should use a hearty benevolence in your words and actions, instead of a refined politeness, which would be apt to make them suspect that you rather laughed at them. For example you must show civility to a mere country gentleman in a very different manner from what you do to a man of the world.

CHESTERFIELD : " Letters to his Godson," p. 192.

**Vous l'avez voulu ; vous l'avez voulu, George Dandin.**

(MOLIÈRE, DANDIN, I., 9.)

*You wanted it, you wanted it, George Dandin.* This is generally quoted as, *Tu l'as voulu, George Dandin.* In Molière's comedy, Dandin, a rich peasant, marries a noble's daughter, and suffers many things in consequence. After an especially humiliating scene with his aristocratic connections, he makes the above exclamation to himself, which is quoted as a kind of jesting *mea culpa*.

Among other allusions to French literature to be met with in English books are the following :

*Vous êtes orfèvre, Monsieur Josse.* (Molière, L'Amour Médecin, i., 1.) "You are a goldsmith, Monsieur Josse." M. Josse had advised Sganerelle to cure his daughter's melancholy by a present of diamonds, rubies, and emeralds, when Sganerelle makes the above answer, which is quoted as an ironical rebuke of interested advice.

*Tous les genres sont bons, hors le genre ennuyeux.* "All kinds are good except the tiresome kind." The sentence is from Voltaire's preface to the "Enfant Prodigue." In his sixth Discours Voltaire tells us how to be bores : *Le secret d'ennuyer est celui de tout dire.* "The secret of being tiresome is to tell every thing."

*Et l'on revient toujours*

*À ses premiers amours.* (St. Just.)

"One always comes back to his first loves."

*Mais où sont les neiges d'antan ?* "But where are the snows of yester year?" This is the refrain of Villon's "Ballade des Dames du Temps Jadis."

*Même quand l'oiseau marche on sent qu'il a des ailes.* (Lemierre.) "Even when a bird is walking we feel that it has wings," i.e., a man of great talent shows his power even in little things. When the author of the line was received in the French Academy the orator who replied to his discourse quoted this verse *à propos* of the poet's being then obliged to use prose.

*Où la vertu va-t-elle se nicher ?* "Where does virtue go to lodge itself?" This was Molière's exclamation when a beggar to whom he had given something in the street ran after him to return a gold piece which had been thrown him by mistake.

*Au demeurant, le meilleur fils du monde.* "After all, the best fellow in the world." This is the amusing verse with which Clement Marot, in his epistle to Francis I., asking for money, ends the description of the qualities of a valet who had robbed him: "I once had a valet from Gascony, a glutton, drunkard, and shameless liar, a cheat, rogue, swearer, blasphemer, whom you could smell a hundred steps off as a gallow's bird, *Au demeurant, le meilleur fils du monde.*"

*Et rose, elle a vécu ce que vivent les roses,*

*L'espace d'un matin.*

"And a rose herself she has lived the life of the roses—the space of a morning." These lines are from Malherbe's ode condoling with a father upon the death of his young daughter. An improbable story goes to the effect that the poet originally wrote *Et Rosette a vécu*, etc., which the printers by a grand typographical error turned into, *Et rose elle a vécu.*

*Glissez, mortels, n'appuyez pas.* "Glide gently, mortals,

press not hard." This is the last line of a quatrain written by the poet Roy to accompany a picture of a winter scene with skaters. It is quoted as advice not to search too curiously into delicate matters, and as a general doctrine of moderation.

*Le trident de Neptune est le sceptre du monde.* (Lemierre.) "The trident of Neptune is the sceptre of the world," i.e., command of the sea gives a nation the empire of the world."

*Aide toi, le ciel t'aidera.* (La Fontaine, Charretier embourbé.) "Help yourself and heaven will help you." The English saying is: "God helps those who help themselves."

*Cet âge est sans pitié.* (La Fontaine, Les Deux Pigeons.) "That age knows no pity." The reference is to infancy.

*La critique est aisée et l'art est difficile.* (Destouches, Le Glorieux, ii., 5.) "Criticism is easy and art is difficult."

*Chat échaudé craint l'eau froide.* "A scalded cat dreads even cold water." There is a Spanish proverb to the same effect.

*Il est avec le ciel des accommodements.* "There are compromises with heaven." This is based on Molière's *Tartuffe*, iv., 5.

Le ciel défend de vrai, certains contentements ;  
Mais on trouve avec lui des accommodements.

Heaven forbids, it is true, certain enjoyments ;  
But one finds how to make with it certain arrangements.

*Le crime fait la honte et non pas l'échafaud.* (Th. Corneille, *Essex*, iv., 3.) "The crime makes the shame and not the scaffold." Charlotte Corday quoted this line in a letter written on the eve of her execution.

*Nul n'est content de sa fortune*

*Ni mécontent de son esprit.* (Deshouillères.)

"No one is satisfied with his fortune or dissatisfied with his intellect."

*Cet animal est très méchant ;*

*Quand on l'attaque il se défend.*

"This animal is very malicious; when attacked it defends itself." The verses are from a burlesque song called *La Ménagerie*, where in describing the animals in an exhibition this account is given of the leopard. They are applied jestingly to one who avails himself of his entire right to resist an unjust attack.

La Rochefoucauld has been an inexhaustible mine for the supply of quotations and of ideas to subsequent moralists. Since his conciseness consists in his thought, rather than in his language, his maxims generally re-appear in an English dress. The following are some of the best known of his sayings :

*Nous avons tous assez de force pour supporter les maux d'autrui.* (No. 19.) "We all have sufficient strength to endure the misfortunes of others." So Dean Swift said: "I never knew a man who could not bear the misfortunes of others with the most Christian resignation." ("Thoughts on Various Subjects.") In connection with this should be read another maxim (No. 15 of the first Supplement), *Dans l'adversité de nos meilleurs amis nous trouvons quelque chose qui ne nous déplaît pas.* "In the adversities of our best friends there is something not displeasing."

*Il y a des gens qui n'auraient jamais été amoureux, s'ils n'avaient jamais entendu parler de l'amour.* (No. 136.) "There are people who would never have been in love if they had never heard others talk of love." And Chamfort says: *L'amour, tel qu'il existe dans la société, n'est que l'échange de deux fantaisies et le contact de deux épidermes.*

*Quelque éclatante que soit une action, elle ne doit pas passer pour grande, lorsqu'elle n'est pas l'effet d'un grand dessein.* (No. 160.) "However resplendent an action may be, it should not be accounted great unless it is the result of a great design."

*Le monde récompense plus souvent les apparences du mérite que le mérite même.* (No. 166.) "The world rewards the appearance of merit oftener than merit itself." And Lessing says: "Some people obtain fame, and others deserve it."

*L'espérance, toute trompeuse qu'elle est, sert au moins à nous mener à la fin de la vie par un chemin agréable.* (No. 168.) "Hope, deceitful as it is, serves at least to lead us to the end of life along an agreeable road."

*Quand les vices nous quittent, nous nous flattons de la créance que c'est nous qui les quittons.* (No. 192.) "When our vices leave us, we flatter ourselves with the idea that it is we who abandon them."

*L'hypocrisie est un hommage que le vice rend à la vertu.* (No. 218.) "Hypocrisy is an homage that vice pays to virtue." A gentleman who was leaving his club at a late hour one night with a cold fowl under his arm destined for his wife, was accosted by a friend with the remark: "That 's the pacificator, I suppose?" "No," he replied, "this is the homage that vice pays to virtue."

*La gravité est un mystère du corps, inventé pour cacher les défauts de l'esprit.* (No. 257.) "Solemnity is a mystery of the body, invented to conceal defects of mind." Laboulaye says: "Montaigne, who knew men so well, has somewhere remarked that there is nothing so disdainful, so contemplative, so grave, and serious as the ass."

*L'absence diminue les médiocres passions et augmente les grandes, comme le vent éteint les bougies et allume le feu.* (No. 276.) "Absence diminishes little passions and in-



creases great ones, as the wind extinguishes candles and fans a fire."

*Ce qui fait que les amants et les maitresses ne s'ennuient point d'être ensemble, c'est qu'ils parlent toujours d'eux-mêmes.* (No. 312.) "The reason why lovers and their mistresses never tire of being together is that they are always talking of themselves."

*La fortune ne parait jamais si aveugle qu'à ceux à qui elle ne fait pas de bien.* (No. 391.) "Fortune never seems so blind as to those upon whom she confers no favors."

*Ce qui nous rend la vanité des autres insupportable c'est qu'elle blesse la nôtre.* (No. 389.) "What makes the vanity of other people insupportable to us is that it wounds our own."

*On peut être plus fin qu'un autre, mais non pas plus fin que tous les autres.* (No. 394.) "We can be cleverer than another, but not cleverer than everybody else."

*Il y a du mérite sans élévation mais il n'y a point d'élévation sans quelque mérite.* (No. 401.) "There is merit without elevation, but there is no elevation without some merit."

*La vieillesse est un tyran qui défend, sur peine de la vie, tous les plaisirs de la jeunesse.* (No. 461.) "Old age is a tyrant who forbids, upon pain of death, all the pleasures of youth." "Old men," says La Rochefoucauld in another maxim, "like to impart good precepts to console themselves for no longer being in a condition to set bad examples."

*On croit quelquefois haïr la flatterie; mais on ne hait que la manière de flatter.* (No. 329.) "We sometimes think that we hate flattery, but we only hate the manner in which it is done."

*Le nez de Cleopatre, s'il eut été plus court, toute la face*

*de la terre auroit changé.* (Pascal, *Pensées*, Art. 19.) "If Cleopatra's nose had been shorter the whole face of the earth would have been different." Pascal is speaking of the vanity of man as seen by considering the causes and effects of love. The cause is a *je ne sais quoi* and the effects are dreadful. This *je ne sais quoi*, such a little thing that it cannot be recognized, moves the earth, princes, and armies.

**Vox clamantis in deserto.** (GOSPEL OF ST. JOHN, I., 23.)

*The voice of one crying in the wilderness.*

It is your life, Monsieur, and not mine which is useful to the world. I am only *vox clamantis in deserto*.

VOLTAIRE.

**Vox et præterea nihil.** (PLUTARCH, *OPERA MORALIA*.)

*A voice and nothing more.* Plutarch tells the story of a Laconian who plucked the feathers from a nightingale, and observing its small body exclaimed, Thou art all voice and nothing else.

He has the knack of finding very exaggerated phrases by which to express commonplace thoughts. He writes verses about love in words so stormy that you might fancy that Jove was descending upon Semele. But when you examine his words as a sober pathologist like myself is disposed to do, your fear for the peace of households vanishes—they are *Vox et præterea nihil*—no man really in love would use them.

BULWER : "The Parisians."

**Vox faucibus hæsit.** (VIRGIL, *ÆN.*, II., 774.)

*The voice stuck in the throat.*

I remember that when, with all the awkwardness and rust of Cambridge about me, I was first introduced into good company, I was frightened out of my wits. I was determined to be, what I thought, civil ; I made fine low bows, and placed

myself below everybody ; but when I was spoken to, or attempted to speak myself, *obstupui, steteruntque comæ, et vox faucibus hæsit*. If I saw people whisper I was sure it was at me ; and I thought myself the sole object of either the ridicule or the censure of the whole company, who, God knows, did not trouble their heads about me.

CHESTERFIELD.

### **Vox populi, vox Dei.**

*The voice of the people is the voice of God.* Büchmann traces the idea involved in this saying back to Hesiod, (Works and Days, 763) and to the Odyssey (iii., 214–215). Alcuin, in the 8th century, protested against it in the “Capitulare Admonitionis ad Carolum” thus: “We should not listen to those who are wont to say, *Vox populi, vox Dei*, for the noise of the mob is very near to madness.”

For, to conceive that the body of the people could be mistaken was an indignity not to be imagined till the consequences had convinced them, when it was past remedy. And I look upon this as a fate to which all popular accusations are subject ; though I should think that the saying *Vox populi, vox Dei*, ought to be understood of the universal bent and current of a people, not of the bare majority of a few representatives, which is often procured by little arts and great industry and application.

SWIFT : “Contests in Athens and Rome,” chap. 4.

It was thought enough to quote the well-known epigram of the Abbé Sieyès on the subject of Second Chambers. “If” it runs, “a Second Chamber dissents from the First, it is mischievous ; if it agrees, it is superfluous.” It has, perhaps, escaped notice that this saying is a conscious or unconscious parody of that reply of the Caliph Omar about the books of the Alexandrian Library, which caused them to be burnt. “If the books,” said the Commander of the Faithful to his lieutenant, “differ from the book of the Prophet, they are impious, if they agree, they are useless.” The reasoning is precisely the

same in both cases and starts from the same assumption. It takes for granted that a particular utterance is divine. If the Koran is the inspired and exclusive word of God, Omar was right; if *Vox Populi, vox Dei* expresses a truth, Sieyès was right. If the decisions of the community, conveyed through one particular organ, are not only imperative but all-wise, a Second Chamber is a superfluity or an impertinence. . . . There appears to me to be no escaping from the fact that all such institutions as a Senate, a House of Peers, or a Second Chamber, are founded on a denial or a doubt of the proposition that the voice of the people is the voice of God. They express the revolt of a great mass of human common-sense against it. They are the fruit of the agnosticism of the political understanding.

SIR HENRY MAINE : "Popular Government," pp. 178, 179.

**Wer nicht liebt Wein, Weib und Gesang,  
Der bleibt ein Narr sein Lebelang.**

*He who loves not wine, women, and song, remains a fool his whole life long.* These inspiring lines are commonly attributed to Martin Luther, but, according to Büchmann, without any authority. Lessing writes (Liedern, i., 6):

Zu viel kann man wohl trinken,  
Doch trinkt man nie genug.

"One may well drink too much, but yet one never drinks enough."

**Wer sich der Einsamkeit ergiebt,  
Ach! der ist bald allein.** (GOETHE, WILHELM MEISTER,  
LEHR. II., 13.)

*He who gives himself over to solitude, ah! he is soon alone.*

Several quotations from Goethe are to be found in this Manual followed by extracts from English writers in which they are used. To these the following may well be added :

**Grau, teurer Freund, ist alle Theorie,  
Und grün des Lebens goldner Baum.** (Faust.)

"Gray, dear friend, is every theory,  
And green the golden tree of life."

**Es ist eine der grössten Himmelsgaben,  
So ein lieb Ding im Arm zu haben.** (Faust.)

"It is one of Heaven's best gifts to hold such a dear  
thing in one's arms."

**Es erben sich Gesetz' und Rechte  
Wie eine ew'ge Krankheit fort.** (Faust.)

"Laws and claims are inherited like an everlasting sickness."

**Wer nie sein Brot mit Thränen ass,  
Wer nie die kummervollen Nächte  
Auf seinem Bette weinend sass,  
Der kennt euch nicht, ihr himmlischen Mächte.** (Wilhelm Meister,  
ii., 13.)

"Who ne'er his bread in sorrow ate,  
Who ne'er the mournful midnight hours  
Weeping upon his bed has sate,  
He knows you not, ye Heavenly Powers."

—LONGFELLOW'S "Hyperion."

**Meine Ruh' ist hin,  
Mein Herz ist schwer.** (Faust.)

"My peace is gone, my heart is heavy."

**Denn alle Schuld rächt sich auf Erden.** (Wilhelm Meister.)

"For all guilt is avenged on earth."

**Kennst du das Land wo die Citronen blühen,  
Im dunkeln Laub die Gold-Orangen glühen,  
Ein sanfter Wind vom blauen Himmel weht,  
Die Myrte still und hoch der Lorbeer steht ?  
Kennst du es wohl ?**

**Dahin ! Dahin,**

**Möcht' ich mit dir O mein Geliebter, ziehn.** (Mignon's song in Wilhelm Meister.)

"Knowest thou the land where the lemon-trees flourish,  
where amid the shadowed leaves the golden oranges glisten,  
—a gentle zephyr breathes from the blue heavens, the myrtle

is motionless, and the laurel rises high? Dost thou know it well? Thither, thither, fain would I fly with thee, O my beloved!"

It has been said that all the romantic charm of Italy is in these lines, which, unfortunately, absolutely defy translation. Byron's "Bride of Abydos" begins with a faint reflection of their splendor.

In the next stanza of Mignon's song are the verses:

**Und Marmorbilder stehn und sehn mich an:**

**Was hat man dir, du armes Kind, gethan?**

"And marble statues stand and gaze at me: what has been done to thee, thou poor child?"

Macaulay wrote in his diary at Florence, November 3, 1838: "My rooms look into a court adorned with orange-trees and marble statues. I never look at the statues without thinking of poor Mignon—

Und Marmorbilder stehn und sehn mich an:

Was hat man dir, du armes Kind, gethan?

I know no two lines in the world which I would sooner have written than those."

**Ein guter Mensch, in seinem dunkeln Drange**

**Ist sich des rechten Weges wohl bewusst.** (Faust, Prolog.)

"A good man, amid his dark strivings, is conscious of the true path."

**Entbehren sollst du! sollst entbehren.** (Faust.)

"Thou shalt abstain,

Renounce, refrain."

—TAYLOR'S Translation.

This verse has been said to be the key to the meaning of Faust,—life must be a resignation. Tourgeneff took it as the motto of his story called "Faust," a translation of which was published in the *Galaxy Magazine* for May and June, 1872. The hero of that story says, towards the end: "In finishing this letter I will tell you

that the conviction I have acquired in the experience of these last years is that life is not a jest, it is not even enjoyment, but a difficult task. Resignation, firm resignation—that is the meaning of the law of life, that is the solution of the enigma.”

**Wenn ich dich lieb habe, was geht's dich an.** (Wilhelm Meister, iv., 9.)

“If I love you, what business is that of yours?”

Büchmann cites Goethe's reference to this in his “Wahrheit und Dichtung” (14 Buch): “That wonderful saying (of Spinoza) that he who loves God truly must not ask that God should love him in return, with all the principles upon which it rests and with all the consequences which flow from it, filled my entire thoughts. To be unselfish in everything, most unselfish of all in love and friendship, was my highest wish, my maxim, my endeavor, so that that later saucy saying, *wenn ich dich lieb habe, was geht's dich an*, came right from my heart.” The sentence of Spinoza's referred to is in his “Ethics” (v., 19): *Qui Deum amat, conari non potest ut Deus ipsum contra amet.*

**Was uns alle bündigt, das Gemeine.**

“What binds us all, the commonplace.”

This first appeared in the Taschenbuch für Damen auf das Jahr 1806. Matthew Arnold comments on the saying in his essay on “The Literary Influence of Academies.”

**Sie ist die Erste nicht.**

“She is not the first.”

This is the remark of Mephistopheles concerning Gretchen. Büchmann says that it is not of Goethe's invention, but an old saying.

**Wer den Dichter will verstehen**

**Muss in Dichters Lande gehen.** (Notes on West-O. Divans.)

“He who would understand the poet must go into the poet's country.”

**Amerika, du hast es besser.** (Die Ver. Staaten.)

"America, thou art better off."

**Denn das Naturell der Frauen**

**Ist so nah mit Kunst verwandt.** (Faust, 2 Teil, 1 Akt.)

"For the nature of women is closely allied to art."

One of Burke's fine aphorisms is: "Art is man's nature."

**Wer kann was Dummes, wer was Kluges denken,**

**Das nicht die Vorwelt schon gedacht.** (Faust, 2 Teil, 2 Akt.)

"Who can think any thing stupid or any thing clever that older times have not already thought."

**Du sprichst ein grosses Wort gelassen aus.** (Iphig., i., 3.)

"You utter a great saying calmly."

**Wie einer ist, so ist sein Gott,**

**Darum ward Gott so oft zu Spott.** (Gedichte.)

"As a man is, so is his God; therefore God was so often an object of mockery."

In the same spirit Pope's line has recently been changed so as to read: "An honest God's the noblest work of man." But Lichtenberg long ago said: "God created man in his own image—that means probably man created God in his." And one of Feuerbach's aphorisms is ("Wesen des Christenthums"): *Die Theologie ist die Anthropologie*—"Theology is anthropology."

**Ueber allen Gipfeln ist Ruh'.**

"Beyond all the peaks is rest."

This was written by Goethe on the window of an inn in the Thuringian Forest. He added to it in the song entitled "Ein Gleiches."

**Zwei Seelen und ein Gedanke,**

**Zwei Herzen und ein Schlag!** (HALM, DER SOHN DER WILDNIS.)

"Two souls with but a single thought,  
Two hearts that beat as one."

This is Maria Lovell's translation in "Ingomar the Barbarian," act 2.





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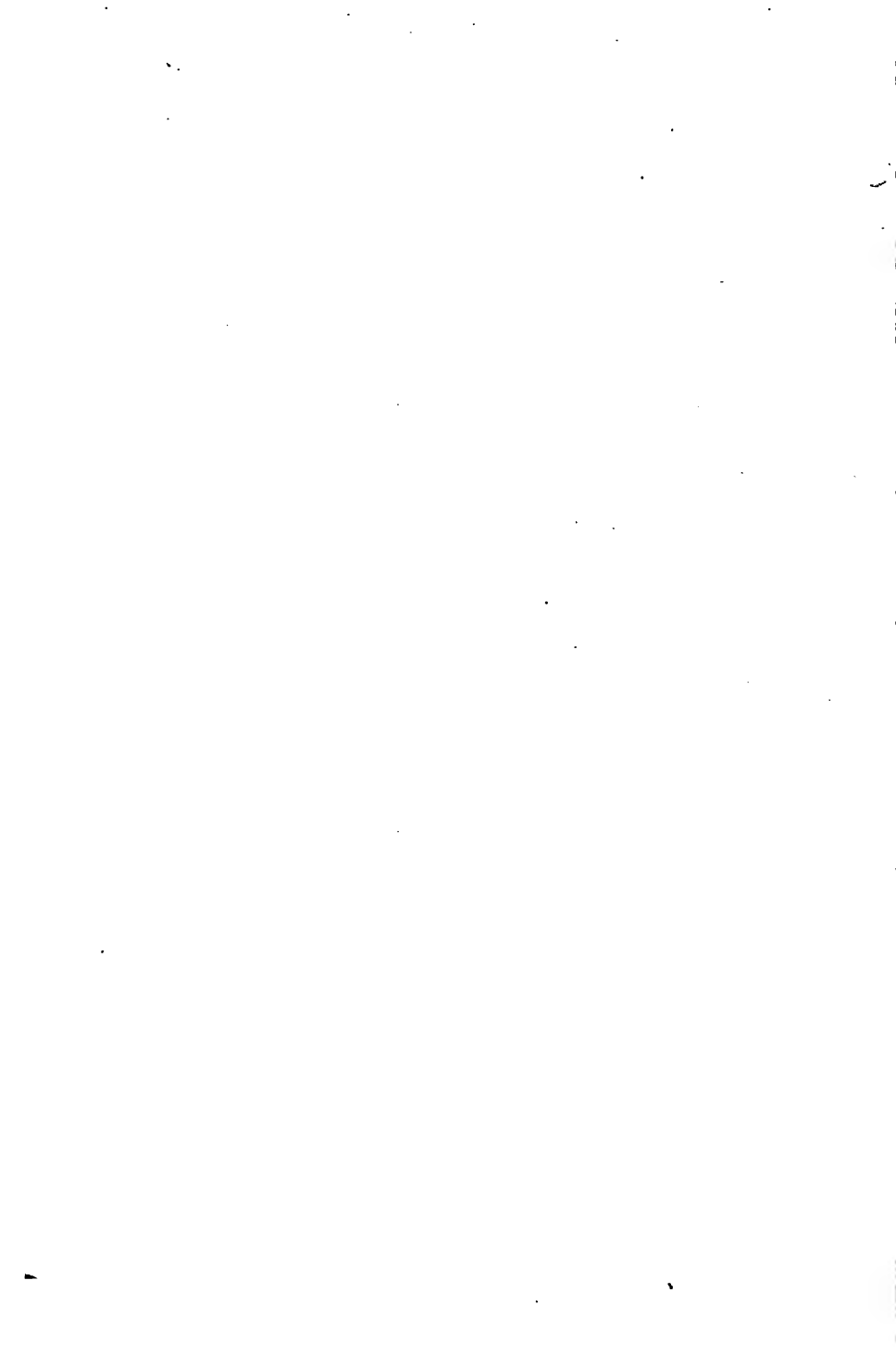
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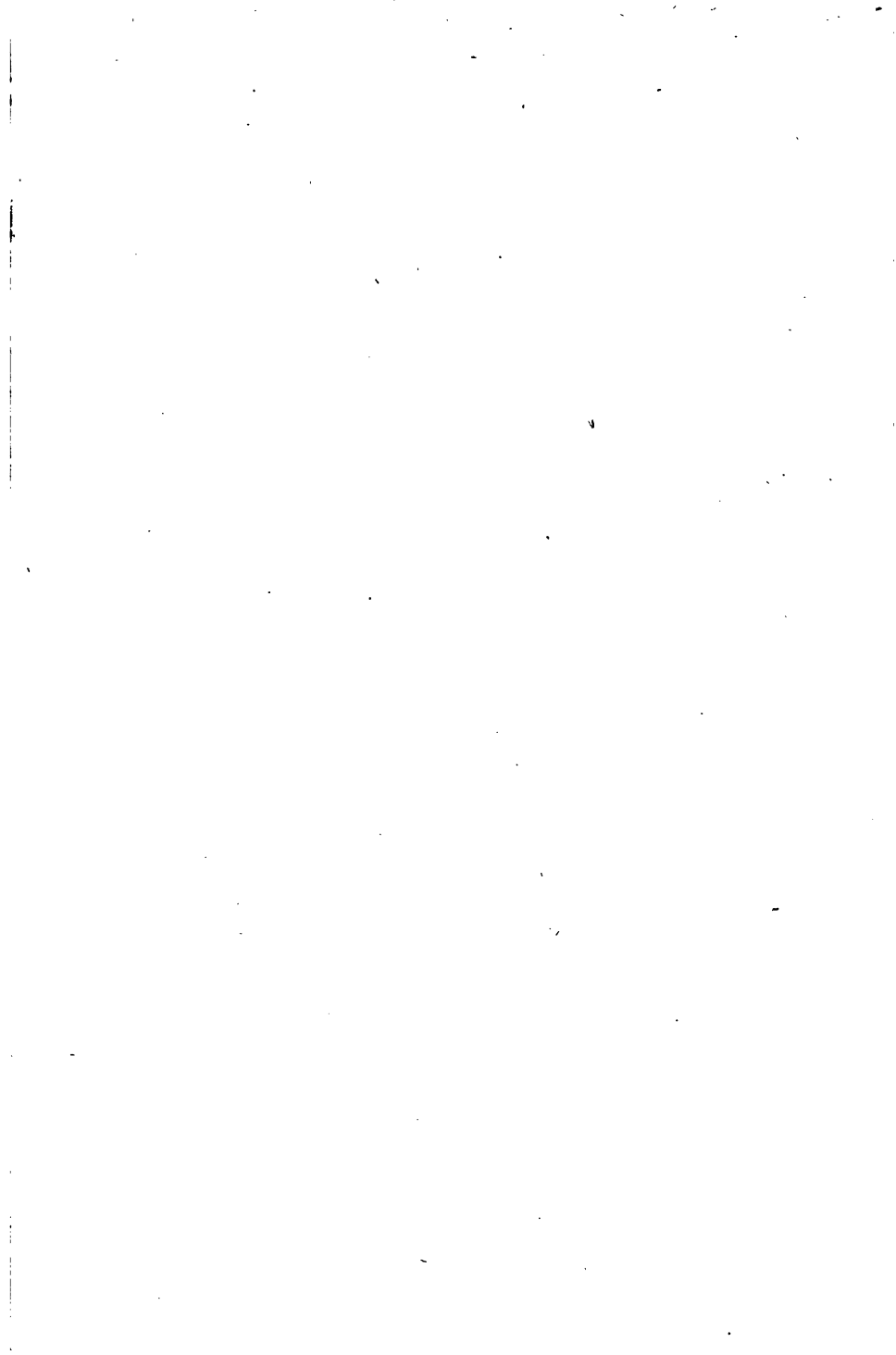
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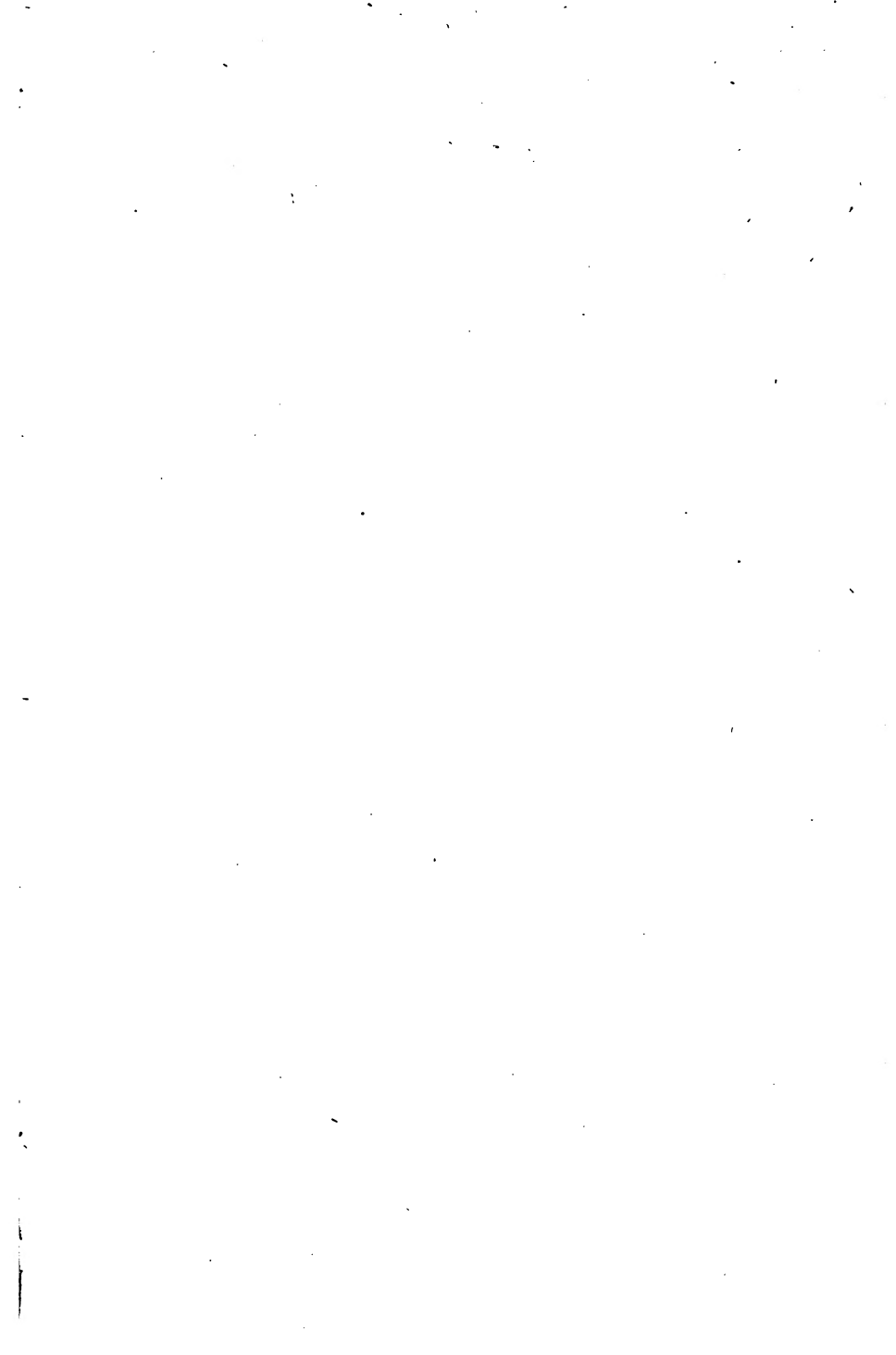
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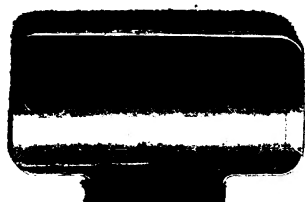




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